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FOR a very long time Switzerland was the only country in Europe which possessed a *Guide-book*, worthy of the name. The excellent work of Ebel, here alluded to, indeed deserves the highest praise; and it is upon the foundation of the materials collected by him that every succeeding work of the same kind, on that country, has been laid. It is, however, voluminous, extending to four volumes: its arrangement and bulk fit it more for the library than the pocket, or even the travelling-carriage; and the abridged French translation is unskilfully made, inconvenient to consult, and full of gross errors. In addition to this, the original work was written more than forty years ago, and was not corrected at the time of the author's death. In consequence of this, and owing to the great changes which have been made in every part of Switzerland since its publication, a portion of the information is necessarily antiquated. The improvements of roads, the opening of new passes over the Alps, the establishment of steam-boats, and the increased facilities of locomotion, have given rise to a thoroughly different system of travelling. Most valuable contributions to our stock of knowledge, respecting the natural history, resources, &c., of Switzerland, have been made since his time; the geology of the country has assumed a totally different aspect; and the ancient political forms are now scarcely recognised since the Revolutionary changes which occurred after 1830.

The Editor of the present work has great pleasure in acknowledging his obligations to Ebel, as well as to the later writers on the country, especially to the scientific researches of Agassiz, Hugi, and Studer, to the compilations of Glutz Blotzheim and Bollman, and to the publication entitled "*Gemälde der Schweiz*." Nor is he less indebted to his own countrymen, having found the greatest assistance from the accurate and interesting works of Brockedon* and Latrobe.† For

* The Passes of the Alps, 2 vols. 4to.; and Excursions among the Alps.

† The Alpenstock and The Pedestrian.

his own part, he has brought to the task the experience gained in four different visits to the country, in the course of which he left but a small portion of it unexplored. Notwithstanding this, he cannot speak of the Hand-book for Switzerland with less diffidence than he did of the volumes relating to Germany which have preceded it; and he must equally trust in the indulgence of his readers to excuse numerous inaccuracies which no doubt pervade it.

He has, however, no hesitation in speaking of the merits of the second section of this volume, relating to Savoy and Piedmont, which has been prepared by a friend and fellow-traveller, most intimately acquainted with those countries, which he has explored in almost every direction, and on many different occasions. The routes contained in it possess great interest, from the want of other information respecting the country they traverse, from the extreme accuracy with which they are described, and from their being derived, not from books, but from personal knowledge. They will probably be the means of throwing open to English travellers a region little visited hitherto, but possessing, from its romantic beauties, the highest claim to attention.

1838.

. The present edition has been very carefully revised, and corrected as far as possible, down to the present time; some new routes have been added, and others have been re-written.

The admirable work of Professor Forbes, 'Travels through the Alps,' the most remarkable contribution to their history since that of De Saussure, has furnished the Editor with valuable information for this edition.—1846.

SWITZERLAND.

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INTRODUCTORY INFORMATION.

§ 1. PASSPORTS.

A TRAVELLER cannot reach Switzerland without a passport from a minister of one or the other of the states of Europe (See Hand-books, N. Germany and France); and, though no Swiss passport or *visé* is necessary for entering the country, and, although a passport is seldom called for while he is in the country, yet he must be prepared to produce it whenever it is required. At the gates of Geneva, Bern, and perhaps in one or two other capitals of the cantons, passports are demanded on entering. Persons proceeding from Switzerland to the Austrian states, or Bavaria, must have the signature of the ministers of those countries attached to their passports; or they will not be allowed to pass across the frontier. Most of the ministers accredited to the Swiss Confederation reside at Bern, or have their passport-offices there. Strangers, therefore, should take care to secure their *visé* as they pass through Bern. The Sardinian minister resides at Lausanne.

§ 2. MONEY.

There is hardly a country in Europe which has so complicated a Currency as Switzerland; almost every canton has a Coinage of its own, and those coins that are current in one canton will not pass in the next. Let the traveller, therefore, be cautious how he overloads himself with more small change than he is sure of requiring.

Detailed tables of Swiss coins are given below, but it is scarcely worth the traveller's while to perplex himself with their intricacies; since he will find *French Napoleons* and *francs* current nearly all over Switzerland. They are, indeed, on the whole, the best coins he can take with him; and, except in some very remote situations, on the E. side of the country, the innkeepers always make out their bills in French francs, or will do so if required. In the cantons of St. Gall, Appenzell, and Grisons, which border on Germany, and where Bavarian florins (= 20 pence) and kreutzers are in common circulation, *zwanzigers* (or 24-kreutzer pieces) are very convenient coin, and will often go as far as a franc, in payment of fees, pour boires, &c.

1 zwanziger = 6 batzen

7 „ = 42 „ = 6 French francs.

5 „ = 30 „ = 3 Swiss francs.

Zwanzigers are current throughout German Switzerland for common purposes.

It is necessary, however, to prevent being cheated, that the traveller should know the value of one or two Swiss coins.

1 Swiss franc, containing 10 batz or 100 rappen = $1\frac{1}{4}$ French franc (1 franc 48 cents.), = (nearly) 1s. 2d. English.

N.B. This distinction between the value of French and Swiss francs should be particularly attended to.

1 batz contains 10 rappen, and = $1\frac{1}{4}$ d. (nearly) English.

The Swiss coins most frequently met with are pieces of 5 batzen, or $\frac{1}{2}$ a Swiss franc; 1 batz, $\frac{1}{4}$ batz, and rappen. Pieces are also coined of 1, 2, 3, and 4 Swiss francs.

Value of some Foreign Coins in Swiss Currency.

- 1 French Napoleon = 14 Swiss francs.
 1 French 5-franc piece = 35 batzen.
 1 French franc = (commonly) 7 batzen, or exactly 6 batzen 8 rapps.
 1 English shilling = 9 batzen.
 1 English sovereign = 17 Swiss francs 4 batzen 6 rapps. . .
 1 Brabant dollar = 4 Swiss francs, or 40 batzen.

SWISS FRANCS AND BATZEN.—*Reduced to their Value in the Money of*

	Saxony.		Bavaria.		France.		England.		
	Dollars of 24 Groschen.		Florins of 60 Kreuzers = 20d.		Francs of 100 Centimes.		Pound Sterling, of 20 Shillings.		
	£	Gr.	Fr.	Kr.	Fr.	C.	£	■	d.
2	—	9	—	4 1	—	15	—	—	1 4
4	—	1 8	—	8 3	—	30	—	—	2 8
6	—	2 8	—	12 4	—	44	—	—	4 1
3	—	3 7	—	16 5	—	59	—	—	5 5
0	—	4 6	—	20 6	—	74	—	—	6 9
2	—	5 5	—	24 8	—	89	—	—	8 2
4	—	6 4	—	28 9	1	4	—	—	9 6
6	—	7 3	—	33 0	1	19	—	—	11 0
8	—	8 3	—	37 1	1	33	—	1	0 4
0	—	9 2	—	41 3	1	48	—	1	1 8
1	—	18 3	1	22 5	2	96	—	■	3 5
1	1	3 5	2	3 8	■	41	—	3	5 3
1	1	12 7	2	45 0	5	93	—	4	7 0
2	1	21 8	3	26 3	7	41	—	5	8 8
2	2	7 0	4	7 5	8	89	—	6	10 5
2	2	16 2	4	48 8	10	37	—	8	0 3
3	3	1 3	5	30 0	11	85	—	9	2 0
3	3	10 5	6	11 3	13	33	—	10	3 6
3	3	19 7	6	52 5	14	82	—	11	5 5
6	7	15 3	13	45 0	29	63	1	2	11 0
9	11	11 0	20	37 5	44	45	1	14	4 5
2	15	6 6	27	30 0	59	■	■	5	10 0
6	19	2 3	34	22 5	74	7	2	17	3 5
9	22	22 0	41	15 0	88	■	3	8	9 0
2	26	17 6	48	7 5	103	70	4	—	2 5
5	30	13 3	55	0 0	118	52	4	11	8 0
8	34	8 9	61	52 5	133	53	5	3	1 5
1	38	4 7	68	45 0	148	■	5	14	7 0

**FRENCH FRANCS AND CENTIMES COMPARED WITH SWISS FRANCS
AND BATZEN.**

French Francs.		Swiss Francs. 1 Fr. of 10 Batz. 1 Batz. of 10 Rappas.			French Francs.		Swiss Francs. 1 Fr. of 10 Batz. 1 Batz. of 10 Rappas.		
Fr.	C.	Fr.	Batz.	R.	Fr.	C.	Fr.	Batz.	R.
—	5	—	0	3	14	—	9	5	2
—	10	—	0	7	15	—	10	2	0
—	15	—	1	0	16	—	10	8	8
—	20	—	1	3	17	—	11	5	6
—	25	—	1	7	18	—	12	2	4
—	30	—	2	0	19	—	12	9	2
—	35	—	2	3	20	—	13	6	0
—	40	—	2	6	21	—	14	2	8
—	45	—	3	0	22	—	14	9	6
—	50	—	3	3	23	—	15	6	4
—	55	—	3	7	24	—	16	3	2
—	60	—	4	0	25	—	17	0	0
—	65	—	4	3	26	—	17	6	8
—	70	—	4	7	27	—	18	3	6
—	75	—	5	0	28	—	19	0	4
—	80	—	5	4	29	—	19	7	2
—	85	—	5	7	30	—	20	4	0
—	90	—	6	1	35	—	23	8	0
—	95	—	6	5	40	—	27	2	0
1	—	—	6	8	45	—	30	6	—
2	—	1	3	6	50	—	34	0	0
3	—	2	0	4	55	—	37	—	0
4	—	2	7	2	60	—	40	8	0
5	—	3	4	5	65	—	44	2	0
6	—	4	0	8	70	—	47	6	0
7	—	4	7	6	75	—	51	0	0
8	—	5	4	4	80	—	54	4	0
9	—	6	1	2	85	—	57	8	0
10	—	6	8	0	90	—	61	2	0
11	—	7	4	8	95	—	64	6	0
12	—	8	1	6	100	—	68	0	0
13	—	8	8	4					

. In many instances, the coins in the following tables are almost obsolete; and, where they still exist, French francs and Swiss batzen are also current, so that the traveller need rarely have recourse to them.

Aarau, Bern, Basle, Freyburg, Soleure, Vaud, and Vallais.

These cantons combined together in 1825 to adopt a uniform currency.

Swiss franc	=10 batzen.
" batz.	=10 rappen.
" Gulden	=15 batzen=60 kreutzers.
French 5-franc piece	=3 Swiss fr. 4 batz. 5 rappen.

Appenzell, St. Gall, Schaffhausen, and Thurgovie.

Accounts are kept in florins (24 gulden foot, as in Frankfurt, Baden, &c.

1 florin, of 60 kreutzers=20d. English.

1 Napoleon	= 9 florins 21 kreutzers.
1 Brabant dollar	= 2 fl. 42 kr.
1 Ducat	= 5 fl. 30 kr.
1 Convention dollar	= 2 fl. 24 kr.

Geneva.

The canton of Geneva has adopted the French monetary system, and has coined pieces of 5 and 10 centimes in copper, and of 25 centimes in billon. The following are the old coins:—

- a Florins (*petite monnaie*) containing 12 sols = 12 deniers.
- b Livres, courants of 20 sols = 42 deniers.
- c French francs and centimes
- d Swiss francs, and batzen

	Genevess Currency.					
	Liv.	Sol.	Den.		Fl.	Den.
1 French 5-franc piece	= 3	1	9	or	10	10
1 French franc	= 26	Genevess Sols.				
1 Brabant dollar	= 3	10	9	or	12	4

(The pound sterling is usually worth 25 fr. 50 c.)

Glarus.

1 Florin or Gulden = 40 schillings.

Grisons.

Florin contains 15 (light) batzen, 60 kreutzers, or 70 blutzgers = 2 Austrian zwanzigers = 1 French franc 76 centimes = 16d. English.

Brabant dollar	= 3 Gr. florins 20 kreutzers.
French Napoleon	= 11 fl. 36 kr.
" 5-franc piece	= 2 fl. 53 kr.
" 1 franc	= 34 kr.
Swiss franc	= 51 kr.
" piece of 5 batzen	= 30 blutzgers.
" " 1 batz	= 6 blutzgers.
1 Bavarian florin	= 1 Grison florin 14 kreutzers.
2 Zwanzigers	= 1 Grison florin.

Lucerne and Unterwalden.

Florin of 15 (light) batzen, 40 schillings, or 60 kreutzers.

1 Louis d'or = 12 florins of Lucerne.
1 5-franc piece = 2 florins of Lucerne, 22 schillings.

Neuchâtel.

Livres of Neuchâtel of 20 sols and 12 deniers.

Louis d'or = 16½ Neuchâtel livres.

Schwytz and Uri.

Florin of 15 (light) batzen, or 40 schillings, or 60 krentzers.

Louis d'or = 13 florins of Schwytz.

Ticino (Tessin).

The lira contains 20 soldi, each of 4 quatrini.

“Accounts at inns and for posting are kept in French francs.”—C.D. Sometimes also in francs of Milan or Lire = 16 French sous. Travellers in the *Italian Cantons* should remember this, and take care they are not cheated by being made to pay in French francs a bill charged in Italian francs.

Louis d'or = from 34 to 37½ lire.

Zürich.

Florin = 16 (good) batzen = 60 krentzers = 2 French francs 35 cents. = 1 Bavarian florin 6 krentzers.

Brabant dollar = 2 Zurich florins 27 krentzers.

French 5-franc piece = 2½ Zurich florins,

“ 20-franc „ = 8½ Zurich florins.

The Zurich florin is also divided into 16 (good) batzen and 40 rapps, and again into 40 schillings of 4 rapps each.

In 1834, twelve of the cantons* agreed to appoint a commission to examine into the present complicated currency, and to devise a new and uniform system of coinage. They have already altered and corrected the weights and measures of Switzerland, but the result of their labours regarding the currency has not yet appeared.

§ 3. DISTANCES.

There is not less perplexity and variation in the measurement of distances, than in the calculation of money, in Switzerland.

Distances are reckoned throughout Switzerland not by miles, but by *stunden* (hours, i. e. hours' walking) or leagues. The measures of length given in the following routes have been taken from the most perfect tables that could be procured: but the Editor is aware that there must be many errors, and that an *approach to accuracy* is all that can be expected from them. The length of the stunde has been calculated at 5278 mètres, = 1800 Bernese feet, or 3 Eng. miles, 1 furlong, 215 yards; 21,137 of such stunden go to a degree of the equator. To make this measurement agree with the actual pace of walking, it is necessary to advance 288 English feet in a minute.

* Zurich, Bern, Lucerne, Zug, Glarus, Freyburg, Soleure, Basle, Schaffhausen, St. Gall, Aargovie, and Thurgovie.

The Swiss stunde (hour or league), however, varies according to the nature of the ground. In very steep ascents it does not exceed 2 Eng. miles; in lesser acclivities 2½ miles, and in the mountains it is *never* more than 2½ miles. It has been ascertained by an experienced Alpine traveller, that to clear 2 Eng. miles an hour up a steep mountain, requires *very* good walking.

It is a reproach to the Swiss Government that no authorised measurement of the roads throughout the country should have been undertaken by them at the public expense. Since the correction of weights and measures in 1833-34, 3-10ths of a mètre (= 3 décimètres, or 132,988 Paris lines) has been constituted the legal Swiss foot, and 16,000 Swiss feet = 1 stunde. In canton St. Gall, 2 Swiss stunden of 16,000 feet make 1 post.

§ 5. MODES OF TRAVELLING IN SWITZERLAND.—POSTING.

The means of travelling in Switzerland have been greatly improved and increased within the last 20 years. The great roads are excellent, and those over the Alps stupendous in addition. Upon almost all of them diligences run; and since 1823, when the first experiment with steam was made on the Lake of Geneva, every one of the large lakes is navigated by steam-boats.

Posting was scarcely known in any part of Switzerland before 1830. It is now introduced into the cantons St. Gall, Aargovie, Grisons, Glarus, Neuchâtel, Ticino, Vaud, Vallais, Geneva, and Uri.

The tariffs, as far as can be ascertained, are as follows:—

Cantons *Geneva, Vaud, Freyburg, and Vallais*.—The tariff is the same as the old French tariff, viz., 1 fr. 50 centimes each horse per post, and 75 c. to the postboy, usually increased to 1 fr. 50 c. or 2 fr. per post.

The traveller with four horses need not take two postilions unless he wishes.

Bern.—Posting was established by the Government in 1840, and afterwards suppressed; but on the road from Bern to Freyburg, the former postmaster will always supply horses at the above rate.

Canton Ticino.—6 Fr. francs per post for a pair of horses. Trinkgeld to postilion, 1½ franc per post.

Schaffhausen.—The taxes or fixed charges are at the rate of 15 kr. each horse per post more than the Baden tariff. Thus, in Baden, the charge is 1 fl. 28 kr.; in Schaffhausen, 1 fl. 43 kr. Postilion 20 kr. for each horse.

The only line on which posthorses are kept is that from Schaffhausen to Bâle; an attempt to introduce them on the road to Zurich has failed.

St. Gall—Tariff.—The post is 2 stunden each = 16,000 Swiss ft. The charge for each horse per post is 1 fl. 12 kr. (the florin of the value of 20d.). The drink-money for the postilion is 12 or 15 kr. per post for one horse; 24 kr. for two horses, and 36 kr. for more horses. Rather less than double the tariff satisfies the postilion.

Tolls for roads and bridges are paid to the postmaster at each stage,

who generally presents the traveller with a printed zettel or ticket.—C. D.

Grisons.—The traveller should ask for a printed billet de post (cost 8 kr.) on entering the Grisons. The *tariff* varies according to the price of corn. It may be reckoned at 1 fl. 52 kr. (Grisons) = 3 F. fr. 25 c. each horse per post.

The postilion receives per post, for one horse 30 G. kr., two horses 45 kr.; three or four horses, or more, 1 fl. each post. The rate of posting is good. The postilion's drink-money is paid to the post-master (though not included in his bill), but it is usual to give the driver something independent at the end of the stage. 2 zwanzigers is perhaps more than enough, and will quite satisfy him.—C. D.

Posting is introduced upon the following routes:—From Constance to St. Gall, and through the Grisons to Coire; over the Splügen to Chiavenna and Milan; over the Bernardin to Bellinzona, Lugano, and Milan; from Geneva to Milan over the Simplon, along both shores of the Lake Lemman, by Lausanne, or by Thonon; from Altorf over the St. Gothard to Airolo and Bellinzona; Bern to Lausanne and Geneva by Freyburg; Zürich to Coire by Wallenstadt and Ragatz; Neuchâtel to Yverdon and Geneva; Basle to Zurich (17 posts). The traveller may likewise post from Basle to Schaffhausen, and from Schaffhausen to Constance, if he choose the routes through Baden on the rt. bank of the Rhine.

"Generally, posting in Switzerland is far dearer than in Germany or Italy, and, in fact, approaches very near to the English charges, especially where the *tariff* requires the traveller to take an extra horse. The remuneration to the *postilion*, however, both by *tariff* and extra, is much less, in proportion to the price for the horses, than in Germany and Italy."—C. D.

§ 6. DILIGENCES—LUGGAGE.

Diligences now run *daily* between most of the large towns of Switzerland, also over the chief passes of the Alps, traversable by carriages, as the Mont Cenis, Simplon, St. Gothard, Bernardin, and Splügen, and there are few carriage roads in the country not traversed by them twice or thrice a week at least.

They generally belong to the government of the different cantons, and are attached to the post-office, as in Germany. The places are numbered, and all baggage exceeding a certain fixed weight is charged extra, and often greatly increases the expense of this mode of conveyance, which is one reason among many why travellers should reduce their baggage to the smallest possible compass. The public conveyances are by no means so well organised as in Germany. On some routes, particularly in going from one canton into another, passengers are sometimes transferred into another coach, and run the chance of waiting several hours for it, being set down in a remote spot to pass the interval as they may, and this not unfrequently in the middle of the night.

The conductor's fee is included in the fare, but the postilion's *trink-geld* is paid separately by the passengers in some parts of the country: in St. Gall, for instance, they expect from 6 to 9 kr. per stage.

Travellers in Switzerland will frequently be glad to avail themselves of the public conveyances to forward their *luggage* from one place to another, while they are making pedestrian excursions among the mountains. In such cases, they have only to book their packages at the coach-office, after carefully addressing them, and, in some cases, entering a specification of their value in a printed form. They will then receive a receipt, and the article will be forwarded and taken care of until reclaimed.

In making application for packages so consigned, as well as for letters at the post-office, the Englishman should present his name in writing, as our pronunciation is frequently unintelligible to foreigners, and without this precaution the applicant may be told that his luggage has not arrived, when in reality it is all the while lying in the *dépôt*. The traveller may also request to look over the packages in search of his own.

§ 7. VOITURIER.—LOHNREUTSCHER.

Posting, except along the routes mentioned already in p. xviii., ceases at the Swiss frontier, and those who have been travelling post must therefore engage a *voiturier* at the first Swiss town, with a suitable number of horses to draw their carriage. If it be light, and the party small, two horses will suffice; but the coachman must then drive from the box; with a heavy carriage, three or four horses must be taken, and the driver will ride as postilion. The towns of Basle, Schaffhausen, Zürich, Bern, Thun, Lausanne, and Geneva, are the head-quarters of the *voituriers*; at all of them there are many persons who keep job-horses for hire, and will either conduct the traveller themselves, or send coachmen in their employ. At most of the frontier towns *return* horses are to be met with, and the traveller may save some days of back-fare by availing himself of them.

Before making an engagement, it is prudent to consult the landlord of the inn, or some other respectable inhabitant, to recommend a person of approved character to be employed. As there are many very roguish *voituriers*, ready to take advantage of the traveller, on all occasions, such a recommendation will be a guarantee, to a certain extent, for good behaviour. The landlord should be referred to apart, not in presence of the coachman, nor, indeed, with his cognizance. It is a bad plan to intrust an inferior person with the negotiation; he will most probably sell the traveller to the *voiturier*, and make a job for his own advantage. The most judicious mode of proceeding is, to discard all go-betweens and subordinates, to insist on seeing the principal, the owner of the horses, and to make the bargain at once with him. Besides ascertaining that the *voiturier* is a respectable man, that his horses are good, and his carriage (when a carriage is also required) is clean and stout, it is desirable in many cases that he should speak

French as well as German, and, in all, that he is acquainted with the roads to be traversed. The engagement should, in the first instance, not be made for any specific time, at least not for a long period, until man and horses have been tried and have given satisfaction. It is better to take him on from day to day, holding out the prospect of his being continued if he behaves well.

Some persons engage a voiturier for a certain sum, to perform a stated journey in a fixed number of days; a bad plan, since it ties down the traveller to a prescribed route, without the power of diverging, if he choose to alter his plans, or of tarrying by the way. The employer should reserve to himself the power of dismissing his voiturier as soon as he reaches a post-road (see the map).

The *established charge* throughout Switzerland, *per diem*, is 9 Fr. francs for each horse, and 1 Fr franc per horse *trinkgeld* for the driver. This includes the hire of a carriage when wanted.

For this consideration the coachman keeps himself and his horses, supplying fresh ones if his own fall ill or lame; he ought also to pay all tolls, and the charge for leaders (*vorspann*) to drag the carriage up steep ascents. These two last conditions, however, are not always acceded to, and these charges often fall upon the master.

When the traveller has no servant of his own, the voiturier cleans the carriage, greases the wheels, and assists in packing and unpacking the baggage.

The usual rate of travelling is from 10 to 14 *stunden*, 32 to 46 miles a-day, proceeding at the rate of about 5 miles an hour = 10 *stunden* a-day should be guaranteed by the driver. It is necessary to halt in the middle of the day, about two hours, to rest the horses. On the days during which a halt is made in a town or elsewhere, the charge is reduced one-half; and, should the traveller require the horses for a short drive of an hour or two through the town, this should make no difference.

Back-Fare.—In addition to the daily charges while employed, the voiturier requires, if dismissed at a distance from his own home, to be paid back-fare for the number of days necessary to take him thither. This payment should be calculated at the rate of the longest day's journey, say 12 *stunden* (nearly 40 miles), which is not too much with an empty carriage. At this rate, the back-fare to be paid between some of the principal places in Switzerland would be nearly according to the number of days set down in the following table:—

	<i>Stunden.</i>	<i>Days of Back-Fare.</i>
Basle to Berne, by Solenr	18½	1½
„ „ by the Munster Thal	22½	2
„ Coire	41	3½
„ Geneva	44	3½
„ Lausanne	33½	2½
„ Lucerne	19	1½
„ Neuchâtel	22	2
„ Zürich	16½	1½

		Stunden.	Days of Back-Fare.
Geneva to Berne	.	28½	2
" Coire	.	76	6
" Neuchâtel	.	22½	2
" Schaffhausen	.	54	4
" Soleure	.	88	2½
" Zürich	.	51½	4
" Lacerne	.	46	3½

It is more for the traveller's advantage to take one set of horses through the journey than to trust to the chance of engaging them from one town to another—a method, subject to delay and vexation from the uncertainty of finding them at all times, and from the manoeuvres of petty innkeepers, who will often pretend that none are to be had, and will throw every impediment in the way of his departure. Besides which, by such an arrangement, the employer must inevitably pay back-fare for every day, whereas, if he engage the same *voiturier* for a length of time, he may so arrange his tour, in a circle as it were, as to discharge him within one or two days' journey from his home, and thus considerably reduce the amount of the back-fare. It is sufficient to pay only half the usual drink-money for the days reckoned as back-fare, i. e. half a franc per horse.

It is advisable, before setting out, to have an agreement drawn up in writing, including the stipulations which have been recounted above. A piece of money, called in German *daraufgeld*, in Italian *la caparra*, is then given by one of the contracting parties to the other, after which the bargain is held to be concluded.

There are many excursions in Switzerland that are not to be made in a travelling carriage: in such cases it must either wait for the traveller, or be sent round to meet him at an appointed spot.

The system of *vetturino* travelling, with all its advantages and disadvantages, has been so fully explained in the *Hand-book for North Germany*, that it is unnecessary to enter again into fuller details here than have been given above.

§ 8. CHARS-A-BANC.

The *char-à-banc*, the national carriage of French Switzerland, may be described as the body of a gig, or a bench, as its name implies, placed sideways upon four wheels, at a very little distance from the ground. It is surrounded by leather curtains made to draw, whence it has been compared to a four-post bedstead on wheels. There is a larger kind of *char*, in which the benches are suspended by thongs, not springs, across a kind of long waggon, and are arranged one behind the other. The *char-à-banc* is a very strong and light vehicle, capable of carrying two persons, or three at a pinch, and will go on roads where no other species of carriage could venture. It is convenient, from being so low that one can jump in or alight without stopping the horse, while it is going on; but it is a very jolting conveyance. Such a carriage is to be hired even in the smallest Swiss villages, and the usual *charge*,

[illegible][illegible]

including the driver, is twelve French francs a-day; but the charge will be doubled by back-fare if the driver cannot reach home the same night, after the time when he is dismissed.

§ 9. GUIDES—PORTERS—CHAISES-A-PORTEURS.

The services of a Guide are needful when the traveller is about to plunge into the recesses of the mountains on foot. He makes himself useful, not only in pointing out the way, but in acting as interpreter to those unacquainted with the language of the country, and also in relieving the traveller of the weight of his knapsack or travelling-bag. As a general rule he may be said to be indispensable in ascending very lofty mountains, in exploring glaciers, and in crossing the minor passes of the Alps, not traversed by highroads, but by mere bridle or foot paths, which, being rarely used, and in many places not distinctly marked, or confounded with innumerable tracks of cattle, will often bewilder the inexperienced traveller not acquainted with the mountains. Nevertheless, travellers having a good knowledge of German, in addition to some experience of mountain journeys, and provided with Keller's map, may cross some of these passes alone with impunity; but there are others, such as the Bon-homme, Col de Ferret, Mont Cervin, Monte Moro, Ramis, &c., which no one would be justified in attempting without a guide. When snow is threatening to fall, or after a snow-storm has covered the path and obliterated the footsteps of preceding travellers, a guide may be required in situations where, under ordinary circumstances, his presence might be dispensed with.

Guides by profession are to be met with, in most parts of Switzerland; those of Chamouni (in Savoy) are deservedly renowned, being regularly bred to their profession, and subjected to examination as to character and fitness before they are admitted into the fraternity. They are enrolled in a corps, placed under the control of a syndic appointed by the Sardinian Government. (Route 115.) In Switzerland they abound at Interlachen and Thun, Lucerne, and all the other starting-points from which pedestrian excursions are begun. Here, again, the traveller had better trust to the innkeeper to recommend a fit person; but it is advisable not to hire one for a length of time beforehand. He ought not to be too far advanced in years.

The established rate of hire is six French francs a-day; but, an addition to this, there will be a claim for money to return, if dismissed at a distance from home, unless the employer find him a fresh master to take back. For this sum the guide provides for himself, and is expected to discharge all the duties of a domestic towards his employer.

For the most part, the guides may be said to be obliging, intelligent, and hard-working men. Few who have employed them cannot bear testimony to their coolness, intrepidity, and tact, in moments of danger—in the difficult pass, in the midst of the snow-storm, or among the gaping clefts of the glaciers. It is in such situations that their knowledge of the mountains, their experience of the weather, their strong arm and steady foot, are fully appreciated. The traveller should always

follow the guide in crossing glaciers, and, in going over tracts covered with snow, should allow him to choose what his experience teaches to be the safest path. In dangerous situations the guide advances a-head, with cautious step, sounding with his pole beforehand as in a sea beset with shoals.

A little civility and familiarity on the part of the employer—the offer of a cigar from the traveller's own case, or a glass of brandy from his private flask—will rarely be thrown away; on the contrary, it is likely to produce assiduity and communicativeness on the part of the guide. Many of them are fine and athletic men, and to carry for 8 or 10 hours a-day, and for a distance of 25 or 30 miles, a load of 30 or 40 lbs. weight, is made light of by them.

Some travellers content themselves with Keller's excellent map to guide them, and employ a mere porter to carry their baggage for them. Such a man is paid less than the professional guides; 3 or 4 fr. a-day will suffice for them; others are satisfied with taking a guide only to cross the mountains, from one valley into another, where, as before observed, they are really indispensable. Those who travel in chais or on horseback will find that the driver, or the man who accompanies the horse, will usually serve as a guide, and render unnecessary the employment of any other person in that capacity. The men who go with the horses to bring them back expect a *bonnemain*. At Chamouni, however, the guides must be hired distinct from the mules. Let it be observed that, when the travelling party includes ladies, a guide is required to attend on each, during a mountain excursion, to lead down the horses, where the path is steep, and to lend their arms to the fair travellers, when the exigencies of the case require them to dismount and proceed on foot.

Even the aged or invalid female is by no means debarred the pleasure of taking a part in difficult mountain expeditions. Those who are too infirm either to walk or ride, may be carried over the mountains in a "*chaise-à-porteurs*" (Germ. *Tragsessel*, Ital. *Portantina*), which is nothing more than a chair, carried in the manner of a sedan, upon poles, by two bearers; two extra bearers must be taken to relieve in turn, and every man expects 6 fr. per diem, and 3 fr. return-money for the days required to reach home.

§ 10. HORSES AND MULES.

Previous to 1800, or even later, until Napoleon commenced the magnificent carriage-roads over the Alps, which will assist in immortalising his name, the only mode of conveying either passengers or goods across them was on the back of horses or mules. Even now, upon all the minor passes, almost the entire traffic is carried on by means of them. In other instances, where the beauties of scenery attract an influx of strangers, mules are kept for their conveyance, even where they are not required for the transport of merchandise.

The customary hire of a horse or mule throughout Switzerland, generally fixed by a printed tariff, amounts to 9 fr. a-day, including the

man who takes care of it; at Chamouni it is 6 fr., but there a guide must also be taken. Back-fare must be paid if the animals are dismissed at a distance from home, and at so late an hour of the day that they cannot return before night.

The ponies that are used in the Bernese Oberland, on the Rigi, and in other parts of Switzerland, are clever animals, that will carry you up and down ascents perfectly impracticable to horses unused to the mountains; but they are far distanced by the mules of Chamouni and other parts of Savoy. Their sagacity, strength, and sureness of foot are really wonderful. The paths which they ascend or descend with ease are steeper than any staircase, sometimes with ledges of rock, 2 or 3 ft. high, instead of steps. Sometimes they are covered with broken fragments, between which the beasts must pick their way, at the risk of breaking their legs; at others, they traverse a narrow ledge of the mountain, with an abyss on one side and a wall of rock on the other; and here the mule invariably walks on the very verge of the precipice—a habit derived from the animal's being accustomed to carry large packages of merchandise, which, if allowed to strike against the rock on one side, would destroy the mule's balance, and jostle him overboard. In such dangerous passes the caution of the animal is very remarkable: he needs no rein to guide him, but will pick his own way, and find out the best path, far better than his rider can direct him; and, in such circumstances, it is safer to let the reins hang loose, and trust entirely to his sagacity, than to perplex him by checking him with the curb, at a moment when, by confusing the animal, there will be risk of his losing his footing, and perhaps tumbling headlong.

It is interesting to observe the patient animal, on reaching dangerous ground, smelling with his nose down like a dog, and trying the surface with his foot, before he will advance a step, as the poet has accurately described him:—

“Shunning the loose stone on the precipice—
Snorting suspicion—while with sight, smell, touch,
Trying, detecting, where the surface smiled;
And with deliberate courage, sliding down,
Where, in his sledge, the Laplander hath turn'd
With looks aghast.”—*Rogers.*

§ 11. SWISS INNS.

Switzerland is well provided with inns; and those of the large towns, such as the Three Crowns, at Vevay; the Baur, at Zürich; Gibbon, at Lausanne; the Faucon, at Bern; the Bergues and Couronne, at Geneva; the Bellevue, at Thun; the Three Kings, at Basle, yield, in extent and good management, to few hotels in either France or Germany. The great annual influx of strangers into the country is of the same importance to Switzerland that some additional branch of industry or commerce would be, and renders the profession of host most lucrative. Many of the Swiss innkeepers are very wealthy; it is not uncommon to find an individual in this capacity who is magistrate, and it constantly

happens that they are persons of such influence in their canton or commune that it is difficult to obtain redress against them for an injury or act of insolence, owing either to the interest they possess with the courts, or to their being absolutely themselves the justices.

The approach to one of the first-rate hotels in the large towns, in the height of summer, exhibits rather a characteristic spectacle. The street before it is usually filled with several rows of vehicles of all sorts, from the dirty and rickety calèche of the German voiturier, to the neat chariot of the English peer, and the less elegant, but equally imposing, equipage of the Russian prince. Before the doorway is invariably grouped a crowd of loitering servants and couriers, of all nations and languages, and two or three knots of postilions and coachmen on the look-out for employment. During the height of the season, should the traveller arrive late in the evening, the chances are against his being admitted, unless he have sent or written beforehand to secure rooms. This object may sometimes be effected by the means of a fee to a courier of another party about to set out at an earlier hour.

Couriers, voituriers, guides, and boatmen, are apt sometimes to sell their employers to the innkeepers for a gratuity, so that travellers should not always implicitly follow the recommendations of such persons regarding inns; and it is hoped that the list of inns, drawn up with much care, and given in this book, will render the traveller in future more independent of their recommendations. The innkeepers hitherto have been very much at the mercy of this class of persons, who invariably live sumptuously, and certainly not at their own expense. It not unfrequently happens that the attendance which ought to be bestowed on the master is showered upon his menials. Whenever a new inn is started, it is almost invariably by the lavish distribution of high gratuities to coachmen, couriers, and the like, and by pampering them with the best fare, that the landlord endeavours to fill his house, to the prejudice both of the comfort and the purse of their masters. With few exceptions, therefore (which are specified in the following pages), the writer has generally found himself best off in the old established houses.

It may be laid down as a general rule, that the wants, tastes, and habits of the English are more carefully and successfully studied in the Swiss inns than even in those of Germany. At most of the large inns, there is a *late Table d'hôte* dinner at 4 or 5 o'clock, expressly for the English; and the luxury of tea may always be had tolerably good. Several wealthy innkeepers have even gone so far as to build *English chapels* for their guests, as an inducement to English travellers to pass the Sunday with them. Cleanliness is to be met with almost everywhere, until you reach the S. slopes of the Alps and the approach to Italy. In canton Bern, in particular, the inns, even in the small and remote villages, are patterns of neatness, such as even fastidious travellers may be contented with. Still in many instances, even in first-class inns, the houses are deficient in proper drainage and want of ventilation, and the passages and staircases are unwholesome and offensive from bad smells. Care should be taken to impress on the landlords how disgust-

ing and intolerable to English ideas such a nuisance is. There is no excuse for it; as it may be easily corrected. The hotel of the *Trois Rois* at Basle, and the *Trois Couronnes* at Vevay, are creditable exceptions, free from this reproach of filthiness and bad odours.

THE NEW SWISS CONFEDERATION OF INNKEEPERS.

A convention, which may properly be termed "a combination for extorting the largest possible sum of money from travellers," was made in 1843 by some Swiss innkeepers, professedly for the benefit of travellers, but, as might be expected from their country and profession, practically for their own. It is a tariff, or "*prix courant*," of uniform charges, in which such items as a footbath, a night-lamp, &c., are charged separately, and a uniform rate of a franc a-head per night for the service of the hotel is added to the bill. To this perhaps there can be no very reasonable ground of objection in large and expensive inns, admirably served by a numerous corps of domestics, such as the *Baur* at Zurich, the *Bellevue* at Thun, and the *Bergues* at Geneva (three of the associated hotels): but the traveller finds real ground of surprise and complaint when he discovers that the procrustean measure of the "*prix courant*" is extended to every third and fourth-rate hotel whose owner chooses to join the association, and that at *Bulle*, *Tavannes*, and *Orsières* he is to be forced to pay exactly as in the first-class inns already mentioned. So preposterous an arrangement for the "sake of uniformity" is universally complained of both by English and foreign travellers, who see in it only an attempt of the inferior Swiss innkeepers to tyrannise over the traveller, who already thought himself taxed sufficiently—a purpose thinly veiled in the very unmeaning programme of the ends and objects of the association, which is suspended in bad French and worse English from the walls of the hotels. The innkeepers of Geneva and Lausanne have, with one exception, refused to countenance the scheme. The only mode by which English travellers can repress this injustice is in every case by preferring hotels which have not joined the association; but several of its members have already withdrawn from it. A charge which may be very just in a large town becomes preposterous in a small village where the price of provisions is one-third or one-half less, and there is no equality of accommodations.

List of Charges of the League.

	Fr. s. c.
Tea or coffee, morning or evening, with bread, butter, and honey (eggs and meat charged separately)	1 50
Ditto in private, each person charged extra	0 50
Déjeuner à la fourchette (table-d'hôte)	2 50
Table-d'hôte at 1, with vin ordinaire	3 0
Ditto, ditto, at 5	4 0
Dinner in private (commandé à l'avance dans la salle à manger)	6 0
<i>Servants, dinner or supper, 1 fr. 50 c.; breakfast or tea, 1 fr.</i>	
Bougie	1 0
Demi-bougie	0 50

	Fr. fr. c.
Lampe de nuit	0 50
Bain de pied, chaud ou froid	0 50
Washing a carriage, 3 to 4 fr.	
Greasing ditto, 1 to 1 fr. 50 c.	
Servants (service de l'hôtel), par jour par personne	1 0
From large families, who make some stay, so much is not expected.	

List of Swiss Inns whose keepers have joined the League.

[Any innkeepers having left the confederacy may have the names of their houses erased on giving notice, post paid, to the editor.]

Aarau, Pont Neuf, Sauvage.	Lucerne, Cigne, Balances, Cheval Blanc.
Aarburg, Couronne.	Martigny, Cigue, Tour, Poste.
Altorf, La Clef.	Meyringen, Reichenbach Bains.
Art, Aigle.	Neuchâtel, Faucon, Alpes.
Baden, Lion d'Or, Balance.	Orsières, H. des Alpes, H. St. Bernard.
Bâle, Trois Rois, Cigogne, Sauvage, Couronne.	Ragatz, Hof.
Beresol, H. du Simplon.	Rigi, Culm.
Berne, Faucon, Couronne.	Rorschach, Couronne.
Bex, l'Union.	Schaffhausen, H. Weber, Couronne.
Brieg, Trois Couronnes, Poste.	Sion, Croix Blanche, Lion d'Or.
Bulle, H. de Ville, Cheval Blanc.	Soleure, Couronne.
Coire, Croix Blanche.	Stein, Aigle.
Eglisau, Lion d'Or.	St. Gallen, Brochet.
Freiburg, H. de Zähringe, H. des Merciers.	St. Maurice, l'Union.
Frick, Ange d'Or.	Tavannes, Couronne.
Geneva, Bergues.	Thun, Bellevue, Freihof.
Hospental, Muller.	Tourtemagne, Soliel, Poste, Lion d'Or.
Interlachen, Belvedere, Casino, H. d'Interlachen.	Wädensweil, Couronne.
Lenzburg, Lion Blanc.	Zofingen, Cheval Blanc.
Liddes, l'Union.	Zug, Cerf.
Loèche (Leuk), H. de France, Bellevue, H. des Alpes, Maison Blanche.	Zürich, H. Baur, Couronne, du Lac, Bellevue, Epée.

The practice, now becoming general, of the waiter rushing into your room before you and lighting the *wax* candles without consulting you, should be resisted. If a traveller proposes sitting up some hours, he may not object to this; but it is very different when, at 10 or 11 o'clock, you retire to bed, *to sleep*, and the infliction of a charge for wax candles, under such circumstances, can be looked on only as an imposition.

The following *list of usual Charges* will serve to guide travellers, and to protect them from extortion and imposition on the part of those innkeepers or couriers who may be disposed to take advantage of them. Couriers have hitherto been too often in the habit of expecting a percentage on the innkeeper's bills, besides being lodged and fed gratis, that is to say, at their master's expense, who of course, in the end, must pay for these perquisites. By promulgating a statement of fair prices, the editor is assured by correspondents, that he has contributed to spoil this iniquitous trade on the part of many of the couriers, while it de-

prives the landlord of all excuse for adding to his proper charges. It will render the innkeeper independent of these gentry, instead of being liable to malicious slanders, calculated to injure or ruin his house, in case he runs the risk of offending them by opposing their unjust exactions.

The usual *Charges* are, for dinner at the early table-d'hôte—3 Fr. fr. = 20 batz. Later ditto, 4 Fr. fr.

Dinner, in private, 6 fr. per head for 1 or 2 persons, at the more expensive inns; and from 3 to 4 fr. per head for a party at smaller inns.

Beds, 1½ to 2 fr. = 10 to 18 batz.

Breakfast or tea, 1½ fr., with honey and bread and butter; 1½ to 2 fr. = 10 to 14 batz, with eggs or cold meat.

To this is added, in most of the larger inns, a charge of 1 fr. for a wax candle, to swell the bill; but this ought always to be resisted unless the guest prefers wax candles to tallow.

The charges for *Rooms* vary according to their situation on the lower floors, and the views they command; but the best suite of apartments, in first-rate inns, ought not to exceed 4 fr. a-day, for a sitting-room or salon, and 3 fr. for each bed.

A party of 3 or 4 persons staying a week or more, even in a first-rate hotel, ought not to pay more than 8 fr. each, board and lodging, including servants, per diem.

Hire of a carriage, with 2 horses, per diem, 18 fr. Ditto, for half a-day, 10 fr. Washing a carriage and greasing the wheels, 3 to 5 fr., according to its size.

It must be remembered that two sets of charges are generally, and often most unfairly, made, one for natives, or Germans, and another for the English; on the principle that the latter have both longer purses and more numerous wants, and are more difficult to serve.

The servants are remunerated nearly as in Germany—1 fr. a-day is ample from each person for the whole household, including the cleaning of clothes, boots and shoes.

It is often remarked by the English that the Germans pay very little to the servants at inns; but they should bear in mind how much less trouble the Germans give, and how slight the attendance which they require, generally speaking.

French is almost invariably spoken at the inns, even in the German cantons, except in remote parts, as in the side valleys of the Grisons. Nevertheless, the German language is a very valuable acquisition to the traveller.

Swiss inns have, in general, the reputation of being expensive, and the innkeepers of being extortionate. A recent journey through the greater part of the country has scarcely afforded an instance of either; but, where such cases have occurred, notice has been taken of them in the following pages. At minor and remote inns, manoeuvres are sometimes resorted to for the purpose of detaining the guests.

Among the mountains, the traveller may obtain, in perfection, the

small alpine Trout, which are of great excellence; sometimes, also, chamois venison, which, by the way, is far inferior to park venison; wild strawberries are very abundant, and, with a copious admixture of delicious cream,—the staple commodity of the Alps,—are by no means to be despised.

Those who enter a Swiss inn, tired, hot, and thirsty, after a long walk or dusty ride, may ask for a bottle of “limonade gazeuse,” under which name they will recognise a drink nearly resembling ginger-beer, but with more acidity, and, when good, very refreshing. It supplies here the place of hock and Seltzer-water on the Rhine.

The best Swiss wines are those of Neuchâtel and Vaud; such as they are procured at inns, they merit no great praise. An effervescing sweet Sardinian wine (vin d’Asti) is common, and may be resorted to for a change.

Notes of Information which ought to be hung up, by Innkeepers, on the Walls of every Coffee-room for Travellers.

“*Prices of all Articles supplied by the Hotel. Meals—Table-d’hôte—Wines—Baths—Carriages, &c.*

“*Public Conveyances. Mails—their Time of Starting—Price to various places—Time of Arrival—Diligences, ditto—Steam-boats, ditto—Other Boats, ditto—Printed Papers of Steam-packets to England and down the Rhine—Fiacres.*

“There ought to be hung up on the walls a Map of the town, if there is one—Map of the adjacent country—Map of the kingdom. A Directory of the town, if published, should always be kept in the coffee-room.

“Distinct compartments on the walls should be secured for different advertisements, *affiches*, &c. In large cities, lists of theatres and operas. Every hotel ought to have in the hall, or where the keys are kept, a large board with the numbers of each apartment, and a space opposite in which the name of the occupier is written. The best hotels have this, and it is a very great convenience to enable travellers to discover their friends. A book is of little use, because it is never kept up to the time.

“If the card of the hotel has printed on its reverse a small map of the town, with a dark spot for the hotel, it is extremely useful.

“Several hotels, on the Rhine and elsewhere, have charged a single traveller (who supped in the coffee-room and slept one night) a franc for wax candles. This is not to be admitted, unless he have a private sitting-room. I have never paid it, finding it immediately withdrawn on remonstrance. If travellers will not remonstrate, they will be compelled to pay it on the plea of custom.

“It is the interest of every hotel-keeper to supply his guests with information relative to the modes of leaving him: this renders their return more probable.”—*C. B.**

* “Every steamer or other boat ought to have hung up in it the tariff of prices. This is rarely omitted (except on the Lake of Geneva), and when omitted, travellers always suppose

§ 12.—DIRECTIONS FOR TRAVELLERS, AND REQUISITES FOR A JOURNEY IN SWITZERLAND—GUIDES.

The best season for travelling among the Alps is the months of July, August, and September, in which may, perhaps, be included the last half of June. The higher Alpine passes are scarcely clear of snow before the second week of June; and before the middle of October, snow almost invariably falls on the high Alps: and though the weather is often still serene, the nights draw in so fast as to curtail, inconveniently, the day's journey. During the long days, one may get over a great deal of ground. The judicious traveller will economise the daylight by rising, and setting forth as soon after sunrise as possible.

The *average daily expense* of living at the best inns in Switzerland will vary between 8 Fr. fr. and 10 fr. a-day, excluding all charge for conveyances, horses, and guides. The pedestrian who, with Keller in his pocket, can dispense with a guide, may travel in the remoter valleys of Switzerland at the rate of 5 to 7 fr. a-day, provided he knows German and French. The German students, who understand the art of travelling economically, always proceed in a party, and usually send on one of their number a-head, to their intended night-quarters, to make terms with the innkeeper. There is this advantage in travelling with a party, that numbers are more welcomed at an inn and better attended to than a solitary individual; on the other hand, when inns are full, few stand a better chance than many. All arrangements for the hire of carriages, horses, or guides, should be concluded over-night: he that waits till the morning will generally find either the conveyances engaged by others, or the price demanded for them increased, and, at all events, his departure delayed.

Saussure recommends those who are inexperienced in Alpine travelling to accustom themselves for some time before they set out to look down from heights and over precipices, so that, when they really enter upon a dangerous path, the eye may be familiarised with the depths of the abyss and the aspect of danger, and the head relieved from the vertigo which the sudden sight of a precipice is otherwise apt to produce.

It is scarcely necessary to repeat the caution against "drinking cold water" or cold milk, when heated; but the guides, and natives accustomed to mountain travelling, never drink before resting; exercise afterwards will render the draught harmless.

It is tiresome and unprofitable in the extreme to walk along a high road over a flat and monotonous country, where conveyances are to be had, and there is a carriage-road: here it is best to ride; the cost of a conveyance is counterbalanced by the economy of time.

In crossing one of the minor passes of the Alps—those not traversed by carriage-roads, but merely by foot or bridle paths—a guide should

they are charged higher than the natives. Steam-boats ought also to be furnished with printed lists of the time of starting of mails and diligences, from the points at which they stop."

always be taken, as, in the upper part of the valleys, such paths almost invariably disappear, and become confounded with the foot-tracks of the cattle. This rule should especially be observed when the pass terminates in snow or glacier. It is also advisable to eschew short cuts, remembering the old proverb of "the longest way round."

After the middle of June, when the season for travelling in Switzerland begins, little danger is to be feared from *avalanches*, except immediately after snow-storms, which constantly occur among the high Alps, even in the height of summer. The precautions to be adopted in crossing spots exposed to *avalanches* are stated in § 18.

It is rash to attempt to cross a *glacier* without a guide, and he should always be allowed to take the lead, and the traveller follow his footsteps. The few instances of fatal accidents occurring to strangers among the Alps arise from their either not taking a guide with them, or neglecting to follow his advice. In the same way, in traversing *Swiss lakes*, notorious for their sudden storms, implicit reliance should be placed on the advice of the boatman, and no attempt should be made to induce them to launch their boats when they foresee danger.

Avoid, sedulously, stopping for the night near the embouchure of a river, where it empties itself into a lake. The morasses and flat land, created by the deposits of the river, are the hotbeds of malaria, and inevitably teem with disease. To stop in such situations for the night will probably be followed by a fever; and it is even dangerous to sleep in a boat or carriage in crossing such districts. Should, however, any accident compel the traveller to take up his night-quarters in such a spot, let him choose the highest house in the village, and the uppermost room in the house; the malaria does not rise above a certain height; and let him close carefully the windows. It is, however, far better to walk on all night, should there be no other means of advancing or avoiding a spot so situated, than to run the risk. Such morasses are most dangerous in spring and autumn.

Signs of the Weather among the Mountains.—When, in the evening, the wind descends the valley, it is usually a sign of fine weather; the contrary when it ascends. The same may be said of the march of the clouds at all times of the day.

When the roar of the torrent and the knell of the church-bell reach the ear, at one time loud and clear, at another indistinct and apparently distant, it is a warning of rain.

If, when the clouds clear off, after several days of rain, the mountain-tops appear white with fresh snow, steady, fine weather will almost invariably follow.

It is a bad sign when the outline of the distant mountain-peaks appears particularly sharp and defined—cut out, as it were, against the horizon.

To cure blistered Feet.—Rub the feet at going to bed with spirits, mixed with tallow dropped from a candle into the palm of the hand; on the following morning no blister will exist. The spirits seem to possess the healing power, the tallow serving only to keep the skin

soft and pliant. This is Captain Cochrane's advice, and this remedy was used by him on his 'Pedestrian Tour.' To prevent the foot blistering, it is a good plan to soap the inside of the stocking before setting out.

At the head of the list of *Requisites for Travelling in Switzerland* may properly be placed *Koller's admirable Road Map* of that country, which indicates, not only every place and every road, but distinguishes each kind of road, whether carriage, char, bridle-road, or foot-path; marking at the same time the heights of the mountains, the depths of the lakes, the waterfalls, points of view, and other remarkable objects. It almost enables the traveller to dispense with a guide. Of course, it cannot be faultless, but its errors are remarkably few.

Travellers should provide themselves with the *Swiss edition* (the second) of this map, published by Koller himself, at Zürich. Both the English and French copies of it are very inferior both in clearness and accuracy, and worse than useless on difficult passes.

Requisites for Travelling.—The following hints are principally addressed to those who intend to make *pedestrian* journeys.

To travel on foot is the best mode of seeing Switzerland; and it saves a world of trouble to have no other baggage than a knapsack, containing a change of linen, with a light great coat or cloak, the weight of which need not exceed 14 or 16 lbs.—J. P. C.

The shoes ought to be double-soled, provided with hob-nails, such as are worn in shooting in England, and without iron heels, which are dangerous, and liable to slip in walking over rocks; three rows of nails are better: the weight of a shoe of this kind is counterbalanced by the effectual protection afforded to the feet against sharp rocks and loose stones, which cause contusions, and are a great source of fatigue and pain; they should be so large as not to pinch any part of the foot. The experienced pedestrian never commences a journey with new shoes, but with a pair that have already conformed to the shape of the feet. Cotton stockings cut the feet to pieces on a long walk; in their place, thick knit worsted socks, or cotton stockings with worsted feet, ought invariably to be worn. Gaiters are useful in wet weather to keep the socks clean; at other times to prevent small stones from falling into the shoes, but they are liable to heat the ankles. It is advisable to travel in cloth trousers, not in linen, which afford no protection against rain or changes of temperature in mountain regions. A frock coat is better than a shooting jacket, which, though well enough in remote places, is strange, and will attract notice in the streets of a foreign town.

A very serviceable article in a traveller's wardrobe is a *Blouse* (Kittel in German), somewhat resembling a ploughman's smock frock in England, but by no means confined to the lower orders abroad, as it is a common travelling costume of nobles, gentlemen, and peasants. It may be worn either over the usual dress, to keep it clean and free from dust, or it may be substituted for the coat in hot weather. This kind of garment may be purchased ready-made in any German town. The best

colour is brown; blue is usually worn by agricultural labourers only. A *knapack* may be purchased at a much cheaper rate abroad, and on a much better plan than those made in England. Portmanteaus are better in England than anywhere else. A waterproof coat or cloak is almost indispensable, and it is difficult to procure one abroad.

A *flask*, to hold brandy and kirchwasser, is necessary on mountain excursions: it should be remembered, however, that spirits ought to be resorted to less as a restorative than as a protection against cold and wet, and to mix with water, which ought never to be drunk cold or unmixed during a walk. The best restorative is tea, and as there are some parts of the Continent in which this luxury cannot be procured good, it is advisable to take a small quantity from England. Good tea, however, may be bought in Holland, and in most of the large towns of Germany.

Carey, optician, 181, Strand, makes excellent pocket *telescopes*, about four inches long, combining, with a small size, considerable power and an extensive range. Black glass spectacles are the best protection for the eyes against the glare of the sun in a southern climate.

Lee, West Strand, London, bookseller and stationer, furnishes many requisites for travellers, including a very portable writing-case.

A stout leather or canvas bag, to hold silver crown pieces and dollars;—cards, or pieces of parchment, for writing directions for the baggage (the managers of public conveyances abroad often insist upon each package being addressed, before they will take charge of it);—and one or two leather straps, to keep together books or small parcels, will be found very useful.

Paper, pen and ink, and soap, should by all means be deposited in the knapack, being articles difficult to meet with at every place.

The pedestrian, in packing his knapack, if he intend to carry it on his own back, should not allow its weight to exceed 16 or 20 lbs., even if he be strong. The most part of travellers, however zealous at first in bearing their own pack, grow tired of it after a day or two, transferring it to a guide, who, if young and stout, will carry with the greatest ease a weight of 35 or 40 lbs.

The *alpenstock* is an almost indispensable companion upon mountain journeys, and may be procured everywhere in Switzerland for 2 fr. It is a stout pole, about 6 ft. long, with an iron spike at one end for use, and a chamois' horn for show at the other. The pedestrian who has once tried it, will fully appreciate its uses as a staff and leaping-pole, but chiefly as a support in descending the mountains; it then becomes as it were, a third leg. It enables one to transfer a part of the weight of the body from the legs to the arms, and which is a great relief in descending long and steep hills. By the aid of it, the chamois-hunters glide down snow-covered slopes, almost perpendicular, checking the velocity of their course, when it becomes too great, by leaning back, and driving the point deeper into the snow. In crossing glaciers, it is indispensable, to feel the strength of the ice, and ascertain whether it be free from crevices and able to bear the weight.

When about to ascend great heights, where the sun's rays pour down with an intensity unknown lower down, or to traverse the glaciers for any distance, the traveller should provide himself with a green gauze veil to cover his face, and with coloured spectacles to protect his eyes from the glare of the snow, which is very painful, and often produces temporary blindness. Lip-salve, or some kind of grease, to anoint the skin of the face, and prevent it from blistering and peeling off, should also be taken. Further requisites for such an expedition are—ropes to attach travellers and their guides together, so that, in case one fall or slip into a crevice, his descent may be arrested by the others; iron crampons for the feet—the surface of the glacier, though soft in the middle of the day, becomes hard and very slippery as soon as the sun begins to decline; a ladder, to cross those crevices which are too broad to leap over; and a hatchet, to cut steps or resting-places for the feet, in the ice.

These preparations are quite unnecessary for a mere visit to the lower part of the glaciers of Chamouni or Grindelwald, and are required only when a journey over them of many hours', or of one or two days' duration, is meditated.

§ 13. OBJECTS MOST DESERVING OF NOTICE IN SWITZERLAND—THE COUNTRY AND PEOPLE.

In order to travel with advantage in a country previously unknown, something more seems necessary than a mere detail of certain lines of road, and an enumeration of towns, villages, mountains, &c. The following section has been prepared with a view to furnish such preliminary information as may enable the tourist to turn his time to the best account; to decide where to dwell, and where to pass quickly. The task is difficult: let this serve as an excuse for its imperfect execution.

Switzerland owes the sublimity and diversified beauty of its scenery, which it possesses in a greater degree, perhaps, than any other country of the globe, to the presence of the Alps—the loftiest mountains of Europe, the dorsal ridge or backbone, as it were, of the Continent. These run through the land, and occupy, with their main trunk, or minor spurs and offsets, nearly its whole surface. They attain the greatest height along the S. and E. frontier-line of Switzerland, but as they extend N., subsiding and gradually opening out to allow a passage to the Rhine and its tributaries, they are met by the minor chain of the *Jura*, which forms the N.W. boundary of Switzerland. It is from the apex of this advanced guard, as it were, of the Alps, or from one of the intermediate outlying hills, that the traveller, on entering the country, obtains the first view of the great central chain. From the brow of the hill, at the further extremity of a landscape, composed of undulating country—woods, hills, villages, lakes, and silvery, winding rivers—sufficient of itself to rivet the attention, he will discover what, if he has not before enjoyed the glorious spectacle of a snowy mountain, he will probably take for a border of fleecy cloud floating along the horizon. The eye, unaccustomed to objects of such magnitude, fails at

first to convey to the mind the notion, that these clearly defined white masses are mountains 60 or 70 miles off. Distance and the intervening atmosphere have no effect in diminishing the intense white of the snow; it glitters as pure and unsullied as if it had just fallen close at hand.

There are many points of view whence the semicircular array of Alpine peaks, presented at once to the eye, extends for more than 120 miles, from the Mont Blanc to the Titlis, and comprises between 200 and 300 distinct summits, capped with snow, or bristling with bare rocks, having their interstices filled with perpetual glaciers:—

“Who first beholds those everlasting clouds—
Those mighty hills, so shadowy, so sublime,
As rather to belong to heaven than earth—
But instantly receives into his soul
A sense, a feeling, that he loses not—
A something that informs him 'tis an hour
Whence he may date henceforward and for ever.”—*Rogers.*

It was such a prospect that inspired those remarkable lines of Byron:—

“Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of Nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The Avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around the summits, as to show
How earth may soar to heaven, yet leave vain man below.”

The points from which such an *Alpine panorama* may be enjoyed to the greatest advantage are:—

- The Dôle, above St. Cergues, on the road from Dijon to Geneva;
- The Chaumont, above Neuchâtel;
- The Weissenstein, above Soleure;
- The Upper and Lower Hauenstein, on the road from Basle to Soleure and Lucerne;
- The Albis, between Zürich and Zug;
- Monte Salvatore, rising amid the intricacies of the Lago Lugano;
- The Kamor, near Gais, in St. Gall;
- The Rigi, between the lakes of Zug and Lucerne;
- The Faulhorn, adjoining the Bernese Alps.
- The Upper and Lower Hauenstein.
- The Rothorn, above Brienz.

Of these the Rigi is probably the finest, as it is certainly one of the most accessible; some give the preference to the Faulhorn, from its proximity to the great chain, and the High Alps rising close at hand are seen from it to great advantage. The passion for climbing mountains, so ardent in a young traveller, soon cools; and they who have surmounted the Rigi, the Faulhorn, or Rothorn, and the Dôle, may fairly consider any further ascents a waste of time and labour.

For a new view of Alpine scenery, amidst the recesses of the mountains, the spots which afford a concentration of the most grand and sublime objects are the valleys of the Bernese Oberland, and those around the base of Mont Blanc, including, of course, Chamouni. It is in these two districts that the combination of fine forms and great elevation in the mountains; of vast extent of glaciers and snow-fields, with the accompaniments of the roar of the avalanche and the rush of the falling torrent—are most remarkable. Here, in particular, the glaciers, the most characteristic feature of this country, are seen to greatest advantage, not only those fantastically fractured masses of iceberg which descend into the low grounds, but those vast fields of ice called *Mers de Glace*. To Chamouni, and the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc, of the two, must be given the preference, in point of sublimity; and the traveller will, for this reason, do well in reserving Mont Blanc, with its attendant aiguilles and circumambient leagues of ice, for the termination of his tour, and the crowning act of his journey.

The *Glaciers* of the Aar, near the Grimsel (which may be comprised in the Bernese Oberland); that of the Rhône, near the Pares; those of the Rhine, above Splügen; and the Bernina, in the Engadine, are likewise deserving of mention from their extent. That of Rosenlani is celebrated for its extreme purity, and the dark blue colour of its chasms. The very best *delineations of Swiss scenery, glaciers, passes, travelling incidents, &c.* are given in the large lithographic views of Mr. George Barnard. They combine in a high degree picturesqueness with truth. They are far superior to the views which are to be found in the Swiss print-shops.

Lakes.—Madame de Stael has somewhere remarked, on the proximity of lakes to mountains, that nature seems to have placed them in the midst of her grandest scenes, at the foot of the Alps, in order to serve as mirrors to them, and to multiply their enchanting forms. Lakes are very numerous in Switzerland, and they certainly add a principal charm to its scenery. It is difficult to classify them according to their respective merits, as almost every one has some peculiarity which characterises it and renders it worthy of attention. The most remarkable are, the Lake of Locerne, which exhibits in perfection savage grandeur and sublimity; Wallenstadt, Thun, and Brienz, all thoroughly Swiss; the Lake of Geneva, or Lac Lemán, distinguished for its great extent, and for the diversified character it presents, being at one end rugged and sublime, at the other soft and smiling: it occupies an intermediate rank between the Swiss and Italian Lakes. These last, that is to say, Maggiore, Lugano, and Como, may be included in the tour of Switzerland, either from portions of them being actually situated within its territory, or from their vicinity to it. Their character is rather smiling than frowning; they are blessed with a southern climate, in addition to their own attractions; their thickets are groves of orange, olive, myrtle, and pomegranate; and their habitations are villas and palaces. Along with the lakes named above must be mentioned the little Lake of Orta, which, though situated in Piedmont, lies so close to the Simplon, and

possesses such high claims to notice from its surpassing beauty, that no traveller, approaching that corner of Switzerland to which it is a neighbour, should omit to visit it.

The attempt to fix an order of precedence for the *Swiss Waterfalls* is not likely to meet with general approval, because much of the interest connected with them depends on the seasons and the weather, as well as on the taste and temper of the spectator. A fine waterfall is, indeed, a magnificent spectacle; but it will be appreciated, not merely by its own merits, but, to use a mercantile phrase, according to the abundance of the supply. Now, in Switzerland, waterfalls are as numerous as blackberries. The traveller, after a week or fortnight's journey, is pestered by them, and will hardly turn his head aside to look at a fall which, if it were in Great Britain, would make the fortune of an English watering-place, and attract visitors half-way across our island to behold it. The fact seems to be that there is a certain monotony and similarity in all falls of water; and after the curiosity has once been satiated by the sight of three or four, it is tiresome to go out of one's way to visit another, unless it be much finer, and have a distinctive character from any seen before. Thus, then, there is utility even in an attempt to classify these natural objects.

1. The Fall of the Rhine, at Schaffhausen, deserves the first rank, from the volume of water; but it is rather a cataract than a cascade—it wants height.

2. Fall of the Aar, at Hardk, combines a graceful shoot with great elevation; an abounding river, and a grand situation. It may be said to attain almost to perfection—(Terni being a perfect waterfall).

3. Fall of the Tosa, in the Val Formazza: remarkable less for its form than for the vast volume of water, but in this respect very fine indeed, and well worth a visit.

4. The Staubbach, or Dust Fall: a thread or scarf of water, so thin that it is dispersed into spray before it reaches the ground; beautiful, however, from its height and graceful windings.

5. The Giesbach, on the lake of Brienz.

6. The Fall of the Sallenche, near Martigny, sometimes called Pissavache.

7. Reichenbach Falls, near Meyringen.

8. The Fall of Pianazzo, or of the Medesimo, on the Splügen.

9. Tourtemagne Fall, near the Simplon road.

10. Cascade des Pélerins, Glacier des Boesons, Chamouni.

Other falls, too numerous to mention, are not placed (to use the language of the race-course); though, in any other country but Switzerland or Norway, they would deserve especial notice.

The design of this enumeration is to spare the traveller a long walk, or a day's journey, to see a fall, probably inferior to others which he has already seen.

The principal and most interesting of the *Swiss Alpine Passes* (see § 15) are the Simplon, the St. Gothard, the Splügen, and the Bernardin), regarding at once their scenery, and the magnificent and skilfully constructed carriage-roads which have been made over them. Of passes

not traversed by carriage-roads, the most striking, in point of scenery, are those of the Monte Moro and Cervin under Monte Rosa, between the Vallais and Piedmont; the Bon-homme and La Seigne; the Tête Noire and Col de Balme, leading to Chamouni; the Grimsel, Furca, and the Gries, branching off at the head of the valley of the Rhône; the Gemmi, one of the most singular of all the passes, and the Great St. Bernard, chiefly visited on account of its celebrated Hospice.

Alpine Gorges.—Especially deserving of notice are some of the avenues leading up to these passes; in many instances mere cracks or fissures, cleaving the mountains to the depth of several thousand feet.

None of these defiles at all approach the *Ravine of the Via Mala*, one of the most sublime and terrific scenes anywhere among the Alps. The gorge of the Schöllenen, on the St. Gothard; that of Gondo, on the Simplon; and that extraordinary glen, in whose depths the *Baths of Pfäfers* are sunk—one of the most wonderful scenes in Switzerland—also deserve mention.

The most beautiful *Swiss Valleys* are those of Hasli, near Meyringen; the Simmenthal; the Vale of Sarnen; the Kanderthal; the Vallée de Gruyères, and Ormonds, or Pays d'en Haut Romand—all distinguished for their quiet pastoral character, and the softness and luxuriance of their verdure—"The rock-embosomed lawns, and snow-fed streams," spoken of by Shelley. And here it may be remarked that the traveller in Switzerland must not suppose that beauty of scenery is confined to the High Alps: the Jura, and the intermediate undulating country, which, though still greatly elevated above the sea, may be called the Lowlands, in reference to the Highlands of Switzerland, abound in peculiar and unobtrusive beauties—hills tufted with woods, among which picturesque masses of bare rock project at intervals, slopes bursting with rills, and meadows which, by the aid of copious irrigation, yield three crops of grass a-year, presenting at all seasons a carpet of the liveliest verdure, and of a texture like velvet, equal to that of the best-kept English lawns;—such are the beauties of these lowland scenes. The frequent hedge-rows, the gardens before the cottages, and the neatness of the dwellings—the irregular, winding roads, free from the straight monotony and everlasting avenues of France and Germany—remind one frequently of England. There are, besides, among the Jura, many scenes of great grandeur, such especially is presented by the Val Moutiers, or Munster Thal, between Basle and Bienne; the pass of Klus, at the foot of the Ober-Hauenstein; and the Lac de Joux.

With regard to the natural beauties of Switzerland, there can be but one sentiment of admiration. On the subject of the moral condition of the Swiss, and of their character as a nation, there is much greater variety of opinion, though the larger portion of impartial witnesses will concur in a low and unfavourable estimate of them.

The favourable anticipations awakened by historical associations in the mind of the traveller, as he approaches the land of Tell and Winkelried, are woefully falsified, for the most part, on arriving upon the

spot. If he take the trouble to inquire into the political state of the country, he will find a Government almost powerless, a confederacy without unity, split into parties by dissentient religious and opposing political interests, and nearly every canton either torn by contending factions, or actually split into two, and as much dismembered as though it consisted of two separate states. Patriots are scarce in the land of Tell; and that combination of petty republics which, while firmly united, not only withstood the shocks of foreign invasion, secure in its mountain-fastnesses, but shattered and annihilated the apparently overwhelming armaments of Austria and Burgundy, not in one battle, but on almost every occasion when opposed to them, must now submit to be propped up by its neighbours, and, as a necessary consequence, must endure and stomach the diplomatic insults which are constantly heaped upon it.

Notwithstanding their long enjoyment of liberty and free institutions, in spite of the glorious examples of their history, we do not find the nation actuated by that independence and nobleness of sentiment which might be expected. On the contrary, a spirit of time-serving and a love of money appear the influencing motives in the national character, and the people who have enjoyed freedom longer than any other in Europe, are principally distinguished for fighting the battles of any master, however tyrannical, who will buy their services; for sending forth the most obsequious and drudging of valets; for extortionate innkeepers; and, among the lower class of Swiss, for almost universal mendicancy for to beg appears to be regarded as no degradation, and is taught by parents to their children less from necessity than as a sort of speculation. At the present time also Switzerland is nursing a brood of the most reckless and desperate of democrats. The Tyrolese, the neighbours of the Swiss, and their partners in the same cold climate and unproductive Alpine region, exhibit a remarkable contrast to them in this and other respects.

It is more pleasing to dwell on another result of the position of the Swiss, viz., the impulse it has given to commercial industry and manufactures. The natural disadvantages of an inland country, into which the raw material must be conveyed, almost exclusively on the sledge, over snowy passes, and by long journeys, have been overcome; and in the excellence of her manufactured articles Switzerland competes with England, while she often surpasses her in cheapness.

The demoralizing effect produced upon the Swiss by the great influx of travellers into their country, is explained in the following temperate and judicious remarks from Latrobe's '*Alpenstock*':—

"It cannot be denied that the character of the majority of the Swiss peasantry, whose habitations are unfortunately in the neighbourhood of the main routes of travellers, or of the particular points of interest to which they lend, is most contemptible; that in such parts it is not only vain to expect to find those simple and guileless manners which in time past were associated with the name of the inhabitants of these mountains, but that even common morality is out of the question. There is a disposition in the majority of those who have been at all exposed to temptation to take advantage of the ignorance of travellers, to make the

most exorbitant demands, and to go to the greatest possible length in the system of extortion and deception. Even in those parts of the country where the open profligacy of the cases brought before them has excited the attention and provoked the surveillance of the magistrates, and where, in consequence, a kind of just price has been set upon various articles, opportunities are always greedily seized upon to turn a dishonest penny, when it can be done without serious risk.

"This the writer knows to be unquestionably the fact; yet he must candidly add, what he also knows from observation, that the absurd conduct and unreasonable folly of travellers have strengthened the spring of this dishonest propensity in a very great degree: and while many a just complaint has been made against the extortion of those with whom the traveller must come in contact, many an *unreasonable* accusation has also been preferred, under circumstances which would not allow the plaintiff to make his case good. An individual who is satisfied, while travelling in a country like this, to identify himself as much as possible with the people among whom he is thrown—who is contented with the general style of living, with the produce of the country, and, more especially, with the customary hours of eating and sleeping, has certainly reason to complain, if the mere circumstance of his being a stranger is deemed a sufficient apology for making him the object of unprincipled spoliation and imposition.

"But if the travellers be of another mind and order—if they pass through the country, as hundreds do with their eyes shut to the style and manners of the people and difference of their habits from our own, and intent upon keeping up their usual style of corporeal indulgence as much as possible—such have not the same reason in their complaints; which is a lesson many have had to learn, by the refusal of the magistrates to interfere in the quarrel, or by having a verdict given against them.

"I have seen a party of English arrive at a mountain cabaret at nightfall, when the host and his family would, in the usual course of things, have been thinking of their beds, they order dinner, and insist upon having flesh, fish, or fowl, foreign wines and liquors, just as though they were at the Star and Garter at Richmond; abuse the master and the domestics, dine at eight or nine, and sit over their cheer till past midnight. Mine host can put up with a good deal of extra trouble, with no small quantity of abuse, and will stay up all night with considerable temper, because he knows he can make them pay for it in hard money.

"The next morning, as might be anticipated, he hands in a bill of nearly as many dollars as they had expected francs, without doubt exorbitant and overcharged, but at any rate there are plausible excuses for this exorbitancy.

"The host will shrug his shoulders, in answer to their ill-expressed and angry expostulations, and merely say, that the gentlemen must not expect to have articles which, however plentiful in towns, are luxuries on the mountains, without paying well for them.

"The worst is that, little by little, the show of justice that there

once existed, and the distinction which was made between the individual who gave no trouble, and was contented with what entertainment was easily provided, and those last described, is fast waning away; and to be a foreigner is sufficient to excite the plundering propensities of mine host and his coadjutors. He has frequently a regular system to pursue, according as the visitor announced is an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a German. The latter obtains the most grace in his eyes, and pays perhaps only ten or twenty per cent.; the Frenchman must expect something more in consideration of his polish and politeness, and the old grudge borne him for past events; and the poor Englishman may esteem him very happy if, after partaking of the same fare, he finds himself desired to lay down a sum which only excites his surprise and keeps him on the grumble for the next three miles, and does not at once make him fly into a passion and get a prejudice for life against everything Swiss.

"And it is not only those parts of the country through which the great stream of travellers sets that they have by this means become degraded: the fame of these doings has gone abroad throughout the greater part of the whole community, and very few are the retired corners where you do not detect more or less of this dishonourable bent in the lower orders, if any way exposed to temptation.

"But it is not only in this point that the moral character of the common people is debased. It will not be a matter of wonder that the present Swiss peasantry as a nation cannot longer be supposed to be the simple, virtuous, patriarchal race that their forefathers were. It is evident, from the perusal of their history, that the deterioration had been steady and gradual for some time previous to the close of the last century; and that nothing contributed more to it than that system of foreign military service which, it would appear, had become necessary to the existence of the community.

"Then the overpowering deluge of the French Revolution swept over the Jura, and gave accelerated impulse to the downward current of moral feeling in every rank of society in this unhappy country.

"What evil influence this had at the time upon the principles of the people in general, as well as the virtue of families and individuals, it would now be a difficult and ungrateful task to decide. Much of that evil may at this time be supposed to have been already obviated; yet, now that the waters of that fearful political phenomenon have retired, we may still see left behind the scum and the mud with which their polluted stream was heavily charged.

" 'I have not been in the Oberland for years,' is an expression I have heard time after time from worthy natives; and the reason is perfectly comprehensible. A true lover of his country may well grieve over the dishonour and the loss of moral feeling in Switzerland, and avoid going where he must be constantly reminded of its downfall."—p. 324-328.

Another point to be considered, in reference to the condition of the

people is, the influence of the Roman Catholic religion in those cantons where it prevails. And here may be observed that the least enlightened portions of the country at present are the Vallais, Uri, Unterwalden, Schwytz, Tessin, a large part of the Bernese Oberland, and the Grisons. In passing from a Catholic to a Protestant canton, the traveller will scarcely fail to remark a striking change. Yet, in his comments thereon, let him bear in mind the charitable and meek precept, so beautifully conveyed in the following verses, composed in one of the Catholic cantons of Switzerland :—

Doom'd, as we are, our native dust
To wet with many a bitter shower,
It ill befits us to disdain
The Altar, to deride the Fane
Where patient sufferers bend, in trust
To win a happier hour.

I love, where spreads the village lawn,
Upon some knee-worn cell to gaze;
Hail to the firm, unmoving cross,
Aloft, where pines their branches toss,
And to the chapel far withdrawn,
That lurks by lonely ways.

Where'er we roam, along the brink
Of Rhine, or by the sweeping Po,
Through Alpine vale, or Champaign wide—
Whate'er we look on, at our side
Be Charity—to bid us think
And feel, if we would know.

Wordsworth.

We are so accustomed to look upon Switzerland as “the land of liberty,” that the generality of travellers will take the thing for granted; and it is only after diving to a certain depth in Swiss annals, that the question arises, what was the nature of this freedom, and how far was it calculated to foster nobility of sentiment and public spirit among the people? Was the abolition of the Austrian dominion succeeded by a more equitable government, extending to all the same privileges, and dividing among all alike the public burden? Was political equality accompanied by religious tolerance and harmony? Did the democratic principle produce fruit in the disinterestedness and patriotism of the children of the land? To all these inquiries there remains but one answer—a negative. The cow-herds of Uri, Schwytz, and Unterwalden, who had so nobly, and with so much moderation, emancipated themselves from a foreign yoke, in process of time became themselves the rulers of subject states, and, so far from extending to them the liberty they had so dearly purchased, and which they so highly valued, they kept their subjects in the most abject state of villenage, so that, down to the end of the last century, the vassals of no despotic monarch in

Europe exhibited a picture of equal political debasement. The effects of this tyrannical rule were equally injurious to the governors and the governed, and the marks of it may be traced in many parts of Switzerland, even down to the present day, in the degraded condition of the people, morally as well as physically. It will be discovered from Swiss history that ambition, and a thirst for territorial rule, is inherent in republics as well as in monarchies, as we may learn from the encroachments and aggrandizing spirit of canton Bern. She retained, as tributary to her, for two centuries and a half, the district called Pays de Vaud, deriving from it an annual revenue of 1,200,000 francs, and yet denying to the inhabitants all share of political rights. Geneva, a weaker state, after throwing off the yoke of the dukes of Savoy, with difficulty escaped the wiles of the Bernese government, which would have plunged her into a slavery not more tolerable than that from which they had just escaped.

Religious dissensions were a source of a long series of troubles to the Confederation, dividing it into two opposite parties, which not only were arrayed against each other in the field of battle, but also interfered with the internal peace of the individual cantons. Although by the laws the two parties in religion were allowed equal freedom of worship, the enjoyment of this privilege was embittered to either party, in the state where the other faith was predominant: it was, in fact, but a nominal tolerance. It is curious to observe, that, even in these days of liberal ideas and Catholic emancipation, a citizen of Lucerne is deprived of all political privileges, if he is a Protestant.

Until the two French revolutions, the common people of Switzerland, except in one or two of the cantons, had no more share in the constitutional privileges, which all Swiss were supposed to possess as their birth-right, than the subjects of the despotic monarchies of Austria or Prussia. The government was vested in the hands of aristocratic oligarchies, as exclusive, and as proud of birth, blood, and descent, as the most ancient nobility in Europe. The burgher patricians of the great towns managed, by gradual encroachments, to deprive the lower orders of the exercise of their rights, and gradually monopolised all places and offices for themselves and their children. Since 1830, democratic principles have made rapid strides in almost all the cantons, and the political constituents of Switzerland at present have, with much truth, been described as consisting of "an aristocracy enraged at its own weakness, a democracy eager to ride above them, and demanding for the people more rights than they desire; for doubtful and unknown good, risking all that is most desirable: gentle sway, contented obedience, simplicity of manners, tranquillity of life."

The Towns of Switzerland exhibit many interesting marks of antiquity: their buildings are frequently found unchanged since a very early period; and in Lucerne, Freyburg, Basle, Bellinzona, and in several other instances, the feudal fortifications, with battlements and watch-towers, remain perfectly preserved. One characteristic and very pleasant feature are the *Fountains*, the never-failing ornament of every

Swiss town and village. They usually consist of a Gothic ornamented pillar, surmounted by the figure of a man, usually some hero of Swiss history, either Tell, the dauntless crossbowman, or Wilkenried, with his "sheaf of spears." Sometimes the figures of animals are substituted for the human form.

A singular custom, connected with education, prevails in some parts of Switzerland, which deserves notice here, from the influence which it exercises over society. In many of the large towns, children of the same age and sex are associated together by their parents in little knots and clubs, called *Sociétés de Dimanche*. The parents seek out for their children an eligible set of companions when they are still quite young. The parties so formed amount to twelve or fifteen in number, and the variation of age between them is not more than two or three years. All the members meet in turn on Sunday evenings, at the houses of their parents, while children, to play together and partake of tea, cakes, and sweetmeats, attended by their *bonnes* or nurses; when grown up, to pass the evening in other occupations and amusements suited to their age. At these meetings not even brothers or sisters are present, except they are members of the society. From thus being constantly thrown together on all occasions, a strict friendship grows up among the members of each brotherhood or sisterhood, which generally lasts through life, even after the parties are settled and dispersed about the world. The females, even when grown up, distinguish their companions by such endearing terms as "*ma mignonne*," "*mon cœur*," "*mon ange*," &c. This practice renders Swiss society very exclusive, and few strangers, however well introduced, penetrate below the surface.

When a young woman marries, her husband is admitted into the society to which she belongs, and thus the wife determines the caste of the husband.

Ranz de Vaches.—It is not uncommon to find the *Ranz de Vaches* spoken of, by persons unacquainted with Switzerland and the Alps, as a single air, whereas they are a class of melodies prevailing among and peculiar to the Alpine valleys. Almost every valley has an air of its own, but the original air is said to be that of Appenzell. Their effect in producing home-sickness in the heart of the Swiss mountaineer, when heard in a distant land, and the prohibition of this music in the Swiss regiments in the service of France, on account of the number of desertions occasioned by it, are stories often repeated, and probably founded on fact.

These national melodies are particularly wild in their character, yet full of melody; the choruses consist of a few remarkable shrill notes, uttered with a peculiar falsetto intonation in the throat. They originate in the practice of the shepherds on the Alps, of communicating with one another at the distance of a mile or more, by pitching the voice high. The name *Ranz de Vaches* (Germ. *Kuhreihen*), literally cow-rows, is obviously derived from the order in which the cows march home at milking-time, in obedience to the shepherd's call, communicated by the voice, or through the *Alp-Horn*, a simple tube of wood, wound

round with bark, five or six feet long, admitting of but slight modulation, yet very melodious when caught up and prolonged by the mountain echoes. In some of the remoter pastoral districts of Switzerland, from which the ancient simplicity of manners is not altogether banished, the Alp-horn supplies, on the higher pastures, where no church is near, the place of the vesper-bell. The cow-herd, posted on the highest peak, as soon as the sun has set, pours forth the first four or five notes of the Psalm, "Praise God the Lord;" the same notes are repeated from distant Alps, and all within hearing, uncovering their heads and bending their knees, repeat their evening orison, after which the cattle are penned in their stalls, and the shepherds betake themselves to rest.

The traveller among the Alps will have frequent opportunities of hearing both the music of the horn and the songs of the cow-herds and dairy-maids; the latter have been thus described by Mr. Southey:—"Surely the wildest chorus that ever was heard by human ears: a song, not of articulate sounds, but in which the voice is used as a mere instrument of music, more flexible than any which art could produce, sweet, powerful, and thrilling beyond description."

A word may be said on *Swiss Husbandry* to draw the attention of such persons as take an interest in the subject to one or two practices peculiar to the country. The system of irrigating the meadows is carried to a very great extent and perfection, the mountains-torrents are turned over the fields by means of trenches and sluices, and not unfrequently, when the ground is much inclined, the stream is conducted to the spot where it is required through troughs hollowed out of the stems of fir-trees.

The drainings of dunghills, cowhouses, and pigsties are not allowed to run to waste, but are carefully collected in a vat by the farmer, and at the fit moment carried out in carts to the fields, and ladled over them, very much to their benefit, and to the equal disgust of the olfactory nerves of all who pass; the air, far and near, being filled with this truly Swiss fragrance.

The Swiss mountaineers are skilful marksmen with the rifle, and, like their neighbours, the Tyrolese, most constantly to practise and engage in trials of skill. There are clubs or societies in most of the cantons, and every year a *grand federal rifle-match* is held in one or other of the large towns, at which all the best shots from the whole of Switzerland meet to contend for a prize.

Annual contests in *wrestling* (called *Schwing Feste*) are also held in different parts of Switzerland. The cantons which distinguish themselves for skill in this and other athletic exercises are Bern, Appenzell, and Unterwalden.

§ 14. SKELETON TOURS THROUGH SWITZERLAND AND PART OF SAVOY.

N.B. It is advisable to enter Switzerland from the side of Germany rather than by that of France, as the scenery of Chamouni, the grandest among the Alps, ought to be reserved for the conclusion of the tour.

There are parts of Switzerland which cannot be reached in a travelling-carriage, and those who can neither ride nor walk, and will not submit to be carried in a chair, must forego them.

The pedestrian tours in this list are laid down with the understanding that only the more interesting scenes, and such as are impracticable by other conveyances, are to be travelled on foot, and that on high roads the pedestrian will ride, otherwise he will waste much time unprofitably.

A.—CARRIAGE TOUR OF ABOUT TWO MONTHS, beginning at Basle and ending at Schaffhausen.

The portion of this tour within brackets would extend it beyond the two months, and must be omitted if the traveller be pressed for time.

Basle.

Münsterthal.

Bienne.

{ St. Peter's Island.

{ Neuchâtel.

Soleure.

Weissenstein.

Lucerne.

Arth and the Rigi.

Weggis.

Lake Lucerne to Altorf.

Entlibuch.

Thun. (Leave the carriage.)

Interlachen.

Lauterbrunnen.

Grindelwald.

Faulhorn.

Meyringen.

{ Grimsel.

{ Furca.

{ St. Gothard.

{ Altorf.

{ Lake of Lucerne.

{ Stanz.

{ Brünig.

{ Meyringen.

Thun.

Bern.

Freyburg.

Lausanne.

This part of the tour, except the road of the St. Gothard, can only be performed in chais on horseback, and across the lake in a row-boat or steamer.

Vevay and Chillon.

Geneva.

Send round the carriage to Martigny, which it may reach in 2 days from Geneva.

Infirm persons, not able to ride or walk over an Alpine pass, may retain their carriage as far as Sallenche, proceed in a char-à-banc to Chamouni, rejoin their carriage at Sallenche, and then proceed by Thonon and St. Maurice to Martigny.

Sallenche in a hired carriage.

Chamouni in a char-à-banc.

Montanvert.

Flegère.

Col de Balme and Tête Noire to

Martigny,

[Great St. Bernard, and back, on mules.]

Baths of Leuk. } Leave carriage at
Gemmi. } Sierre or Leuk.

Brieg.

Simplon.

Domo d' Ossola.

Baveno.

[Lago d' Orta.]

Borromean Islands.

Milan. (Rest a week.)

Monza.

Lecco.

[Como.]

Chiavenna.

Splügen.

Via Mala.

Coire.

Pfeffers' Baths.

Lake of Wallenstadt.

{Glarus, Stachelberg, and back.]
Rapperschwyl.
Zürich.
[Baden and Schintznach.]
Schaffhausen.

B.—TOUR OF A FORTNIGHT.

Carriage-roads — * char-roads —
† bridle or foot-paths.

Days.

- 1 { Schaffhausen.
Rhine Fall.
Zürich.
- 2† Rigi.
- 3 { Altorf—St. Gothard.
Andermatt.
- † Furca.
- 4† Grimsel.
- 5† Meyringen.
- 6† Grindelwald.
- 7 Lauterbrunnen and Thun.
- † Gemmi Pass.
- 8 { Leuk.
- 9 Martigny.
- † Tête Noire.
- 10 { Chamouni.
- 12 Geneva—home through France,
(six or seven days) or by
- 13 Bern.
- 14 Basle.

C.—TOUR OF THREE WEEKS ON FOOT.

- 3 { Basle.—Münster Thal.
Weissenstein.
- { Soleura.
- 4 Schintznach.
- 5 Schaffhausen.
- 6 Zürich.
- 7 { Wesen, and Lake of Wallen-
stadt.
- { Pfeffers.
- 8 Kälfeuser Thal to Glarus.
- 9 { Muotta.
- { Klonthal.
- Schwytz.
- 10 Rigi.
- 11 { Altorf.
- { Andermatt.
- 12 { Furca.
- { Grimsel.

- 13 Meyringen.
- 14 Grindelwald.
- 15 { Wengern Alp.
- { Lauterbrunnen and Interlachen.
- 16 Gemmi—Baths of Leuk.
- 17 Martigny.
- 19 { Tête Noire.
- { Chamouni.
- 20 Geneva.
- 21 Bern.

D.—TOUR OF A MONTH OR FIVE WEEKS.

- 1 { Schaffhausen and Rhinefall.
- { Zürich.
- 2 Rigi.
- 3 Lake of Lucerne.
- 4 Lucerne.
- 5 { Brünig.
- { Meyringen.
- 6 Susten Pass.
- 7 St. Gothard.
- 8 { Furca.
- { Grimsel.
- 9 Brienz.
- 10 Lauterbrunnen.
- 11 Grindelwald.
- 13 { Thun.
- { Bern.
- 14 Freyburg.
- 15 Simmenthal.
- 16 { Spietz.
- { Kandersteg.
- 17 Gemmi.
- 18 Martigny.
- 19 Great St. Bernard.
- 20 { Aosta.
- { Cormayeur.
- 21 Allée Blanche—Col de la Seigne.
- 22 Col de Bonhomme.
- 23 24 Chamouni.
- 25 Martigny, by Col de Balme and
Tête Noire.
- 26 { Bex.
- { Chillon—Vevay.
- 28 { Lake of Geneva—Lansanne.
- { Geneva—home through France,
or by
- 30 Orbe, the Dôle, and Lac de
Joux.
- 31 Neuchâtel.
- 32 Bienne.

33 Münster Thal.

34 Basle.

E.—TOUR OF THIRTY-TWO DAYS,
performed in the Autumn of 1837
by W. and R. H., chiefly on foot.

"Our longest walks never exceeded 10 or 12 leagues; but on turnpike-roads, such as the Simplon, we always rode. For some of the passes, such as the Col de Bonhomme, the Cervin, and the Rawyl, guides are always necessary, but wherever there is a 'chemin tracé' guides are a nuisance, except after a snow-storm."

London to Geneva in fourteen (now ten or twelve) days, including two days at Paris.

Aug. 26. Geneva.

27. By eight o'clock steamer to Lausanne; see the town; by another steamer to Villeneuve; by diligence to Bex.

27. To Martigny (short day).

28. Walked to Hospice of the Great St. Bernard.

29. Back to Martigny (an improvement to go by the Col de Ferret, Orsières, and along the Dranse).

30. Tête Noire to Chamouni (a new way is, to ascend from Val Orsine to the summit of the Col de Balme, on account of its magnificent view; thus including the finest part of both passes. It is not quite two hours longer than the straight road).

31. Ascended the Flegère; then crossed the valley to the Montanvert to the Mer de Glace—Chamouni.

Sept. 1. Walked across the Col de Vosa to Contamines. The journey would have been divided better by going on to the Châlets of Nant Bourant.

2. Crossed the Col de Bonhomme by Chapin to Motet—(walked).

3. Walked over Col de la Seigne, through Allée Blanche to Cormayeur.

4. To Aosta, in car. } Might be done

5. Chatillon, ditto. } easily in 1 day.

6. On mules to Tournanche—on foot thence to Breuil.

7. Crossed the Cervin (Matterhorn) on foot to Zermatt (fatiguing).

[Pierre Meynet, mentioned by Brockedon, is the best guide in the Alps.]

8. Descended on mules to Visp; walked thence to Brieg.

9. By char, across the Simplon, to Domo d'Ossola; 10 hours.

10. Off at 3 A.M., by courier, to Baveno; arrived 7 A.M.; by sailing-boat, up the Lago Maggiore, to Locarno; by car to Bellinzona (arrived late).

11. By hired carriage to Airolo.

12. Walked over the St. Gothard to Hospital.

13. By carriage to Flüelen, on the Lake of Uri.

14. Crossed lake to Brunnen, by Schwytz and Arth, to the summit of the Rigi.

15. On foot to Weggis; by boat to Lucerne; on foot to Winkel; crossed the lake to Alpnach; walked to Sarnen.

16. Crossed the Brünig, on foot, to Brienz; by boat to the Giesbach; by char to Meyringen.

17. Rested at Meyringen; Falls of Reichenbach.

18. Walked to the Hospice of the Grimsel; thence to the glacier of the Rhône; and back to the Hospice to sleep.

19. Returned to Meyringen, taking a 3 hours' walk up the Susten Pass.

20. Walked over the Scheideck to Grindelwald; thence over the Wengern Alp; slept at the "Jungfrau Gasthof," exactly opposite the Jungfrau Mountain, to see and hear the avalanches.

21. By Lanterbrunnen to Interlachen, on foot; in char to Neuhaus; in steamer to Thun; in diligence to Bern.

22. Returned to Thun, by char to Frutigen, on foot to Kandersteg.

23. Across the Gemmi to Leuk Baths, on foot; thence direct to Sion.

24. Walked over the Rawyl to An der Lenk.

25. On foot, down the Simmenthal to Thun; thence to Bern. (It would have been better to have gone by Grnyères to Freyburg, Bern, Soleure, and over the Hauenstein to Basle.)

26. By diligence to Basle.

Basle to London by Rotterdam in 5 or 7 days.

F.—TOUR OF ABOUT TEN WEEKS.

Schaffhausen.

Constance.

St. Gall.

Sentis.

Wesen.

Lake of Wallenstadt.

Pfeffers.

Kalfeuser Thal.

Glarus.

Stachelberg and Linth Thal.

Klön and Muotta Thal.

Einsiedeln.

Rapperschwyl.

Zürich.

Zug.

Lucerne.

Weggis.

Rigi.

Schwytz.

Brunnen.

Flüelen.

Altorf.

Andermatt.

Airolo.

Val Formazza; Falls of Tosa.

Gries Glacier.

Rhône Glacier.

Grimsel.

Meyringen.

Up the Brünig for the view, and to

Brienz for the Giesbach Fall.

Meyringen.

Scheideck—Rosenlani.

Faulhorn.

Grindelwald.

Wengern Alp.

Lauterbrunnen.

Thun.

Spiez.

Kandersteg.

Switz.

Gemmi.

Lenk.

Sion.

Martigny.

St. Bernard.

Aosta.

Cormayeur, or Pré St. Didier.

Up the Mount Cramont and back.

Allée Blanche.

Nant Bourant, or Contamines.

Chamouni.

Flegère; Montanvert.

Jardin, &c.

Col de Balme, and Tête Noire.

Martigny.

Bex.

Vevay.

Lansanne.

Freyberg.

Bern.

Bienne.

Neuchâtel.

Yverdun.

Orbe and the Dôle.

Geneva.

G.—A SUMMER'S TOUR OF THREE MONTHS, to include all the spots best worth notice in Switzerland, passing as little as possible twice over the same ground.

. The figures are the numbers of the Routes in which each place is described.

Basle, 1.

Münster Thal, 1.

Bienne, 1 (Isle St. Pierre, 45).

Neuchâtel, 44.

[Chaux de Fonds? 48].

Yverdun, 45.

Orbe, 50.

Lac de Joux, 50.

Morat, 43.

Freyburg, 42.

Bern, 24.

Soleure, 3.

Weissenstein, 3.

Schintznach, 6.

Schaffhausen, 7.

Rhine Fall, 7.

Constance, 7.

St. Gall, 66.

Gais and Appenzell, 68; Weisbad, 68

Sentis; Wildkirchlein, 68.
 Rapperschwyl, 14.
 Zürich, 8.
 Zug, by the Albis, 15 and 16.
 Arth and Goldau, 17.
 Rigi, 17.
 Weggis; Bay of Uri, 18.
 Brunnen (Schwytz), 17.
 Altorf, 34.
 Surenen Pass, 31.
 Engelberg, 31.
 Stanz, 31.
 Lucerne, 16.
 Brünig, 19.
 Meyringen, 27.
 Brienz and Giesbach, 27.
 Interlachen, 27.
 Thun, 27.
 Simmenthal, 41.
 Sanetsch Pass, 40.
 Sion, 59.
 Rawyl Pass, 39.
 Spiez, }
 Unterseen, } 27.
 Lauterbrunnen, }
 Wengern Alp, }
 Grindelwald, }
 Faulhorn, } 27.
 Scheideck, }
 Meyringen, }
 Grimsel, 28.
 Rhône Glacier, 30.
 Gries Pass, 29.
 Val Formazza; Tossa Fall, 29.
 Airolo, 34.
 St. Gothard; Devil's Bridge, 34.
 Altorf, 34.
 Schächen Thal, }
 Klausen, } 72.
 Stachelberg, }
 Glarus, }
 Klön Thal, } 75.
 Muotta, }
 Schwytz, 17.
 Morgarten, } 74.
 Einsiedeln, }
 Wesen, 14.
 Lake of Wallenstadt, 14.
 Pfeffers' Baths, 67.
 Kalfenser Thal, 76.
 Sernft Thal; Segnes Pass, 76.
 Dissentis, 77.
 Reichenau, 87.

Coire, 67.
 Julier Pass; St. Mauritz, 82.
 Engadine, 84.
 Finstermünz. } In Tyrol. See Hand-
 Stelvia. } book S. Germany.
 Bernina, 85.
 Maloya Pass, 99.
 Chiavenna, 88.
 Splügen Pass, 88.
 Via Mala—back, 87.
 Splügen village, 87.
 Bernardin, 90.
 Bellinzona, 90.
 Locarno, 91.
 Luino, 93.
 Lugano; Monte Salvatore, 92.
 Lago di Como; Bellagio, 93.
 Como; Milan; Sesto, 59—[or Como
 Varese; Arona, 59.]
 Lago d'Orta, 101 and 102.
 Baveno; Monteroue, 59.
 Domo d'Ossola, 59.
 Simplon, 59.
 Brieg, 59.
 Baths of Leuk, 38.
 Gemmi, and back, 38.
 Sion, 59.
 Martigny, 59.
 Great St. Bernard, 108.
 Aosta, 107.
 Pré St. Didier, 114.
 Mont Cramont, 114.
 Allée Blanche, }
 Col de la Seigne, } 118.
 Col de Bonhomme, }
 Chamouni, 115.
 Flegère; Montanvert; Mer de Glace,
 115.
 Col de Balme, and Tête Noire, 116,
 117.
 Martigny, 59.
 Bex, 57.
 Vevay, }
 Chillon, } 55 and 56.
 Lausanne, }
 Geneva, 5-2.

Approaches to Switzerland, and Time required between Switzerland and England.

London to Basle, by Ostend, 1 day;
 Cologne, 2; Manheim, 3; and Basle
 on the 4th day.

Darle to London, 4 days.
 London to Geneva, by Paris, 7 days, 5 nights (by diligence).
 London to Lucerne, 5 or 6 days.
 Lucerne to Milan, by the St. Gothard, 30 hours. An excellent diligence traverses this pass—and this is the best and quickest way to visit the Italian lakes.

Strasbourg, by Rürich, to the Spitzgan village, 36 hours.

Chambéry to Lyons. A railroad conveys passengers to Aix in $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour, whence a steamer crosses the Lac de Bourget, and descends the Rhone to Lyons in 9 hours daily, except Sunday.

§ 15. ALPINE PASSES.

No part of the Alps is more interesting, either in a picturesque or in an historical point of view, than the passable gaps or notches in the ridge of the great chain, whereby alone this colossal wall of mountains may be scaled, and a direct passage and communication maintained between northern and southern Europe. It has been through these depressions that the great tide of population has poured since the earliest times: from these outlets have issued the barbarian swarms which so often desolated, and at last annihilated the Roman Empire.

There are more than 60 passes over the Swiss portion of the Alpine chain alone, or immediately communicating with the Swiss frontier. The following are the most remarkable*:—The Simplon, St. Gothard, Bernardino, Splügen, Saanen-moos, Bramogg, am Stoss, Wildhaus, all traversed by excellent highroads, most skilfully constructed, and passable for heavy carriages. To these may now be added the Julier and Maloja. The Albula, Septimer, Bernina, Buflora, Schallenger, Sattel, practicable for light charr:—and the Col de Trient, Col de Ferret, Grand St. Bernard, Col de Fenêtre, Cervin (Matterhorn), Moro, Gries, Nufenen, Furca, Grimsel, Great and Little Scheideck, Gemmi, Rawyl, Sanetsch, Chevillon, Susten, Surenen, Brünig, Engstelen, Jochli, Klausen, Oberalp, Lukmanier, Kistengrat, Panix, Hegues, La Foppa, Lenzerheide, Stutz, Greina, Vago, Casanna, Monte del Oro, Druser and Schweitzer-Thor, Schlapiner Joch, &c. &c., which are either bridle-paths or mere footpaths, and more or less difficult and dangerous.

In seeking a passage over the Alps, the most obvious course was to find out the valleys which penetrate farthest into the great chain, following the course of the rivers to their sources, and then to take the lowest traversable part in order to descend the opposite side. The variety and sudden transition presented by such a route are highly interesting. In the course of one day's journey the traveller passes from the climate of summer to winter, through spring. The alteration in the productions keeps pace with that of the temperature. Leaving behind him stubble-fields, whence the corn has been removed and housed, he comes to fields yet yellow and waving in the ear; a few miles farther and the crop is still green; yet higher, and corn refuses to grow. Before quitting the region of corn he enters one of dark, apparently inter-

* Mr. Brucheden has admirably illustrated them, both with his pencil and pen, in his beautiful work, entitled "*The Passes of the Alps*," 2 vols. &c.

minable forests of pine and larch, clothing the mountain-sides in a sober vestment. Above this the haymakers are collecting the short grass, the only produce which the ground will yield. Yet the stranger must not suppose that all is barrenness even at this elevation. It seems as though nature were determined to make one last effort at the confines of the region of vegetation. From beneath the snow-bed, and on the very verge of the glacier, the profusion of flowers, their great variety, and surpassing beauty, are exceedingly surprising. Some of the greatest ornaments of our gardens, here born to blush unseen,—gentians and lilies, hyacinths and blue-bells, intermixed with bushes of the red rhododendron, the loveliest production of the Alps, scattered over the velvet turf, give it the appearance of a carpet of richest pattern. The insect world is not less abundant and varied,—thousands of winged creatures are seen hovering over the flowers, enjoying their short existence, for the summer at these elevations lasts but for 3 or 4 weeks: the rapid progress of vegetation to maturity is equalled by the rapidity of its decay, and in 8 or 10 days flowers and butterflies have passed away. Above this region of spring, with its gush of springs, its young herbage and vivid greensward, its hum of insects just burst forth, and its natural flower-beds glittering with rain-drops, that of winter in Lapland or Siberia succeeds. All around the summit of a pass over the high Alps is either snow, glacier, or bare rock. The only plants that grow are dry lichens, which seem intended but to keep up the semblance of vegetation, and to perpetuate Nature's cheerful hues of green. The rarefied air is icy cold, and exercise and quick motion are necessary to keep up the circulation of the blood. The agreeable murmur of falling water, which has accompanied the traveller hitherto incessantly, here ceases,—all is solitude and silence, interrupted only by the shrill whistle of the marmot, or the hoarse cawing of an ill-omened raven. The ptarmigan starts up from among heaps of unmelted snow at the traveller's approach, and the lammergeyer (the condor of the Alps), disturbed in his repast on the carcass of a sheep or cow, is seen soaring upwards in a succession of corkcrew sweeps till he gains the ridge of the Alps, and then disappears.

Such are the remarkable gradations which the stranger encounters in the course of a few hours, on a single pass of the Alps; but the most striking change of all is that from the region of snow and ice on the top of the mountain, to the sunny clime and rich vegetation of Italy, which await the traveller at the S. foot of the Alps. (See Route 50.)

The works of Nature, however, will not entirely occupy the attention and wonder of the wanderer in such a pass; at least a share will be demanded for admiration of the works of man. The great highways, passable for carriages, over the high Alps, are, indeed, most surprising monuments of human skill and enterprise in surmounting what would appear, at first sight, to be intended by Nature as insurmountable. These proud constructions of art thread the valleys, cross the débris of rivers on long causeways, skirt the edge of the precipices, with walls of rock tottering over them, and torrents thundering below. Where

the steep and hard surface of the cliff has not left an inch of space for a goat to climb along, they are conducted upon high terraces of solid masonry, or through a notch blasted by gunpowder in the wall of rock. In many instances a projecting buttress of the mountain has blocked up all passage for ages, saying "thus far and no farther:" the skill of the modern engineer has pierced through this a tunnel or gallery; and the difficulty is vanquished, without the least change in the level of the road.

Sometimes an impediment of this nature is eluded by throwing bridges over the dizzy gorge, and shifting the road from side to side, frequently 2 or 3 times within the space of half a mile. Often the road reaches a spot down which the winter avalanches take their habitual course every year, sweeping everything before them, and which, even in summer, appears reeking and dripping with the lingering fragments of snow which it has left behind. Will not so irresistible an antagonist arrest the course of this frail undertaking of man? Not even the avalanche;—in such a situation the road either buries itself in subterranean galleries, driven through the mountain, or is sheltered by massive arcades of masonry, sometimes half a mile or three-quarters of a mile long. Over these the avalanche glides harmlessly, and is turned into the depths below.

Every opportunity is seized of gaining, by easy ascents, a higher level for the road; at length comes the main ascent, the central ridge, to be surmounted only by hard climbing. This is overcome by a succession of zigzag terraces, called *tournaquets* or *giravolte*, connected together by wide curves, to allow carriages to turn easily and rapidly. So skilful is their construction, with such easy bends and so gradual a slope, that in many alpine roads the postillions, with horses accustomed to the road, trot down at a rapid pace. Sometimes as many as 50 of these zigzags succeed one another without interruption; and the traveller, as he passes backwards and forwards, hovering over the valley, is as though suspended to a pendulum, and swinging to and fro. The road itself has a most singular appearance, twisted about like an uncoiled rope or a riband unwound.

"O'er the Simplon, o'er the Splügen winds
A path of pleasure. Like a silver snake,
Flung about carelessly, it shines afar,
Catching the eye in many a broken link,
In many a turn and traverse as it glides;
And oft above and oft below appears,
Seen o'er the wall by one who journeys up
As though it were another, through the wild,
Leading along, he knows not whence or whither.
Yet through its fairy course, go where it will,
The torrent stops it not, the rugged rock
Opens and lets it in, and on it runs,
Winning its easy way from clime to clime,
Through glens lock'd up before."—*Byron.*

The travelling-carriage descends sometimes rapidly and without interruption for an hour. A drag of tempered iron is quickly worn down,

In that time, as thin as the blade of a knife, so great is the friction. It is advisable to substitute for the iron drag a wooden sabot, formed of the section of a fir-tree, with a groove cut in the centre to admit the wheel.

The winter's snow usually falls upon the Alpine passes more than 5000 ft. high about the second week in October (sometimes earlier), and continues till the first or second week in June. Yet even after this, the passage across the neck or Col, as it is called, is not stopped, except for a few days, until the snow can be cleared away. In some of the minor passes, indeed, traversed by a mere rough foot-path or bridle-path, the traffic is much increased after the fall of the snow, which, by filling up depressions and smoothing the way, permits the transport of heavy merchandise on sledges, which move easily over the surface as soon as it is hardened.

Along the lines of the great carriage-roads strong houses are erected at intervals, called *Maisons de Refuge*, *Casa di Ricovero*, occupied by persons called *Cantonniers*, who are employed in mending the road and keeping it free from snow in winter, and are also paid to assist travellers in danger during snow-storms.

As near as possible to the summit of the pass a *Hospice* is generally erected, usually occupied by a band of charitable monks, as in the case of the Great St. Bernard, the Simplon, Cenis, St. Gothard, &c. The direction of the road across the summit of the ridge is marked by a line of tall poles, which project above the snow, and, from being painted black, are easily recognised. Patrols are sent out from the hospice in tempestuous weather, when the tourmente is raging, and the mist and falling snow hide the landmarks, to guide the travellers on their way and rescue those in danger. Bells are also rung at such times, that the sound may aid when the sight fails.

The morning after a fall of snow labourers and peasants are assembled from all sides to shovel it off from the road. Where it is not very deep, it is cleared away by a snow-plough drawn by 6 or 8 oxen. As the winter advances and fresh falls occur, the snow accumulates, and the road near the summit of a pass presents the singular aspect of a path or lane cut between walls of snow sometimes 10 or 20 feet high. Carriages are taken off their wheels and fastened upon sledges; ropes are attached to the roof, which are held by 6 or 8 sturdy guides running along on each side, to prevent the vehicle upsetting and rolling over the slippery ice down a precipice. In this manner very high passes are crossed in the depth of winter with little risk. The spring is a season during which far greater danger is to be apprehended from the avalanches which then fall.

§ 16. CHALETS AND PASTURAGES.

From the mountainous nature of Switzerland and its high elevation, the greater part of the surface, more than 1800 feet above the sea, which is not bare rock, is pasture-land. The wealth of the people, like that of the patriarchs of old, in a great measure lies in cattle and their produce, on which account the pastoral life of the Swiss deserves some

attention. The bright verdure of the meadows which clothe the valleys of Switzerland is one of the distinguishing features of the country; and the music of the cow-bells, borne along by the evening breeze, is one of the sweetest sounds that greet the traveller's ear.

The Alps, or mountain-pasturages, for that is the meaning of the word Alp in Switzerland and Tyrol, are either the property of individuals or of the commune; to a certain extent common land, in which the inhabitants of the neighbouring town or village have the right of pasturing a certain number of head of cattle.

"In the spring, as soon as the snow has disappeared, and the young grass sprouts up, the cattle are sent from the villages up to the first and lower pastures. Should a certain portion of these be exhausted, they change their quarters to another part of the mountain. Here they stay till about the 10th or 12th of June, when the cattle are driven to the middle ranges of pastures. That portion of the herds intended for a summer campaign on the highest Alps, remain here till the beginning of July, and on the 4th of that month generally ascend to them; return to the middle range of pastures about 7 or 8 weeks afterwards, spend there about 14 days or 3 weeks, to eat the aftergrass; and finally return into the valleys about the 10th or 11th of October, where they remain in the vicinity of the villages till driven by the snow and tempests of winter into the stables.

"That portion of the cattle, on the other hand, which is not destined to pass the summer on the higher Alps, and are necessary for the supply of the village with milk and butter, descend from the middle pastures on the 4th of July into the valley, and consume the grass upon the pasturage belonging to the commune, till the winter drives them under shelter. The very highest Alpine pasturages are never occupied more than 3 or 4 weeks at the furthest."—*Latrobe.*

Sometimes the owners of the cattle repair in person to the Alps, and pass the summer among them along with their families, superintending the herdsmen, and assisting in the manufacture of butter and cheese. The best cheeses are made upon pastures 3000 feet above the sea-level, in the vales of Simmen and Saanen (Gruyère) and in the Emmenthal. The best cows there yield, in summer, between 20 lbs. and 40 lbs. of milk daily, and each cow produces, by the end of the season of 4 months, on an average, 2 cwt. of cheese.

The life of the cow-herd (Fr. *Vacher*, Germ. *Sauner*) is by no means such an existence of pleasure as romances in general, and that of Rousseau in particular, have represented it. His labours are arduous and constant; he has to collect 80 or 90 cows twice a-day, to be milked, to look after stragglers, to make the cheese and keep all the utensils employed in the process in the most perfect state of cleanliness.

The *Chalet* (Germ. *Sennhutte*) in which he resides is literally a log-hut, formed of trunks of pines, notched at the extremities so as to fit into one another at the angles of the building, where they cross: it has a low flat roof, weighted with stones to keep fast the shingle-roof and

prevent its being blown away by the wind. A building of this kind is rarely air-tight or water-tight. The interior is usually blackened with smoke and very dirty, boasting of scarcely any furniture, except, perhaps, a table and rude bench, and the apparatus of the dairy, including a huge kettle for heating the milk. A truss of straw, in the loft above, serves the inmates for a bed. The ground around the hut on the outside is usually poached by the feet of the cattle, and the heaps of mud and dung render it difficult to approach the door. This description applies to the commoner sort of *châlets*; those in which the owners themselves reside are generally better, but they are also less numerous. There is another kind of *châlet*, a mere shed or barn, in which the hay is housed until the winter, when it is conveyed over the snow in sledges down to the villages below. A pastoral Swiss valley is usually speckled over with huts of this kind, giving it the appearance, to a stranger, of being much more populous than it is in reality: in the Simmenthal alone there are, it is said, 10,000 *châlets*.

The herdsmen shift their habitations from the lower to the upper pasturages, as their cattle ascend and descend the Alps, at different seasons, and they sometimes have 2 or 3 places of temporary abode. The weary traveller in search of repose and refreshment, after a long day's journey, is often disappointed on approaching what he conceives to be a human habitation, to find either that it is a mere hay-barn, or else a deserted *châlet*; and thereby learns, with much mortification, that he has still some tedious miles to trudge before he can reach the first permanently occupied dwelling. What an agreeable contrast to reach a well-appointed *châlet* of the better sort, where delicious milk, cooled in the mountain stream, fresh butter, bread, and cheese, are spread out on a clean napkin before the hungry and tired stranger!

The cattle are frequently enticed home, at milking-time, by the offer of salt, which they relish highly, and which is, besides, considered wholesome. The allowance for a cow, in some parts of Switzerland, is 4 lbs. or 5 lbs. of salt in a quarter of a year.

§ 17. GLACIERS* (GERM. *Gletscher*: ITAL. *Ghiacciaia*).

The Glaciers are one of the most sublime features of the Alps, and one of the most wonderful phenomena of nature. A glacier may be described as a stream of ice, descending into the valleys of high mountain-chains, fed by the snow which occupies their tops and fills the hollows and clefts between their peaks and ridges; what it loses at its lower end by the increased temperature is supplied by the snow which falls during the succeeding winters. The accumulated snow which falls during nine months of the year on the higher summits and valleys,

* The best information respecting glaciers is to be found in Professor Forbes' "Travels in the Alps," already alluded to; in Agassiz's "Études sur les Glaciers," and in Hugi's "Natur-historische Alpenreise;" but the groundwork is the excellent description of Saussure in his "Voyage dans les Alpes." Local names for glaciers in Tyrol, Fria; in Carinthia, *Kays*; in part of Italy, *Vedrette*; in the Vallais, *Diagne*; in Piedmont, *Reine*; in the Pyrenees, *Sarnelle*.

remains for some time a dry and loose powder, until the heat of the summer sun begins to melt it, and the rains, also penetrating it, convert it into a slushy mass, which the succeeding frosts consolidate, first a granular heap, and afterwards, in consequence of repeated thawings and freezings, the whole undergoes a fresh crystallization, being converted into ice of a coarser grain and less compact substance than common ice. There appears to be a regular transition from the loose powdery snow to the more dense ice of the glacier. The inhabitants of the Alps, indeed, have distinct terms for these modifications of the snowy covering of the high Alps. The upper granular and unconsolidated part they call *Firn*, or *Névé* in French (which, for want of any corresponding English word, we may represent by *Snow-field*), and apply the term *Glacier* (*Gletscher*) to the lower limits of more solid ice, which stretch down into the valleys. The *Firn*, or *Névé*, is a region of complete desolation; no animal intrudes upon it save a chance insect, and only the scantiest lichens appear on the rocks around it. The *firn* occurs only at a height where the snow which falls in the winter does not entirely disappear in the course of the following year; while that which falls on the lower glacier is almost always melted in the course of the following summer, and never combines with the ice. Hugi maintains that the point at which *firn* changes to glacier is invariable among the Alps; and his investigations fix it at an elevation of about 7800 feet above the sea-level.*

Ebel has computed the number of glaciers among the Swiss Alps at 400, and the extent of surface occupied by them at 180-square leagues; this, however, must be but a vague estimate. They vary from a few square yards to acres and miles in extent, covering, in some instances, whole districts, filling up entirely the elevated hollows and basins between the peaks and ridges of the Alps, and sending forth arms and branches into the inhabited valleys, below the region of forests, and as far down as the level at which corn will grow.

It is such offsets of the glacier as these that are presented to the view of the traveller from the villages of Chamouni and Grindelwald. These, however, are, as it were, but the skirts and fringes of that vast everlasting drapery of ice which clothes all the upper region of the Alps. These fields or tracts of uninterrupted glacier have been called "*Seas of Ice*" (*Mers de Glace*, *Eismöeren*), and there are three such among the Swiss and Savoyard Alps which merit especial mention; that around

* A serious error is conveyed by the common expression, "the line of perpetual snow," or, "where snow never melts." There is no spot on the Alps, nor on any other snow-clothed mountains, where snow does not melt under the influence of a summer sun at mid-day. It melts even on the top of Mont Blanc; but there, and on the summits of the other high Alps, the accumulation of snow is so great, and the duration of the sun's heat so short, that, in the end, there is far more snow than the sun can dissolve. What is called "the snow-line" does not depend on elevation alone, and can be taken only as a very general test of it. Independent of its variation, according to the degree of latitude in which the mountain is situated, it varies on the two sides of the same mountain, being higher on the S. side than the N. The snow will likewise rest longer, and extend lower down, upon a mountain of granite than upon one of limestone, in proportion as the two rocks are good or bad conductors of heat, and this is the case even in contiguous mountains, members of the same chain.

Mont Blanc, that around the Monte Rosa and the Cervin, and that of the Bernese Oberland, around the Finster-Aar-horn. The last sends out no less than thirteen branches, and its extent has been estimated at 126 square miles.

The greatest thickness of the glaciers has been commonly estimated at between 600 and 800 feet. This is probably an exaggeration. Hugi rarely met with any thicker than 160 feet; he estimates the average depth at between 60 and 100 feet, and the greatest thickness of the Mer de Glace near Chamouni at 180 feet. Saussure had calculated it at 600 feet.

Notwithstanding their great extent and solidity, the glaciers are undergoing a perpetual process of renovation and destruction. The arms or skirts descending into the lower valleys are gradually dissolved by the increased temperature which prevails at so low a level. The summer sun, aided by particular winds, acts upon the surface, so that, in the middle of the day, it abounds in pools, and is traversed by rills of water. The constant evaporation from every part exposed to the air produces great diminution in the upper beds; the temperature of the earth, also, which is at all seasons greater than that of ice, melts yearly a small portion of its lower surface, reducing the bulk and height of the glacier which towards the end of summer is many feet lowered and shrunken. The vacancy thus caused is entirely filled up from above by the winter's snow falling upon the mountain-tops and on the whole upper region of the high Alps, which is drifted into the higher valleys, and pressed down by its own weight. Henceforth, the ice-stream, like the river, moves onward steadily by day and night, and even in the winter, though its progress is slower,

* The glacier's cold and restless mass
Moves onward day by day."—*Byron.*

It is also sensibly retarded by hard frost and accelerated by thaw.

The cause of the movement of glaciers has been much discussed and variously explained. De Saussure supposed that it proceeds from their weight alone, and that they slide down the inclined surface of the valleys, aided by the ice melting below, in contact with the earth. Others have thought that the descent was caused by dilatation of the glacier, in consequence of the water that penetrates the mass of ice, alternately thawing and freezing. The third, and apparently the correct theory of their motion, the result of patient and acute study of glacier phenomena, is that of Professor Forbes, who asserts, that "a glacier is an imperfect fluid, or viscous body, which is urged down slopes of a certain inclination by the mutual pressure of its parts;" nearly in the same manner as lava descends from the mouth of a volcano, or honey would flow from a jar upset. Professor Forbes elsewhere explains, that "a glacier is not coherent ice (like the ice of a river), but a granular compound of ice and water, possessing, under certain circumstances, especially when much saturated with water, a rude flexibility, sensible even to the hand." This viscous character of the glacier alone will

account for its passing through straits formed by projecting rocks, which contract the width of its bed sometimes to one-half of its expanse in the upper part of a valley, and around promontories which intrude to turn it out of its course. From observations made by Forbes on the Mer de Glace, the rate of progress of that glacier was found to be nearly at the rate of 2 feet in 24 hours. The centre of the ice-stream moves quicker than the sides, and, in fact, drags them after it, as would be the case with any other semi-fluid.

The surface of the mountain, which forms the bed of a glacier, however hard, is subjected to an extraordinary process of grinding and polishing from the vast masses of ice constantly passing over it. The harder fragments, such as granite and quartz, interposed between the ice and the rock, act like diamonds on glass, and scratch deep and long grooves on the surface. The seat of ancient glaciers, which have now entirely disappeared, may still be discovered by the furrows left behind them on the rocks.

The nature of the upper surface of the ice depends partly upon that of the ground on which it rests; where it is even or nearly so, the ice is smooth and level, but whenever the supporting surface becomes slanting or uneven, the glacier begins to split and gape in all directions. As it approaches a steeper declivity or precipice, the layers of ice are displaced, upheaved, and squeezed one above another, they rise in toppling crags, obelisks, and towers of the most fantastic shapes, varying in height from 20 to 80 feet. Being unequally melted by the wind and sun, they are continually tottering to their fall, either by their own weight or the pressure of other masses, and tumbling headlong, are shivered to atoms with a roar like thunder.

In those cases in which the glacier passes over two or more steep declivities, these aiguilles and obelisks of ice being pressed together at the bottom of the descent, close up again, and, as soon as the surface of the mountain below them is level, assume a nearly level and compact character on their own surface.

The glaciers assume this fractured character only when the foundation on which they rest is very uneven, generally near their lower extremity, when they begin to bend down towards the valley.

The *Crevasses*, or fissures, which traverse the upper portion of the glacier, before it becomes entirely fractured and dis ruptured, run in a transverse direction, never extending quite across the ice-field, but narrowing out at the extremities, so that when they gape too wide to leap across, they may always be turned by following them to their termination. These rents and fissures are the chief source of danger to those who cross the glaciers; sometimes, from their numbers, monotonous sameness of appearance, and perplexing confusion, by which the traveller is nearly bewildered, and even the most experienced guides are frequently at fault and lose their way, and have the greatest difficulty in extricating themselves from their intricacies. Sometimes the crevasses are concealed by a treacherous coating of snow, and many a bold chamois-hunter has found a grave in their recesses. Ebel mentions an instance

of a shepherd who, in driving his flock over the ice to a high pasturage, had the misfortune to tumble into one of these clefts. He fell in the vicinity of a torrent which flowed under the glacier, and, by following its bed under the vault of ice, succeeded in reaching the foot of the glacier with a broken arm. More melancholy was the fate of M. Mouron, a clergyman of Vevay: he was engaged in making some scientific researches upon the glacier, and was in the act of leaning over to examine a singular well-shaped aperture in the ice, when the staff on which he rested gave way; he was precipitated to the bottom, and his lifeless and mangled body was recovered from the depths of the glacier a few days after.

These crevasses, though chiefly formed mechanically by the movement of the glacier, and the unequal pressure of its different parts, are greatly influenced by the action of the sun and wind. The S.E. wind, in Uri and among the Bernese Alps, is very instrumental in causing the glacier to split, and the loud reports thus occasioned, called by the herdsmen the growlings (*brullen*) of the glacier, are regarded as a sign of bad weather. The traveller who ventures to cross the *Mer de Glace* of Chamouni or Bern, may, at times, both hear and see the fissures widening around him. The crevasses exhibit in perfection the beautiful azure blue colour of the glacier; the cause of which has not been satisfactorily accounted for. It is the same tint of ultramarine which the Rhône exhibits at Geneva, after leaving all its impurities behind it in the lake; and the writer has even observed the same beautiful tint in footmarks and holes made in fresh-fallen snow, not more than a foot deep, among the high Alps on the borders of Tyrol.

The traveller who has only read of glaciers is often disappointed at the first sight of them, by the appearance of their surface, which is rough, tossed about in hillocks and gullies, and, except when covered with fresh-fallen snow, or at very great heights, has none of the purity which might be expected from fields of ice. On the contrary, it exhibits a surface of dirty white, soiled with mud, and often covered with stones and gravel. Such beds of stone, dirt, and rubbish are common to most glaciers, and are called *Moraines*, in German *Gaffer*, running along the glacier in parallel lines at the sides (called *lateral Moraines*), or in the middle (*medial Moraines*). They are formed in the following manner:—The edges of the glacier, at its upper extremity, receive the fragments of rock detached from the mountains around by the destructive agency of moisture and frost; but as the glacier itself is constantly descending, this fallen rubbish goes along with it, increased from behind by the débris of each succeeding winter, so that it forms a nearly uninterrupted line from the top of the ice-field to the bottom. Wherever the glacier from one valley meets that of another, the moraines from the two unite and form one, running down the centre of the united glacier instead of along its margin, as before. Such a confluence of moraines is well seen on the glacier of the Aar (Route 28), and upon the great glaciers descending from Monte Rosa six or eight may be

seen running side by side, each traceable to its origin by the nature of the rocks composing it.

"The moraines remain upon the surface of the glacier, and, unless after a very long or very uneven course, they are not dissipated or ingulfed. On the contrary, the largest stones attain a conspicuous pre-eminence; the heaviest moraine, far from indenting the surface of the ice, or sinking amongst its substance, rides upon an icy ridge as an excrescence, which gives to it the character of a colossal back-bone of the glacier, or sometimes appears like a noble causeway, fit, indeed, for giants, stretching away for leagues over monotonous ice, with a breadth of some hundreds of feet, and raised from 60 to 80 feet above its general level. Almost every stone, however, rests upon ice; the mound is not a mound of débris, as it might at first sight appear."—*Forbes.*

A singular circumstance occurs when a single large mass of rock has fallen upon the glacier; the shade and protection from the sun's rays afforded by the stone prevents the ice on which it rests from melting, and, while the surface around is gradually lowered, it remains supported on a pedestal or table, like a mushroom on a stalk, often attaining a height of several feet. The glaciers of the Aar furnish fine examples of these *tables des glaciers*, as they are called. The surface of the glacier has been ascertained to lose 3 feet of surface by melting in as many weeks. An exactly opposite phenomenon occurs when a small stone, not more than inch thick, rests upon the ice. As it absorbs the sun's rays with greater rapidity than ice, not merely its surface but its entire substance is warmed through, and instead of protecting it melts the ice below it, and gradually sinks, forming a hole which not unfrequently pierces the glacier through and through. When a leaf, insect, or such light body falls upon the ice, it gradually sinks, and at length disappears.

The occurrence of Red Snow, which at one time was treated with incredulity, is common among the High Alps, and is produced either by minute insects and their eggs, or by a species of fungus, called *Palmella Nivalis*, or *Protococcus*, a true vegetable, which plants itself on the surface of the snow, takes root, germinates, produces seed, and dies. In the state of germination it imparts a pale carmine tint to the snow; this increases, as the plant comes to maturity, to a deep crimson blush, which gradually fades, and, as the plant decays, becomes a black dust or mould. By collecting some of the coloured snow in a bottle, and pouring it on a sheet of paper, the form of the plant may be discovered with a microscope, as soon as the water has evaporated.

It has been already observed that the vacancy caused by the melting of the lower portion of the glacier is filled up by the winter snow from above. But, as may be supposed, it often happens, after mild winters and warm summers, that the supply is not equal to the void, and vice versa: after severe winters and rainy summers, the glacier is overloaded, as it were; indeed, it is scarcely possible that an exact equilibrium of supply and consumption should be preserved. Yet it seems probable, after all that has been said on the subject, that there is no material vari-

ation either in the extent or position of the glaciers among the Alps. The glaciers throughout the Alps appear to have made a general movement in advance between the years 1817 and 1829, in consequence of the coldness of the six preceding summers. The glaciers of Bossons and des Bois, in the valley of Chamonix, and that of Grindelwald, in the Bernese Alps, extended so far in width as well as length, as to overthrow large trees of the growth of many centuries. Afterwards they began to retreat, and soon regained their original limits. Instances have occurred of the sudden advance of a glacier, as in the Gadmenthal (Route 32), where a road has been destroyed by this cause, and even of the formation of new glaciers within the memory of man, as in the Upper Engadine (?), and at the base of the Titlis, but these have been followed by a similar retrocession, and the newly formed ice-fields are rarely permanent. It is certain that, at present, both the Mer de Glace, under Mont Blanc, and the Grindelwald Glacier, appear to have shrunk, and sunk considerably below the level they once attained; but this may be merely temporary, or even only their dimensions in summer, when most reduced. Another circumstance has been lost sight of in the consideration of this subject, viz., that the creative powers of the ice perpetually grinding down the surface of the rock beneath it may have, in many instances, considerably enlarged the bed of the glacier.

Professors Agassiz, Forbes, and Hugi have made some interesting experiments and observations upon the movement and rate of progress of the glaciers. In 1829 Hugi noted the position of numerous loose blocks lying on the surface of the lower glacier of the Aar, relatively to the fixed rocks at its sides. He also measured the glacier and erected signal-posts on it. In 1836 he found everything altered; many of the loose blocks had moved off and entirely disappeared, along with the ice that supported them. A hut, which he had hastily erected, to shelter himself and his companions, had advanced 2184 feet. A mass of granite, containing 26,000 cubic feet, originally buried under the snow of the firn, which had become converted into glacier, had not only been raised to the surface, but was elevated above it, in the air, upon two pedantals, or pillars, of ice; so that a large party might have found shelter under it. A signal-post, stuck into a mass of granite, had not only made as great an advance as the hut, but the distance between it and the hut had been increased 760 feet by the expansion of the glacier. In 1839 M. Agassiz found that Hugi's cabin had advanced 4400 feet from the position it originally occupied, when first built in 1827; and in 1840 it was 200 feet lower. Hugi's observations on the Aar glacier give as its rate of motion 240 feet per annum. Professor Forbes' more recent and precise experiments have ascertained the daily motion of the ice on the Mer de Glace, have proved that it proceeds regularly, and not by fits and starts, but accelerated in speed by thaws and retarded by frosts, and that the motion is different in different parts of the glacier. The advance of the ice-field of the Mer de Glace is calculated at between 400 and 500 feet yearly.

At the extremity of almost all glaciers a high transverse ridge of

rubbish, called *The Terminal Moraine*, exists; it consists of the fragments of rock which have fallen from the surrounding mountains, the transported débris of the Gaffer (or lateral and medial moraines), and of masses detached by the glacier itself. These are heaped up sometimes to a height of 80 or 100 feet. Not unfrequently there are 3 or 4 such ridges, one behind the other, like so many lines of intrenchment. The broken stones, mud, and mud, mixed with shattered fragments of ice, of which they are composed, have an unsightly and shabby appearance, being perfectly barren of vegetation; but each heap is, as it were, a geological cabinet, containing specimens of all the neighbouring mountains. The glacier, indeed, has a natural tendency to purge itself from impurities, and whatever happens to fall upon it is gradually discharged in this manner. It likewise exerts great mechanical force, and, like a vast millstone, grinds down not only the rock which composes its channel, but all the fragments interposed between it and the rock; forming, in the end, a sort of stone-meal. The extent of the moraine depends on the character of the strata of the mountains around the glacier: where they are of granite, or other hard rock, not easily decomposed by the weather, the moraine is of small extent; and it is largest where the boundary rocks are of brittle limestone and friable slate. The researches of Swiss naturalists (Agassiz and Charpentier) have discovered extensive moraines, not only in the lower part of the Vallée, but even on the shores of the Lake Lemán, at a height of not more than 200 or 300 feet above it, indicating that, during some anterior condition of our planet, the valley of the Rhône was occupied by glaciers, in situations at present 40 or 50 miles distant from the nearest existing ice-field, and 3000 or 4000 feet below it.

It is highly interesting to consider how important a service the glaciers perform in the economy of nature. These dead and chilly fields of ice, which prolong the reign of winter throughout the year, are, in reality, the source of life and the springs of vegetation. They are the locked-up reservoirs, the sealed fountains, from which the vast rivers traversing the great continents of our globe are sustained. The summer heat, which dries up other sources of water, first opens out their bountiful supplies. When the rivers of the plain begin to shrink and dwindle within their parched beds, the torrents of the Alps, fed by melting snow and glaciers, rush down from the mountains and supply the deficiency; and, at that season (July and August), the rivers and lakes of Switzerland are fullest.

During the whole summer, the traveller who crosses the glaciers hears the torrents rushing and running below him at the bottom of the azure clefts. These plantuous rills gushing forth in their sub-glacial beds, are generally all collected in one stream, at the foot of the glacier, which, in consequence, is eaten away into a vast dome-shaped arch, sometimes 100 feet high, gradually increasing until the constant thaw weakens its support, and it gives way and falls in with a crash. Such caverns of ice are seen in great perfection, in some years, at the source of the Arveyron, in the valley of Chamouni, and in the glaciers of

Grindelwald. The streams issuing from glaciers are distinguished by their turbid dirty-white or milky colour. The waters collected by the melting of the ice from all parts of the surface of a glacier often accumulate into torrents, which, at length precipitate themselves into a hole or fissure in its surface in the form of a cascade.

The following striking passage from Professor Forbes's "*Alps*," p. 386, will form a good conclusion to this account of glaciers:—
 "Poets and philosophers have delighted to compare the course of human life to that of a river; perhaps a still apter simile might be found in the history of a glacier. Heaven-descended in its origin, it yet takes its mould and conformation from the hidden womb of the mountains which brought it forth. At first soft and ductile, it acquires a character and firmness of its own, as an inevitable destiny urges it on its onward career. Jostled and constrained by the crosses and inequalities of its prescribed path, hedged in by impassable barriers which fix limits to its movements, it yields groaning to its fate, and still travels forward seamed with the scars of many a conflict with opposing obstacles. All this while, although wasting, it is renewed by an unseen power,—it evaporates, but is not consumed. On its surface it bears the spoils which, during the progress of existence, it has made its own; often weighty burdens devoid of beauty or value,—at times precious masses, sparkling with gems or with ore. Having at length attained its greatest width and extension, commanding admiration by its beauty and power, waste predominates over supply, the vital springs begin to fail; it stoops into an attitude of decrepitude—it drops the burdens, one by one, which it had borne so proudly aloft—its dissolution is inevitable. But as it is resolved into its elements, it takes all at once a new, and livelier, and disembarrassed form; from the wreck of its members it arises 'another, yet the same'—a noble, full-bodied, arrowy stream, which leaps rejoicing over the obstacles which before had stayed its progress, and hastens through fertile valleys towards a freer existence, and a final union in the ocean with the boundless and the indefinite."

§ 18. AVALANCHES AND SNOW-STORMS.

"The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow."—*Byron.*

Avalanches (Germ. *Lawinen*) are those accumulations of snow which precipitate themselves from the mountains, either by their own weight or by the loosening effects of the sun's heat, into the valleys below, sweeping everything before them, and causing, at times, great destruction of life and property. The fearful crash which accompanies their descent is often heard at a distance of several leagues.

The natives of the Alps distinguish between several different kinds of avalanches. The *staub-lawinen* (dust avalanches) are formed of loose fresh-fallen snow, heaped up by the wind early in the winter, before it has begun to melt or combine together. Such a mass, when it reaches the edge of a cliff or declivity, tumbles from point to point, increasing in quantity as well as in impetus every instant, and spreading itself over

a wide extent of surface. It descends with the rapidity of lightning, and has been known to rush down a distance of 10 miles from the point whence it was first detached; not only descending one side of a valley, but also ascending the opposite hill by the velocity acquired in its fall, overwhelming and laying prostrate a whole forest of firs in its descent, and breaking down another forest, up the opposite side, so as to lay the heads of the trees up the hill in its ascent.

Another kind of avalanche, the *grund-lawine*, occurs in spring, during the months of April and May, when the sun becomes powerful and the snow thaws rapidly under its influence. They fall constantly from different parts of the mountains, at different hours in the day, according as each part is reached by the sun: from the E. side between 10 and 12, from the S. side between 12 and 2, and later in the day from the W. and N. This species is more dangerous in its effects, from the snow being clammy and adhesive, as well as hard and compact. Any object buried by it can only be dug out by the most arduous labour. Men or cattle overwhelmed by the *stach-lawine* can extricate themselves by their own exertions; or, at any rate, from the snow being less compact, may breathe for some hours through the interstices. In the case of the *grund-lawine*, the sufferers are usually either crushed or suffocated, and are, at any rate, so entangled that they can only be rescued by the aid of others. Such avalanches falling upon a mountain-stream, in a narrow gorge, have sometimes been hollowed out from beneath by the action of the water, until it has forced a passage under them; and they have then been left standing for the whole summer, serving as a bridge over which men and cattle might pass.

The avalanches have usually a fixed time for descending, and an habitual channel down which they slide, which may be known by its being worn perfectly smooth, sometimes even appearing polished, by the heap of debris at its base. The peasants, in some situations, await with impatience the fall of the regular avalanches, as a symptom of the spring having fairly set in.

Danger arises from avalanches either by their falling unexpectedly, while persons are traversing spots known to be exposed to them, or else (and this is the more fearful source of catastrophes) from an unusual accumulation of snow raised by the wind, or, in consequence of the severity of the season, causing the avalanche to desert its usual bed, and to descend upon cultivated spots, houses, or even villages. There are certain valleys among the Alps in which scarcely any spot is totally exempt from the possible occurrence of such a calamity, though some are naturally more exposed than others. The Val Bedretto, in canton Tessin, the Meyenthal, in canton Uri, and many others, are thus dreadfully exposed. To guard as much as possible against accidents, very large and massive dykes of masonry, like the projecting bastions of a fortification, are, in such situations, built against the hill-side, behind churches, houses, and other buildings, with an angle pointing upwards, in order to break and turn aside the snow. In some valleys, great care is bestowed on the preservation of the forests clothing their sides, as the

best protection of the district below them from such calamities. These may truly be regarded as sacred groves; and no one is allowed to cut down timber within them, under pain of a legal penalty. Yet they not unfrequently show the inefficiency even of such protection against so fearful an engine of destruction. Whole forests are at times cut over and laid prostrate by the avalanche. The tallest stems, fit to make masts for a first-rate man-of-war, are snapped asunder like a bit of wax, and the barkless and branchless stumps and relics of the forest remain for years like a stubble-field to tell of what has happened.

A mournful catalogue of catastrophes, which have occurred in Switzerland, since the records of history, from avalanches, might be made out if necessary; but it will suffice to mention one or two instances.

In 1720 an avalanche killed, in Ober-Gestelen (Vallais), 84 men and 400 head of cattle, and destroyed 120 houses. The same year, 40 individuals perished at Brieg, and 23 on the Great St. Bernard, from a similar cause.

In 1749 the village of Ruaras, in the Tavetsch Thal, was carried away by an avalanche; 100 men were overwhelmed by it, 60 of whom were dug out alive; and several of the houses, though removed to some distance from the original site, were so little shaken that persons sleeping within them were not awakened.

In 1800, after a snow-storm of three days' continuance, an enormous avalanche detached itself from the top of the precipice of Klucna above Trons, in the valley of the Vorder Rhein; it crossed the valley and destroyed a wood and some chalets on the opposite pasture of Zenin; recoiling, with the force it had acquired, to the side from which it had come, it did fresh mischief there, and so revolving to and fro, at the fourth rush reached Trons, and buried many of its houses to the roof in snow.

In 1827 the greater part of the village of Biel, in the Upper Vallais, was crushed beneath a tremendous avalanche, which ran down a ravine, nearly two leagues long, before it reached the village.

One of the most remarkable phenomena attending the avalanche is the blast of air which accompanies it, and which, like what is called the wind of a cannon-ball, extends its destructive influence to a considerable distance on each side of the actual line taken by the falling mass. It has all the effect of a blast of gunpowder: sometimes forest-trees, growing near the sides of the channel down which the snow passes, are uprooted and laid prostrate, without having been touched by it. In this way, the village of Randa, in the Visp-Thal, lost many of its houses by the current of an avalanche which fell in 1720, blowing them to atoms, and scattering the materials like chaff. The E. spire of the convent of Disentis was thrown down by the gust of an avalanche, which fell more than a quarter of a mile off.

Travellers visiting the Alps between the months of June and October are little exposed to danger from avalanches, except immediately after a snow-storm; and, when compelled to start at such times, they should pay implicit obedience to the advice of the guides. It is a common

saying, that there is risk of avalanches as long as the burden of snow continues on the boughs of the fir-trees, and while the naturally sharp angles of the distant mountains continue to look rounded.

It is different with those who travel from necessity in the spring, and before the annual avalanches have fallen. Muleteers, carriers, and such persons, use great caution in traversing exposed part of the road, and with these they are well acquainted. They proceed, in parties, in single file, at a little distance from one another, in order that, if the snow should sweep one off, the others may be ready to render assistance. They proceed as fast as possible, carefully avoiding any noise, even speaking, and, it is said, will sometimes muzzle the mules' bells, lest the slightest vibration communicated to the air should disengage the nicely-poised mass of snow above their heads.

The avalanches, seen and heard by summer tourists on the sides of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau, are of a different kind from those described above, being caused only by the rupture of a portion of the glaciers, which give way under the influence of the mid-day sun and of certain winds, during the summer and autumn, when other avalanches, generally speaking, have ceased to fall. They differ, also, in this respect, that, for the most part, they do no harm, since they fall on uncultivable and uninhabited spots. It is more by the roar which accompanies them, which, awakening the echoes of the Alps, sounds very like thunder, than by the appearance which they present, that they realize what is usually expected of avalanches. Still they are worth seeing, and will much enhance the interest of a visit to the Wengern Alp, the Cramont (on the S. side of Mont Blanc), or the borders of the Mer de Glace, especially if the spectator will bear in mind the immense distance at which he is placed from the objects which he sees and hears, and will consider that, at each roar, whole tons of solid ice are broken off from the parent glacier, and in tumbling, many hundred feet perhaps, are shattered to atoms and ground to powder.

The *Snow-storms*, *Tormentas*, or *Guen*, which occur on the Alps, are much dreaded by the chamois-hunter, the shepherd, and those most accustomed to traverse the High Alps; how much more formidable must they be to the inexperienced traveller! They consist of furious and tempestuous winds, somewhat of the nature of a whirlwind, which occur on the exposed promontories, the summit-ridges, and elevated gorges of the Alps, either accompanied by snow, or filling the air with that recently fallen, while the flakes are still dry, tossing them about like powder or dust. In an instant the atmosphere is filled with snow; earth, sky, mountain, abyss, and landmark of every kind, are obliterated from view, as though a curtain were let down on all sides of the wanderer. All traces of path, or of the footsteps of preceding travellers, are at once effaced, and the poles planted to mark the direction of the road are frequently overturned. In some places the gusts sweep the rock bare of snow, heaping it up in others, perhaps across the path, to a height of 20 feet or more, barring all passage, and driving the wayfarer to despair. At every step he fears to plunge into an abyss, or

sink overhead in the snow. Large parties of men and animals have been overwhelmed by the snow-wreaths on the St. Gothard, where they sometimes attain a height of 40 or 50 feet. These tempests are accompanied almost every year by loss of life; and, though of less frequent occurrence in summer than in winter and spring, are a chief reason why it is dangerous for inexperienced travellers to attempt to cross remote and elevated passes without a guide.

The guides and persons residing on the mountain-passes, from the appearance of the sky, and other weather-signs known to them, can generally foresee the occurrence of tourmentes, and can tell when the fall of avalanches is to be apprehended.

§ 19. GOUTRE AND CRETINISM.

“*Quis tumidum guttur miratur in Alpibus.*”—*Juv.*

It is a remarkable fact that, amidst some of the most magnificent scenery of the globe, where Nature seems to have put forth all her powers in exciting emotions of wonder and elevation in the mind, man appears, from a mysterious visitation of disease, in his most degraded and pitiable condition. Such, however, is the fact. It is in the grandest and most beautiful valleys of the Alps that the maladies of *goutre* and *cretinism* prevail.

Goutre is a swelling in the front of the neck (of the thyroid gland, or the parts adjoining), which increases with the growth of the individual, until, in some cases, it attains an enormous size, and becomes “a hideous wallet of flesh,” to use the words of Shakspeare, hanging pendulous down to the breast. It is not, however, attended with pain, and generally seems to be more unsightly to the spectator than inconvenient or hateful to the bearer, but there are instances in which its increase is so enormous that the individual, unable to support his burden, crawls along the ground under it.

Cretinism, which occurs in the same localities as *goutre*, and evidently arises from the same cause, whatever it may be, is a more serious malady, inasmuch as it affects the mind. The cretin is an idiot—a melancholy spectacle—a creature who may almost be said to rank a step below a human being. There is a vacancy in his countenance; his head is disproportionately large; his limbs are stunted or crippled; he cannot articulate his words with distinctness; and there is scarcely any work which he is capable of executing. He spends his days basking in the sun, and, from its warmth, appears to derive great gratification. When a stranger appears, he becomes a clamorous and importunate beggar, assailing him with a ceaseless chattering; and the traveller is commonly glad to be rid of his hideous presence at the expense of a batz. At times the disease has such an effect on the mind that the sufferer is unable to find his way home when within a few feet of his own door.

Various theories have been resorted to, to account for this complaint: some have attributed it to the use of water derived from melting snow; others, to the habit of carrying heavy weights on the head; others, again, to filthy habits; while a fourth theory derives it from the nature of the soil, or the use of spring-water impregnated with calcareous matter.

As the goltre occurs in Derbyshire, Notts, Hants, &c., where no permanent snow exists—and no rivers spring from glaciers—also in Sumatra, and in parts of South America, where snow is unknown, it is evident that the first cause assigned is not the true one; as for the second and third, they would equally tend to produce goltre in the London porters, and in the inhabitants of the parishes of St. Giles's. If the limestone theory be true, all other rocks should be exempt from it, which is not the case, as far as our experience goes. Goltre is found only in certain valleys; nor, when it does occur, does it exist throughout the valley. It appears in one spot, higher up it is unknown, and in another situation, a mile or two distant, perhaps it is again prevalent. A curious example of this is afforded by the valley leading up to the Great St. Bernard. Goltre is unknown above Liddes, abounds at Varcheres, 800 feet lower down; and is almost universal at Orsières: had the disease depended upon the glacier-water, it would, of course, be more prevalent near to them and in the upper part of the valley.

A careful attention to the circumstances accompanying its appearance will show that it is connected with the condition of the atmosphere, and is found in low, warm, and moist situations, at the bottom of valleys, where a stagnation of water occurs, and where the summer exhalations and autumnal fogs arising from it are not carried off by a free circulation of air. That it is, in fact, one of the many injurious effects produced by malaria. It prevails in places where the valley is confined, and shut in, as it were—where a free draught is checked by the sides being clothed with wood, or by a sudden bend occurring in its direction—where, at the same time, the bottom is subject to the overflowings of a river, or to extensive artificial irrigation. The conjecture which derives the disease from breathing an atmosphere of this kind, not liable to be purified by fresh currents of air to carry off the vapours, is, perhaps, not undeserving of consideration and further investigation on the part of the learned.

Goltre is much more common in females than in males, and usually occurs about the age of puberty. It becomes hereditary in a family, but children born and educated on spots distant from home, and in elevated situations, are often exempt from it. At Sion, in the Vallais, which may be regarded as the head-quarters of goltre, children and even adults are often removed to the mountains from the low ground on the first symptoms of the malady, and the symptoms disappear where this is resorted to in time. Iodine has been applied with success as a remedy in some cases; but, as it is a dangerous remedy, the administration of it must be resorted to with the greatest caution.

The editor is informed that the late Sir Astley Cooper, who in 1834

visited Martigny for the purpose of making observations upon goitres, considered them to be occasioned by the want of a due circulation of air; and he found the inhabitants of one side of a valley afflicted by them, while those on the other were quite free from them. (L. S. 1846.)

A highly meritorious effort is being made in Switzerland by Dr. Guggenbuhl to establish an hospital in an elevated and healthy situation, for the reception of infants in whom the seeds of cretinism and goitre are developed, but who, by proper treatment, Dr. G. has discovered, may be recovered from the malady, and reared to a condition of healthy body and sound mind. He has been much aided in England by Dr. William Twining, who has printed an interesting pamphlet—“Some Account of Cretinism, and of the Institution for its cure on the Abendberg near Interlachen.” The funds to support this institution are as yet very limited, and those interested in this subject, and in the welfare of their fellow-creatures, are invited to aid. Subscriptions are received in London by Messrs. Twining, bankers, Strand.

ABBREVIATIONS, &c. EMPLOYED IN THE HAND-BOOK.

The points of the compass are marked by the letters N. S. E. W.

(*rt.*) right, (*l.*) left,—applied to the banks of a river. The right bank is that which lies on the right hand of a person whose back is turned towards the source, or to the quarter from which the current descends.

Miles.—Distances are, as far as possible, reduced to English miles; when miles are mentioned, they may be understood to be English.

The names of Inns precede the description of every place (often in a parenthesis), because the first information needed by a traveller is where to lodge.

Instead of designating a town by the vague words "large," or "small," the amount of the population, according to the latest census, is almost invariably stated, as presenting a more exact scale of the importance and size of the place.

In order to avoid repetition, the Routes are preceded by a chapter of preliminary information; and, to facilitate reference to it, each division or paragraph is separately numbered.

Each Route is numbered with Arabic figures, corresponding with the figures attached to the Route on the Map, which thus serves as an Index to the Book; at the same time that it presents a *tolerably* exact view of the great and minor roads of Switzerland, and of the course of public conveyances.

The Map is to be placed at the end of the Book.

The View of the Bernese Alps, to face page 68.

Mont Blanc from the Brévent, 341.

SECTION I.

SWITZERLAND.

ROUTE I.

BASLE TO BERNE BY THE VAL MOUTIER (MUNSTER THAL) AND BIENNE—ASCENT OF THE WEISSENSTEIN.

BASLE, or **Bâle**. (Germ. Basel, Ital. Basilea.)—*Inns*: Drei Könige (Three Kings), well situated on the Rhine—the best—1st class and very good—a very large house and a respectable landlord, and not expensive: Cigogne (Storch) near the post-office, repaired and improved; Sauvage (Wilder Mann), within the town, good.—*H. T.* Kopf (Tête d'Or); Krone (Crown); overlooking the river, near the bridge-foot.

Basle, capital of the now subdivided canton called Basle-town, is situated on the Rhine, and the larger portion lies on the l. bank, which is connected with the rt. by a bridge of wood, partly supported on stone piers. The territory of the town extends for about 4 miles on the rt. side of the river. It has 24,500 inhab., and it enjoys considerable prosperity from the residence of many rich merchants, bankers, and families of ancient descent, and from its position in an angle on the frontiers of France, Germany, and Switzerland, a few miles below the spot where the Rhine first becomes navigable. It has some manufactures, of which the most important are those of ribands and paper.

English travellers have hitherto

been too much in the habit of considering Basle merely as a halting-place for the night, which they quit as soon as the train starts or they are furnished with horses; yet its situation on high, sloping banks, overlooking the Rhine, which rushes past in a full broad flood of a clear, light green, bounded by the hills of the Black Forest on the one side, of the Jura on the other—but, above all, its Minster, and its Gallery of the Works of Holbein, deserve some attention. It must be remembered that Basle, though politically a portion of the Swiss Confederation, is yet, historically, a part of Snabia. It did not join the Swiss Confederation until 1501; and it retains many of the characteristics of an Imperial free town more distinctly than many of those which have continued German, and have become incorporated in modern sovereignties.

The *Cathedral*, or *Münster*, on the high bank on the l. of the Rhine, above the bridge, distinguished by its 2 spires, and the deep-red colour of the sandstone of which it is built, is an interesting edifice, though not of beautiful architecture. It was begun by the Emperor Henry II. in 1010, and consecrated 1019. The oldest part of the existing edifice, however, is probably not more ancient than the 12th century. Some figures of monsters, now in the crypt, alone may have belonged to the original. The 4 columns, formed of groups of detached pillars, with singular and

grotesque capitals; the tomb of the empress Anna, wife of Rudolph of Habsburg, and mother of the line of Austrian princes, whose body was removed to St. Blaise in 1770; and a stone font (date 1465) are worth notice in this part of the building. Very remarkable is the portal of *St. Gallus*, leading to the N transept, and decorated with statues of Christ and St. Peter, and of the wise and foolish virgins. It dates probably from the latter part of the 12th century. The wheel of fortune, above it, is of the 18th cent. In the W. front, under the towers, two equestrian statues: St. George and the Dragon, and St. Martin and the Beggar, stand forth with great boldness. The church is used now for the Protestant service, and the altar stands between the choir and nave, nearly underneath a rich Gothic rood-loft (*Letzner*, date 1381). On the l. of the altar, against a pillar, is the red marble tombstone of Erasmus, who died here in 1536. A staircase, leading out of the choir, conducts into a small apartment—the Chapter House, or *Concilium's Saal*—in which some of the meetings of the Council of Basle, or rather of its committees, were held between 1436 and 1444. It is a low room, with four Gothic windows—distinguished not only in an historical point of view, but also as being quite unaltered since the day of the Council. On the S. side of the choir are situated the very extensive and picturesque *Cloisters*—a succession of quadrangles and open halls—which, with the space they inclose, still serve, as they have done for centuries, as a burial-place, and are filled with tombs; among which are the monuments of the 3 Reformers, *Ecclampadius* (*Haumheim*), *Grynus*, and *Meyer*. The cloisters were constructed in the 14th century, and extend to the verge of the hill overlooking the river. It is not unlikely they may have been the favourite resort of Erasmus. Ber-

nouilli, a native of Basle, is buried in *St. Peter's Church*, which contains many monuments of its wealthy citizens. *Ecclampadius* first preached the Reformation in *St. Martin's*, the oldest church in Basle.

Behind the Minster is a *Terrace*, called *Die Pfalz*, 75 ft. above the river, planted with chestnut trees, and commanding a beautiful view over the Rhine, the town, and the Black Forest hills. Close to it is the Club called *Leopoldschacht*—including a reading-room, where 80 papers are taken in.

The Minster is situated in a square of considerable size—in one corner of which, in a room, stands a building called "*sur Mücke*," in which, during the Council of Basle, the Conclave met which elected Felix V. pope. It now contains the *Public Library* of 80,000 volumes—among them, the Acts of the Council of Basle, 3 vols., with chains attached to the binding, many very important MSS., of which there is a good catalogue, and a few of the books of Erasmus; also, a copy of his "*Praise of Folly*," with marginal illustrations by the pen of *Holbein*. There are autographs of Luther, Melancthon, Erasmus, and Zwingli. Those who wish to see the library should apply early, as the librarian is usually absent in the afternoon. On the ground-floor is the *Gallery of Paintings and Drawings by the younger Holbein*—a highly interesting collection of the works of that master, including the Passion of Christ, in 8 compartments, full of life, and carefully finished, also eight sepia drawings of the same subject;—a dead Christ, formerly in the Minster; *Holbein's Wife and Children*, with countenances full of grief and misery (1526), a very remarkable work, from its perfect truth to nature; portraits of Erasmus, of Proben the printer—excellent; of a *Mlle. von Oßenburg*, inscribed "*Lais Corinthia*," very good; the same

body as Venus with Cupid; two representations of a School, painted by Holbein at the age of 14, and hung up as a sign over a school-master's door in the town of Basle. Among the Drawings are Holbein's own portrait—a work of the highest excellence; heads of the family Meyer, sketched for the celebrated picture now in the Dresden Gallery, a beautiful pen and ink drawing, original sketch for the famous picture of the family of Sir Thomas More—the names of the different personages are written on their dresses; 8 sketches for the frescoes which formerly decorated the Rathhaus in Basle, with one or two fragments of the frescoes themselves; sketches in ink for glass windows, for the sheaths of daggers, for the organ in the Minster, the Costumes of Basle; 83 marginal caricatures made on a copy of Erasmus' *Lane Stulticie*, which so amused the author when shown to him that he is said to have laughed himself out of a fit of illness, &c. &c. Here are also preserved 6 fresco fragments of the original Dance of Death, which once adorned the walls of the Dominican Church in Basle, and a set of coloured drawings of the whole series of figures. The Dance of Death has been attributed without cause to Holbein, since it existed at the time of the Council of Basle, at least 50 years before his birth. Holbein* was born at Augsburg in 1489, and removed about 1517 to Basle: his circumstances were by no means prosperous; he was even reduced to work as a day-labourer and house-painter, and painted the outer walls of the houses of the town. It is related of him that, being employed to decorate the shop of an apothecary, who was intent on keeping the young artist close at his work, and being disposed to repair to a neighbouring wine-shop, he painted a pair of legs so exactly like his own, and so well foreshortened,

on the underside of the scaffolding, that the apothecary, seated below, believed him to be constantly present and diligently employed. Erasmus, writing from Basle a letter of introduction for the painter to one of his friends, complains that "his frigid artus," and the want of encouragement drove Holbein to seek his fortune in England, where he met with high patronage, as is well known. Yet the city showed its esteem for his talents by granting him a salary of 80 guilden per annum, which was paid him even when in England. Here are also some curious paintings of an artist of Berne named Moser (1484—1530): portraits of Luther and his wife, by L. Crüneck; of Zwingli.

A separate gallery is about to be built to contain the paintings by Holbein, &c.

In the lower story of the Library are also deposited a number of antiquities, bronzes, fragments of pottery, coins, &c., from Augst, the site of the Roman *Augusta Rauracorum*, 7 miles from Basle (see p. 9), also a silver embroidered banner, given by Pope Julius II. (1515) to the *Hölzer*.

The University of Basle, founded 1460, was the first great seminary for the advancement of learning established in Switzerland: it once enjoyed a high reputation, and numbered among its professors the names of Erasmus, Faler, and Bernouilli; the two last, mathematicians, and natives of Basle.

The Orphan House (*Weissenhaus*), originally convent of Chartreuse, retains its old conventual arrangement to a considerable extent, a chapter-house, guest-chamber, monks' cell, and burial-ground, called *Klein Gellien*,—also some painted glass.

The Rathhaus, in the Market-place, is a building of pleasing Burgundian Gothic architecture, founded 1508. The frescoes, designed by Holbein, were obliterated in 1817! The *Stadt-Rath-Saal* is ornamented on

* See Kugler's "Handbook of Painting," vol. 3., German School.

the walls and roof with innumerable reliefs by *Mat. Giger* (1609). The Great Council-Room (*Gross Rath-Saal*) contains fine painted glass—coats of arms of 12 of the Swiss cantons, with supporters! The frieze includes the embossed shields of the original cantons. The armorial bearing of canton Basle is said to be meant to represent the case of a cross-bow. At the foot of the stairs is placed a statue of *Munatius Plancus*, the founder, according to tradition, of Basle and of the Roman colony of *Augusta*. Here is preserved some curious old church plate—part of the *Dom-Schatz*—a silver cup of open work is the oldest piece (13th century)—*St. Anne* with the *Virgin* and child; and a relic-box with reliefs, 18th century, deserve notice.

The *Arsenal* contains a limited collection of ancient armour, of which the only curiosities are a suit of chain mail, once gilt, with plate mail beneath it, worn by *Charles the Bold* at the battle of *Nancy*; two *Burgundian* cannons, of iron bars bound round with hoops, and several suits of *Burgundian* and *Armagnac* armour.

The private collections of pictures, &c., of *MM. Peter Vischer*, *Maglin*, *Speyr* sen., and *Mieville Frey* (1 Krug), are said to be worth notice.

English Church service in a neat chapel in the *Three Kings Hotel*.—*E. S.*

The terraced Garden of *M. Vischer*, an eminent banker, overlooking the *Rhine*, is a very pretty spot.

The gateways, battlemented works, watch-towers, and ditch, which formed the ancient defences of the town, remain in a good state of preservation. The *Spalenthor*, i. e. *Pentesthor* (1400), retains its advanced work or *Barbican*, similar to those which formerly existed at *York*, and, with its double portcullis and two flanking towers, is particularly picturesque. The machicolations are supported by strange but clever figures approaching to the grotesque. The *Geltensumpf* and *Spieszhof* are specimens of

civic architecture, with *Holbeinesque* ornaments.

Basle is a tolerably clean town: its streets are plentifully supplied with *Fountains*. The *Fischmarkt Brunnen* is a very elegant Gothic structure, ornamented with statues, well executed, of the *Virgin*, *St. John*, *Peter*, the *Cardinal Virtues*, &c. *Holbein's Brunnen*, in the *Spahlen* suburb, is surmounted by a sculptured group of peasants dancing to the music of a bag-pipe (*Dodelsack*) copied from a design of *Holbein*.

Erasmus resided in the house *Zum Laft*, and *Probenius* printed in it one of the first Bibles. The building called *Kirchgarten* was erected by the father of the distinguished African traveller, *Burchardt*, who was born here.

A handsome new *Hospital* has been built on the site of the palace of the *Markgraves of Baden*.

In the *Schützenhaus* is fine painted glass of the 16th and 17th centuries.

Down to the end of the last century (1798), the clocks of Basle went an hour in advance of those in other places of Europe—a singular custom, the origin of which is not precisely known. According to tradition, it arose from the circumstance of a conspiracy to deliver the town to an enemy at midnight having been defeated by the clock striking 1 instead of 12.

The ancient sumptuary laws of Basle were singular and severe. On Sunday all must dress in black to go to church; females could not have their hair dressed by men; carriages were not permitted in the town after 10 at night, and it was forbidden to place a footman behind a carriage. The official censors, called *Unschlechter*, had the control of the number of dishes and wines to be allowed at a dinner party, and their authority was supreme on all that related to the cut and quality of clothes. At one time they waged desperate war against slashed doublets and hose.

Since the Reformation, Basle has been regarded as the stronghold of Methodism in Switzerland. The pious turn of its citizens was remarkably exhibited in the mottoes and signs placed over their doors. These have now disappeared; but two very singular ones have been recorded—

Auf Gott ich meine Hoffnung bau,
Und wohne in der alten Sau.

To God in hopes of grace I bow,
And dwell within the Ancient Dow.

Wacht auf, ihr Menschen, und thut Sam,
Ich heiss den goldenen Rinderfuss.

Wake, and repeat your sins with grief;
I've call'd the Golden Skin of Beef.

Even now, should the traveller arrive at the gates of the town on Sunday during church-time, he will find them closed, and his carriage will be detained outside till the service is over. The spirit of trade, however, went hand in hand with that of religion—and Basle has been called a city of usurers; 5 per cent. was styled a "Christian usance" (einen Christlichen Zins), and a proclamation of the magistrates (1683-84) denounced those who lent money at a discount of 4 or 3½ per cent., as "selfish, avaricious, and dangerous persons;" those who lent their capital at a lower rate were liable to have it confiscated, because, forsooth, such persons, "by their avarice, did irremediable injury to churches, hospitals, church property, &c., and are the ruin of poor widows and orphans."

The dissensions which broke out soon after the Revolution of 1830 between the inhabitants of the town of Basle, and those of the country, led to a civil war between the parties, and a bloody contest near Liesthal occasioned the Swiss Diet, in 1832, to pass an act for the formal separation of the canton into two parts, called Basle Ville and Basle Campagne. The latter consists of two-thirds of the territory of the whole canton, and has for its capital Liesthal. Each sends a deputy to the

Diet; but the two divisions enjoy only half a vote each, and when the deputies of the two parts take opposite sides (which is generally the case), their vote does not count.

About 2 m. out of the town, just within the French frontier, is the ruined fortress of *Hünningen*, erected by Louis XV. to overawe his Swiss neighbours, and dismantled in 1815.

A good representation of the Dance of Death, in burnt clay, may be purchased of Mächly and Schabli, who have a manufactory peculiar (it is believed) to the spot of "*figures plastiques en terre cuite*."

Although posting was established throughout canton Basle in 1839, (see § 5. Introduction,) yet, as it does not extend into the adjoining cantons, Berne and Zurich, travellers engage voiturier's horses here to carry them on their journey. Return-coachmen are generally to be found at all the inns, and there are persons in the town who keep horses and carriages for hire.

Railway to Strasburg by Colmar and Mülhausen. — See HANDBOOK FOR FRANCE.

Trains 4 times a day. The early train takes only 3½ hours, and passes the French custom-house without stopping. The other trains take 4½ hours, and luggage is examined at St. Louis.—B.

Railways in progress: to Freiburg and Frankfurth — to Aarau and Zurich.

Diligences daily, in 3 days and 3 nights, to Paris; to Berne, by the Munster Thal (Moutiers) and Hienne twice, in 11 hours; by Soleure in 12½ hours; to Locerue twice, in 11½ hours; to Zurich twice, in 10½ hours; to Aarau, by the Frickthal, in 6½ hours; to Frankfurth a. M. twice; to Schaffhausen in 12 hours.

The Routes to Bern by the Haunstein (Rte. 3 and 4) command noble views of the Alps; while that by the Val Montier (Rte. 1) has also great attractions.

Basle to Berne by Bienna.

24 Swiss stunden — 81 Eng. miles.

A diligence runs daily to Berne and Neuchâtel. With a voiturier the journey to Berne occupies 2 days, stopping the first night at the good inn of Tavannes.

This route is sometimes called *de l'Écluse*, because it passes through the ancient bishopric of Basle, now united to canton Berne.

The valley of the Aara, commonly called the Val Moutiers (Münster Thal, in Germ.), through which this excellent road passes, is one of the most interesting and romantic in the whole range of the Jura. It consists of a series of narrow and rocky defiles, alternating with open basins, covered with black forests above, and verdant meadows below, enlivened by villages, mills, and forges. A road was originally carried through the Val Moutiers by the Romans, to keep up the communication between Aventicum, the Helvetian capital, and Augst, their great fortified outpost on the Rhine.

At St. Jacob, about a quarter of a mile beyond the gates of Basle, in the angle between two roads, a small Gothic cross has been erected, to commemorate the battle of St. Jacob, fought in 1444, when 1600 Swiss had the boldness to attack, and the courage to withstand for 10 hours, a French army tenfold more numerous, commanded by the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI. Only 10 of the Swiss escaped alive, the rest were left dead on the field, along with thrice their own number of foes, whom they had slain. This almost incredible exploit first spread abroad through Europe the fame of Swiss valour; and Louis, the Dauphin, wisely seeing that it was better to gain them as friends than to oppose them as enemies, courted their alliance, and first enrolled them as a permanent body-guard about his person — a practice continued by the

French monarchs down to Charles X. The Swiss themselves refer to the battle of St. Jacob as the Thermopylæ of their history. The vineyards near the field produce a red wine, called *Schweitzer Blut* (Swiss blood).

A few miles farther, near Reinach, on the opposite bank of the Aara, is another battle-field—that of *Dornach*—where the Swiss gained a victory over a much larger Austrian force in 1499, during the Swabian war. The bone-house, in which the remains of the slain were collected, still exists near the Capuchin convent, and is filled with skulls gathered from the field. In the church of the village Maspertuis the mathematician (d. 1759) is buried. A monument, set up to his memory by his friend Bernouilli, was destroyed by the curé of the village, who was in the habit of repairing his hearthstone when broken, with slabs taken from the churchyard. It has been replaced by a fresh monument set up at the expense of canton Soleure.

Beyond Oesch the road enters that part of the canton Berne which anciently belonged to the Archbishop of Basle; the valley contracts, increasing in picturesque beauty as you advance. The castles of Angenstein and Zwingen are passed before reaching

4½ *Leuffen*, — a walled village. *Croix Blanche*, a large inn, fit to sleep at.—E. S.

2½ *Soyhière* (Germ. *Bangere*)—a village prettily situated, with a small country inn (*Croix Blanche*), tolerably good. A contracted pass, the rocks of which on the rt. are surmounted by a convent, leads into the open basin of *Délemont* (*Deleberg*); but it is unnecessary to pass through that little town (situated on the way to Portentray), as our road turns to the l., and, continuing by the side of the Aara, enters a defile higher, grander, and more wild than any that have preceded it. This is, properly speaking, the commence-

ment of the Val Moutiers. Rocky precipices overhang the road, and black forests of fir cover the mountains above. In the midst of it are the iron furnaces and forges of

1½ Courrandella (Rennendorf. Inn, Hirsch), supplied with ore in the shape of small granulated red masses, varying from the size of a pea to that of a cherry, from the neighbouring mines. The remarkable rent by which the Jura has been cleft from top to bottom, so as to allow a passage for the Birs, exhibits marks of some great convulsion of the earth, by which the strata of limestone (Jura-kalk) have been thrown into a nearly vertical position, and appear like a succession of gigantic walls on each side of the road. The gorge terminates in another open basin, in the midst of which lies Moutiers. A new road branches off to Solothurn beyond the gorge, about 1 m. before reaching

1½ Moutiers Grandval, or Münster—(Inn: Krona, good)—a village of 1250 inhab., named from a very ancient *Afiaster* of St. Germain on the height, founded in the 7th century, and now fast falling to ruin. [There is a car road from Moutiers to the summit of the *Weissenstein*, a distance of about 10 m., up-hill nearly the whole way, and the latter part very rough and bad; fit only for the cars of the country, one of which, drawn by two horses, may be hired here to go and return for 20 fr. It passes through the villages of Grandval (Grossa) and Günsbrunnen; the ascent occupies 3½ hours, and the jolting is very severe. The *Weissenstein* is described in Route 3.]

At the upper end of the basin of Moutiers the road is conducted through another defile, equally grand, at the bottom of which the Birs flows and rushes, overhung by perpendicular cliffs and funeral firs. To this succeeds the little plain of Tavannes, in which are situated the villages of Court (Inn, Bär; whence a steep and uneven foot-path runs

over the Monto, to Blenne), Malleray, and Dachsölden, or

3½ Tavannes (Inn, Couronne; beds 1 fr. 50 c.; Croix, both good). The valley to the E. of Court, called Châtalet (Tschaywo), is inhabited by the descendants of the Anabaptists, expelled from Bern in 1708-11. They are distinguished by their industry and simple manners: the young men wear beards. ¼ m. above Tavannes is the source of the Birs; before reaching it our road quits the valley, mounting up a steep ascent, in the middle of which it passes under the singular and picturesque archway formed in the solid rock, called

½ *Pierre Pertuis*. It is probably a natural opening, enlarged by art. It existed in the time of the Romans, as is proved by a defaced inscription on the N. side:

NUMINI AUG—
—VM—
VIA CTA PERM—
DV—VM PATER—
II. VIR—COL HELVET—

It stood on the boundary line, separating the people of the Rauraci, who extended to Bâle, from the Sequani. The archway is about 40 ft. high and 10 or 12 thick. The pass was fortified by the Austrians in 1813.

½ Sonceboz—(Inn not very good)—a village in the Val St. Isier (Germ. Erguel), up which runs a good road to Chaux de Fonds, and out of which another branches S. to Neuchâtel from Villaret. The road to Bienné descends the valley along the l. bank of the Saane, which forms several small cascades. The projecting rock of *Rond Châtel* was occupied in feudal times by a fort, and held by the powerful Bishops of Bâle, to whom it gave the command of this pass. The View from the last slope of the Jura, over Bienné, and its lake, with St. Peter's Isle, and the district watered by the Aar, Emme, and Zihl, backed in clear weather by

3 Route 1.—Bienne—Aarberg. 2.—Basle to Schaffhausen.

the snowy range of the Alps, is exceedingly beautiful.

3 Bienne (Germ. Biel) — *Isle*: H. du Jura, outside the town, fallen off and dear, E. S.; Couronne, within the town, fair accommodation, and moderate. Bienne is prettily situated at the mouth of the valley of the Buse, at the foot of the Jura; here mantled with vines, and about a mile from the head of the lake of Bienne (Route 45). It is still surrounded by its ancient walls and watch-towers, and is approached by several shady avenues. The number of inhabitants, chiefly Protestants, amounts to 4248. The town anciently belonged to the Bishop of Bâle, but the citizens, early imbued with the spirit of freedom, formed a perpetual alliance with Berne in 1352, for the defence of their liberties, in revenge for which the town was burnt by their liege lord. The Reformation further weakened the connection between the town and its ecclesiastical ruler, and at the beginning of the 17th century his authority became nominal. Bienne is an industrious town, situated at the junction of the high roads from Berne, Bâle, Soleure, and Neuchâtel, between all which places there are public conveyances daily. The new road (Route 45) along the W. shore of the lake, shortens the distance to Neuchâtel by nearly 8 miles: it passes near the *Isle St. Pierre*, celebrated as the residence of Rousseau. Steamer daily to Neuchâtel, through the Thièle.

Those who have a taste for climbing may gratify it by ascending from hence the *Chasseral* (Gestler), one of the highest mountains of the Jura, 8616 ft. above the lake, and 4936 ft. above the sea, with the certainty of being rewarded with a magnificent view if the weather be clear. The ascent can be made in a carriage in 4½ hours.

Quitting Bienne the high road first crosses the Buse, on its way into the lake, and a quarter of a mile farther

on, the Thièle (Zihl), on its way out of the lake. The last is a navigable river which drains the 3 lakes of Bienne, Neuchâtel, and Morat, and joins the river Aar about 4 miles lower down. On the margin of the lake, at the outlet of the Thièle, stands Nydau—(*Isle*: Bear)—and its castle, flanked by round towers and surmounted by a tall square keep. The lords of Nydau, an extinct family, to whom it once belonged, were fiefs of Berne; their stronghold now bears on its front the Bernese bear, painted of colossal dimensions, and is converted into the cantonal salt-warehouse. From the slope of the hill, near Belmont, a good view is obtained of the lake and of St. Peter's Isle. Rt., near a fir-wood rises an obelisk, by way of monument to the Swiss who fell here doing battle against the French 1798.

2½ Aarberg (*Isle*: Krone) is a town of 864 inhab. on a rocky promontory, nearly surrounded by the Aar, which, indeed, at high water, actually converts it into an island. The road enters and quits the town by 2 covered bridges.

At Neubrücke the Aar is crossed by a covered bridge.

4½ Berne—in Route 24.

ROUTE 2.

BASLE TO SCHAFFHAUSEN, BY AUCHT, BERNHARDEN, AND LAUFENBURG.

17½ stunden = 56½ Eng. miles.

There are two roads of nearly equal length, one on the rt. bank of the Rhine, through the territory of Baden, is provided with post horses at the following stations:—Beugen, 2½ Germ. miles; Säckingen, 2 (*Isle*: Badhaus, best); Lauffenburg, 1½; Waldshut, 1½; Lauchringen, 1½; Riederer, 1½; Jestetten, 1½; Schaffhausen, 1. Time taken with post horses, 10 or 12 hours. In going from Schaffhausen to Basle the stations are to Neuhaus 2 Germ. miles; Lauchringen, 1½.

The road on the l. or Swiss side of the Rhine, traversed daily by a *Diligence* in 13 hours, a little way outside of Basle crosses the Birs. Hereabouts the men of Basle town were drawn into an ambuscade by those of Basle country, and attacked with dire slaughter, Aug. 1833. This combat was followed by the separation of the city from the rest of the canton (see p. 5). The road passes through the two villages of

2 Augst, which stand on each side of the river Ergolz, on the site of the Roman city *Augusta Raurorum*, founded by Munatius Plancus, in the reign of Augustus. Its existence on this spot is sufficiently proved by the quantity of Roman remains that have been, and still are, discovered, wherever the ground is turned up.—There are indications of an amphitheatre, now converted into pleasure grounds; but the remains of buildings are very slight. "The relics which have been found are curious, though the proprietor of the ground has arranged them in the style of a tea-garden. There are several columns, inscriptions, tombs, and fragments of statues, all of the lower empire; but which the antiquary would do well to examine as they are edited."—*F. P.*

1½ Rheinfelden — (*Ins*: Drei Könige)—a town of 1500 inhab., surrounded by walls and closed at either end by gates in the true Swiss fashion. It stands on the l. bank of the Rhine, here crossed by a wooden bridge, above and below which the rocks in the river bed form considerable rapids and falls. Duke Bernard of Saxe Weimar gained a battle here in the Thirty Years' war (1638) in which the Duc de Rohan perished.

This road is extremely pretty. The finest view is that from the hill overlooking the old town of Lauffenburg.

4½ Lauffenburg — (*Ins*: Post, so, so)—a town of 900 inhab., connected by a wooden bridge with Klein Lauffenburg, on the rt. bank of the Rhine.

The river flows in a deep sunk channel, ragged with rocks which fret its bright blue-green waters; it is here interrupted by more rapids and falls, in German called *Lauffen*, whence the name of the place. Small boats can only pass them by unloading their cargoes above, and being let down gradually by stout ropes, held by men stationed on the bank. It was in descending these rapids in this manner that a young English nobleman, Lord Montague, the last male of his line, was drowned—on the same day that his family mansion, Cowdray, in Sussex, was burnt to the ground. The accident is commonly, but erroneously, referred to the Rhine fall at Schaffhausen.

The road, leaving on the rt. that which leads to Baden and Zurich (R. 6), here crosses the Rhine, enters Baden, and joining the post-road on the rt. bank, proceeds to

2½ Waldahut — (*Ins*: Rebstock (Vine), tolerable; Badiacher Hof);—a walled town of 1000 inhab. on the skirts of the Black Forest.

A mile above this, near a small village called Coblenz (*Confluentia*), the Rhine is joined by the Aar. At Waldahut our road turns away from the Rhine, and proceeds by Thiengen and Ersingen to

5½ Neunkirch, a Swiss village, in the canton of Schaffhausen.

2½ SCHAFFHAUSEN. Route 7. p. 19.

ROUTE 2.

BASLE TO SOLEURE, THE WEISSENSTEIN, AND BIENNE, BY LIESTHAL AND THE OBER HAUNSTEIN.

To Solure 12 stunden = 39½ Engl. miles; thence to Biemme 3½ stunden.

The road is the same as Route 3 for the first few miles, proceeding along the l. bank of the Rhine till within a short distance of Augst (p. 9), where it turns S. to

3 Liesthal—*Ins*: Falks; Schiltis (la Clé); chief town of the divi-

sion of the canton distinguished as Bâle Campagne (Basel Landschaft), which, having revolted from the town of Bâle after the July revolution, was separated from it by an act of the Diet in 1832, though the two divisions are still regarded in the Diet but as one estate. Bâle Campagne includes 53 parishes, with about 36,000 inhabitants, or about four-fifths of the canton. Liesthal contains 2170 inhab., and since the revolution has become the seat of government. In the Council-house (Rathstube) are curious paintings and sentences on the walls, and here Charles the Bold's goblet, taken at Nancy, is preserved.

At Bubendorf is a tolerable inn, near a mineral spring. The valley contracts and assumes a very romantic character on approaching.

24 Waldenburg—(Inn, tolerable)—a village of 600 inhab., at the N. base of the Jura, and at the commencement of the ascent of the Ober-Haunstein. On the height to the E. may be seen the ruins of the castle, destroyed in 1798.

The road over the Ober-Haunstein, once formidable from the abruptness of the ascent, has been greatly improved, and the steepness of the slope so much diminished, that extra horses are unnecessary except for very heavily laden carriages. The summit, 2000 ft. above the sea-level, is easily surmounted in an hour. A heavy toll, amounting to \$1 betwixt for a carriage with two horses, is paid on crossing it. On this account the Swiss volunteers generally avoid this road. Down to the end of the last century so steep was the old road that loaded waggons were drawn up on one side and let down the other with a rope and windlass.

Langenbrück (Inn: Bâle) is the last village in Bâle Campagne. Haldersbach is in Soleure. The ruins of Alt-Bechburg castle are visible over the fir-woods.

The imposing ruins of the Castle of Falkenstein rise midway between

the two roads to Bâle, by the Haunstein and by the Paurwang, which unite here. This position gave to its ancient owners the power of levying black-mail upon each of these passes. It belonged at one time to Rudolph von Wart, who was broken on the wheel for his share in the murder of the Emperor Albert, and was consoled in his agony by the presence and fortitude of his wife. (See Route 6, p. 17.) The castle was destroyed by the men of Bâle, because a waggon laden with saddles, belonging to their merchants, had been pillaged by the Lords of Falkenstein.

At the foot of the bare rock lies the hamlet of St. Wolfgang.

2 Ballthal—(Inn: Rœuli)—the chief place in the valley, and the usual rendezvous of the men of the canton when assembled to discuss public business.

Innere Klus (Inn: Hirsch) consists of 2 rows of houses, at the outlet of a romantic defile or rent (Klus), which severs the Jura chain from top to bottom. It derives its name from having been closed (clausus) in ancient times by gate and wall, erected by the lords of Alt-Falkenstein or Haunstein, now rising in ruins above the spot. This Pass is of much importance, in a military point of view, as one of the main portals into Switzerland. In its iron furnaces of Klus village the pea-like iron-ore (bohneren), so common in the Jura, is smelted. The road on the rt. leads into the Münstertal at Gamsbrunnau (Route 1, p. 7), through the valley of the Durnern.

Near Aussere Klus (Inn: Löwe), where the Pass terminates, the traveller is greeted by a fine view of the snowy chain of the Alps, and the road descends into the valley of the Aar. Oensingen and the ruins of Neu Bechburg remain on the l., Ober-Bipp on the rt. of the road. Above it rises the ruined Castle of Bipp, (castrum Papini) built by Pepin, Maire du Palais. The eminences on

which it stands is crowned with fine chestnut trees, and the view from it is superb.

2½ Wiedlisbach.

3 Solothurn — (Germ. Solothurn).
Inn: Couronne, old, and subject to bad smells; good table d'hôte at 1. 2½ fr.; La Tour.

Solothurn (a corruption of St. Ours), the capital of the canton, is prettily situated on the Aar, at the foot of the Jura range, and has 4647 inhab. (200 Protestants). In the middle of the 17th century it was surrounded by fortifications of great extent, which took 60 years to complete, and consumed vast sums of money. In 1635 the removal of these costly and useless works was decreed by the Great Council of the canton. It is on the whole a dull town with little trade and few manufactures. The following objects are most worth notice.

At the end of the principal street, approached by a flight of steps, flanked by fountains representing Moses striking the rock, and Gideon wringing the dew from the fleece, stands the Cathedral of St. Urs (a soldier of the Theban legion), a modern building, finished 1773, by an Italian, Pascoli, of Ancona; it is distinguished by its size, and on the whole handsome.

The clock tower (Zeitglockenthurm), in the market-place (a continuation of the same street), is stated by the guide-books to be a Roman work, while a German inscription upon it attributes its foundation to a period 600 years earlier than the birth of Christ, but it owes its origin in reality to the Burgundian kings. It is square in form, and constructed of the most solid masonry, rough outside, without window or other opening, for 60 feet. If we are to believe the two Latin verses on the front of this building, Solothurn is the most ancient city in N.W. Europe except Treves:

In Celtis nihil est Salodurn antiquius, tris
Raptis Trevis, quantum ego dico mior.

The Aronal (Zughaus), not far from the Cathedral, contains the most extensive and curious collection of ancient armour in Switzerland. Here are shown several standards, said to have been taken by the Swiss in their victories over the Burgundians and Austrians. These, however, attributed to Morat and Sempach, prove, on examination, to be nothing but pieces of coarse canvass painted on one side; the yellow flag with the Austrian eagle, said to have been brought from Dornach, is probably genuine. Among 800 suits of armour are many called French and Burgundian. Several specimens of wall pieces, or long swivels, for the defence of a fortress, are curious. Some of the armour is for sale.

The Museum, in the Weissenhaus, close to the bridge over the Aar, contains a collection of Jura fossils, chiefly from quarries near Solothurn, which will be viewed with great interest by the geologist. There are nearly thirty specimens of fossil turtle, rarely found elsewhere, together with teeth and palates of fish, and numerous fragments of marl, derived from a formation which is believed to correspond with the Portland stone of England. The jaws of mammalia are said to come from the same locality (?). A suite of specimens of the rocks of the Alps were collected in numerous journeys by Professor Hugi, to whom belongs the merit of forming and arranging this cabinet.

The Ambassador of France to the Swiss Confederation resided here until the French Revolution: his hotel is converted into a barrack. The Roman Catholic Bishop of Bâle lives here. The clergy are numerous and powerful, both in the town and canton. There are several convents at Solothurn. The sisters of St. Joseph's Nunnery, outside the Berne gate, make artificial flowers, sweetmeats, and other articles, which they sell at the grating. Their pinonahs are

clunary, and themselves not very interesting. Solzura was long the headquarters for enlisting Swiss recruits in the foreign service of France, Spain, the Pope, and Naples—but the practice is going out; a contract is in force with the King of Naples, but expires in 1855, and will probably not be renewed.

Thaddæus Kociusko, the Pole, spent the last years of his life here; his house, in which he died, is near the Post-office, No. 5, Gargelen-gasse. His entrails are interred in the churchyard of Zuchwyl, a mile distant on the opposite side of the Aar, under a stone inscribed "Viscera Thaddæi Kociusko."

About two miles N.E. of Solzura, beyond the village of St. Nicholas, lies the chapel and *Hermitage of St. Verena*, at the extremity of a pretty valley, hemmed in by rocks of gneiss and granite, embowered in trees, and traversed by a sparkling rivulet. It is rendered accessible by paths, originally formed by the French émigrés, who, at the outbreak of the French Revolution, sought an asylum here. The valley abounds in caves and grottoes, partly natural, partly artificial, and at its further extremity, within a natural shelf of over-arching cliffs, stands the little *Chapel of St. Verena*; behind the altar a small cave has been cut in the rock, and now contains a representation of the holy sepulchre. This saint, a pious maiden who accompanied the Theban legion, suffered severe temptation in this solitude, according to the legend, from the devil, who, on one occasion, was on the point of carrying her off, when she saved herself by clinging fast to the rock, where the hole made by her finger-nails still remains. On the way to the hermitage, near the church of St. Nicholas, the *Château of Waldsee* is passed, its old-fashioned gardens, laid out in terraces, are worth notice.

The Weissenstein.—The most interesting excursion to the neighbour-

hood of Solzura, is that to the summit of the *Weissenstein* (Whiterock, probably named from its white cliffs of limestone), the mountain immediately behind the town. The distance is about 8 miles, and the time occupied in the ascent 3 hours. The mountain is made accessible for *char-à-bancs*, by a road somewhat steep, passing through the villages Langendorf and Oberdorf, behind which it is carried up the face of the mountains in a series of zig-zags.

A *char-à-banc*, drawn by 2 horses, may be hired at the Couronne, in Solzura, for 10 or 12 Swiss francs to go and return. If it be detained on the mountain for the night, 3 francs extra are paid. Pedestrians may find a short cut, and reach the top easily in 2½ hours; they may visit the *Hermitage of St. Verena* in their way to or fro.

A *Hotel and Bath-house* has been built at the expense of the town on the brow of the mountain, 3950 feet above the sea-level, and 2640 above the Aar at Solzura. It furnishes about 20 beds, and the accommodation, though homely, is good. The charges are—dinner at *table d'hôte*, without wine, 1 fr. 20 rap.; supper, 1 fr. 50.; breakfast of tea or coffee alone, 50 rp.; beds from 5 to 10 bats.

The dairy of the establishment is supplied by 80 cows, fed on the pasture on the summit of the mountain, so that milk and cream may be had here in perfection.

Many invalids take up their residence here during the summer months on account of the fresh air, or for the "*cure de petit lait*" (goat's whey), &c., which is recommended in certain complaints. The daily charge for those who remain here more than a week "*en pension*," is 6 F. francs.

The greater portion of visitors, however, resort hither merely on account of the view, remaining on the summit one night to enjoy the sunset and sunrise.

The Inn of the *Weissenstein*, and

the still more elevated summit of the mountain, called Rothi-fue, 3 miles to the E. of it, command one of the finest distant prospects of the Alps which can be named. The great chain of snowy peaks, &c., here seen, spread out along the horizon, extends for a distance of nearly 300 miles, from the Sentis on the E., to the Mont Blanc in the W. Immediately in front rise the Jungfrau, Schreckhorn, and other giants of the Bernese chain. In the foreground, amidst a varied expanse of wooded hill and verdant vale, are seen the lakes of Morat, Neuchâtel, and Bienna, while the silvery Aar, on which stands the town of Soleure, winds like a snake at the foot of the mountain.

Keller has engraved a Panorama of the Weissenstein, in which every mountain, town, village, and other object of interest visible from the top, is marked. One or two copies of it are hung up at the inn for the convenience of visitors.

Another road practicable for a char-à-banc, but very rough, descends the opposite side of the Weissenstein, into the Val Montiers (described in p. 7).

From Soleure to Bienna is a distance of $3\frac{1}{2}$ stunden = 10 or 12 Eng. miles.—The road runs along the S. base of the Jura. The inn on the top of the Weissenstein continues long a conspicuous object.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ Selsach.

On the rt. of the road lie the Baths of Grange (Grenchen), a large building. At Boujean (Botzingen), almost a suburb of Bienna, our road falls in with that from the Münster Thal (Route 1).

$2\frac{1}{2}$ Bienna (p. 6).

ROUTE 4.

BASLE TO LUCERNE, BY THE UNTER-HAUNSTEIN, OLTEN, AARBURG, AND SEMPACH.

$19\frac{1}{2}$ stunden = 64 Eng. miles.
A diligences goes daily.

The road throughout is good.—As far as

3 Liesthal, it is the same as Route 3; here, instead of turning S., it ascends the vale of the Ergolz, as far as

$1\frac{1}{2}$ Bümach, a village of 1254 inhab., and

3 Läublingen. The pass of the Unter-Haunstein (the horn rock), which now commences, is of great importance as an outlet for the merchandise of Switzerland, and as the most direct line of communication from W. Germany to Italy by the St. Gotthard. Improvements have rendered the slope on both sides so gradual, that extra horses are rarely required for carriages. A toll of 8 bats per horse is paid, but nothing is charged for Vorspann horses. From the summit of the pass, after crossing the boundary-line of Bâle and Soleure, a fine view is obtained of the great chain of the Alps.

$2\frac{1}{2}$ Olten (*Inns*: Krons), though it contains but 1500 inhab., promises to rise into a flourishing town, to the prejudice of Soleure, of which it is becoming the rival. Its prosperity is greatly promoted by its position on the new road of the Unter-Haunstein. It is built on the left bank of the Aar, and is said to be the Roman *Ultima*. The roads from Bâle to Lucerne, and from Zurich to Soleure and Neuchâtel, cross here. The old pariah church, converted into a wood warehouse since the new one was built, is of great antiquity: it is mentioned in records as early as 1240.

Our road crosses the Aar by a wooden bridge, and proceeds along its rt. bank, through pleasing scenery, to

$\frac{1}{2}$ Aarburg — (*Inns*: Bâre; Krons) — town of 1500 inhab., almost entirely rebuilt since a conflagration in 1640, distinguished by its extensive Citadel on the heights above, constructed in 1660; the only fortress belonging to the Swiss Confederation, but of no use as a fortification, for,

although it has bomb-proof casemates hewn out of the rock, its works have been allowed to go to decay. It serves as a military storehouse for the Swiss Confederation, and forms a picturesque object in the landscape, such as is met with in the background of old German pictures. Outside the town is an extensive cotton factory.

At Kreutzstrasse, a mile further, the high road from Zurich to Berne (Route 13) crosses our route. The Lion is a good inn here.

The road continues along a pretty valley, distinguished by its verdant pastures, and its substantial-looking houses, many of them with gardens, whose walls are often covered with thin plates of wood overlapping each other like fishes' scales. It is bordered by a varied outline of wooded heights. In front, the snowy Alps.

1 Zoffingen—(Inns: Ochs; Röschli)—a town with 3172 inhab. Its Library contains curious MSS. letters and drawings. A fragment of the castle of Reiden, and a solitary tree perched on a rock beside it, become conspicuous before reaching the village of Reiden, where a toll of 8 bats, including all the road to and from this to Lucerne, is paid. The Parsonage was originally the house of the Knights of Malta.

A view is obtained of the Lake of Sempach, and of a smaller lake called Munnensee, from the height above.

4 Sursee—(Inns: Soleil; Hirsch; bad and dear)—an old walled town, whose gate-towers still bear the double-headed eagle of Austria carved in stone. "The traveller may well employ a few moments in examining the Rathaus, much dilapidated, but affording a good specimen of the peculiarities of the German-Burgundian style. The general outline resembles the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh."—P. Sursee lies at the distance of about a mile from the N. extremity of the Lake of Sempach, which is seen over and among the orchards on the left of the road in

going to Lucerne. It has no pretensions to great beauty, but is pleasing, and highly interesting historically, from the famous Battle of Sempach (1386)—the second of those great and surprising victories by which Swiss independence was established. It was fought on the E. shore of the lake, behind the little town of Sempach, opposite which the lake comes into full view from our road. In 1805, a portion of the water of the lake was let off, in order to gain land along its banks; thus its extent is diminished, its surface lowered, and its form somewhat altered from what it was at the time of the battle.

About 2 miles from Sempach—(Inns: Kreutz; Adler)—a small chapel, in the form of a portico, is erected to commemorate the victory, on the spot where Leopold of Austria (son of the Duke of the same name who had been defeated 71 years before at Morgarten) lost his life. The names of those who fell, both Austrians and Swiss, were inscribed on the walls, which also bear a rude fresco representation of the noble devotion of Arnold of Winkelried.

He of battle-martyrs chief!
Who, to recall his haunted years,
For victory shaped an open space,
By gathering, with a wide embrace,
Into his single heart, a shoal
Of fatal Austrian spears.

W. G. W.

He was a knight of Unterwalden, who, observing all the efforts of the Swiss to break the ranks of their enemies failed by their long lances, exclaimed, "Protect my wife and children, and I will open a path to freedom." He then rushed forward, and gathering in his arms as many lances as he could grasp, buried them in his bosom. The confederates were enabled to take advantage of the gap thus formed in the mail-clad ranks of the foe, before the Austrian lancers had time to extricate their entangled weapons from his corse. In order to oppose the Swiss, who fought on foot,

many of the Austrian nobles had dismounted to form a hurried phalanx; but the armour which rendered them almost invulnerable on horseback, and which, while they remained united and in close column, had formed so impenetrable a barrier to the attack of the Swiss, now that their ranks were broken, disabled them from coping with their light-armed and active foes. 600 nobles were slain, and more than 2000 common soldiers; while the entire force of the Swiss, who achieved this victory, is said not to have exceeded 1400 men. The conquerors founded masses for the souls of those who fell, friends as well as foes, and they are celebrated even now on the anniversary of the fight, which is a popular festival.

At Buttisholz, a village about 3 m. W. of Nothwil, and on the rt. of our road, may be seen a mound, called the *English barrow*, because it contains the bones of 3000 of our countrymen, followers of the celebrated Condottiero leader, Ingelram de Coucy, who were defeated here, 1376, by the inhabitants of Entlebuch. This Ingelram de Coucy was son-in-law of Edward III., king of England, and Earl of Bedford. Having a feud against Leopold of Austria, he not only laid waste his territories, but made devastating incursions into the neighbouring Swiss cantons, from the Jura to the gates of Berne and Zurich, until his career was suddenly arrested here by a few hundred Swiss peasants. This action put an end to a struggle known in Swiss history as the English war.

The approach to Lucerne is charming: on the l. rises the Rigi, in shape somewhat resembling a horse's back; on the rt. the Pilatus is distinguished by its serrated ridge. After crossing the small stream of the Emme by a wooden bridge, we reach the banks of the green Reuss, rushing out of the lake of Lucerne. On the rt. the new road to Berne, by

the Entlebuch, is passed. Lucerne is surrounded on this side by a battlemented wall, flanked at intervals by a number of tall watch-towers, descending to the margin of the river.

4 *LOCARNA*. Route 18.

ROUTE 5.

BASLE TO AARAU, BY THE STAFFELEGG.

10 stunden = 35 Eng. miles.

Diligences daily in 6 hours.

A Railroad is in progress.

The road is the same as Route 2, as far as

3½ Rheinfelden (p. 8). At Stein it quits the side of the Rhine, and ascends the Frickthal to

3½ Frick—(Inn: Adler)—a village of 1800 inhabitants, with a church on a height. Here our route branches out of the high road to Zurich. (R. 6.) The Frickthal and surrounding district belonged to Austria down to 1801.

1½ Stafflegg. Above this village is a depression or col in the chain of the Jura, over which an easy carriage-road has been constructed at the expense of the government of the canton. A gradual descent leads down into the valley of the Aar, which is crossed in order to enter

1½ Aarau—(Inn: Wilder Mann, (Savage)—Ochs (Bœuf)—Cigogne).—The chief town of the canton, Argovie, which was first included in the Confederation in 1803, having previously formed a subject province of canton Berne, contains 4500 inhab., and is situated on the rt. bank of the Aar. the bridge over it was swept away by an inundation in 1831. Simond called it, in 1817, "an odious little place;" but it has much improved and increased since then. It lies at the S. base of the Jura, here partly covered with vineyards. There are many extensive cotton-mills here.

The Rathhaus, in which the cantonal councils are held, includes

within its circuit the tower of a feudal castle of the Counts von Rore, which may be regarded as the nucleus of the town. In the parish church, Protestant and Catholic services are performed alternately.

Henry Zachokke, the historian and novel-writer, resides here. When the armies of the French Revolution took possession of Switzerland in 1799, and destroyed its ancient form of government, Aarau was made capital of the Helvetic Republic, but it was soon transferred to Lucerne.

The *baths of Schinznach* (p. 18) are about 10 miles from this. The road to them runs along the rt. bank of the Aar, passing several castles, the most conspicuous of which is that of Windeck. Close to Schinznach rise the ruins of the *Castle of Habsburg*, the cradle of the House of Austria (p. 18).

ROUTE 6.

BASLE TO ZÜRICH, BY BRUGG, THE BATHS OF SCHINTENACH AND BADEN.

17 stunden = 55 Eng. miles.

Diligences twice a day in 10½ hours. The road is the same as Route 5, as far as

5½ Frick (p. 15), passing through the villages of Hornussen and Effingen. The road crosses the hill of Böttsberg, whose culminating point, 1850 ft. above the sea, commands a fine view of the Alps. It was called *Mons Vocetius* by the Romans, who constructed a highway across it; and on this spot, according to Swiss antiquaries, was fought the battle so fatal to the Helvetians, in which they were defeated by Cæcina, and the Legion called by Tacitus *Rapax*, from its exactions and cruelty, A.D. 69.

Opposite the small but pleasant inn, "An der Linden," there is a remarkably fine view of the Castle of Habsburg and town of Brugg, with

the Aar in front, and the distant chain of Bernese Alps behind, including the Jungfrau and Blümli Alp. The road descends a long hill to Brugg, crossing the Aar by a wooden bridge, 70 ft. long.

3 Brugg, or Brack—*Inns*: *Rothes Haus* (Maison Rouge), best; *Stern* (Etoile),—a walled town of great antiquity, having been an ancient possession of the House of Habsburg, containing 800 inhab. The exit and entrance to it are guarded by high conical roofed towers and gates. It is the birth-place of Zimmerman, physician of Frederick the Great, who wrote on Solitude.

The country around Brugg is interesting, both in a geographical and historical point of view. In the plain, a little below the town, three of the principal rivers of Switzerland which drain the N. slopes of the Alps, from the Grisons to the Jura, the Limmat, the Reuss, and the Aar, form a junction, and, united under the name of the Aar, throw themselves into the Rhine about 10 miles below Brugg, at a place called Coblenz.

Close upon this meeting of the waters, and on the triangular tongue of land between the Aar and Reuss, stood *Vindonissa*, the most important settlement of the Romans in Helvetia, as well as their strongest fortress on this frontier, on which they placed their chief dependence for maintaining this portion of their empire. Its works extended 12 miles from N. to S. Yet scarcely any portion of it now appears above ground; traces of an amphitheatre, a subterranean aqueduct, which conveyed water from Brauneeggberg, 3 miles off, foundations of walls, broken pottery, inscriptions, and coins have been turned up by the spade from time to time, and its name is preserved in that of the miserable little village of Windisch.

Within the ancient walls of Vindonissa, the castle of Habsburg, the abbey of Königsfeld, and the town of

Druck, have successively arisen. The philosophic traveller may compare the monuments of Roman conquests, of feudal or Austrian tyranny, of monkish superstition, and of industrious freedom. If he be truly a philosopher, he will applaud the merit and happiness of his own time."

—Gibber.

Half a mile beyond the walls of Brugg stands the Abbey of Königsfelden (King's Field), founded, 1310, by the Empress Elizabeth, and Agnes, Queen of Hungary, on the spot where, two years before, their husband and father, the Emperor Albert, was assassinated. The convent was suppressed in 1538, and is now converted into a farm-house, an hospital, and a mad-house; the rest is rapidly falling to decay. The Church, though dilapidated, contains some very fine painted glass; and numerous pavement tombs, with sculptured coats of arms of a long train of nobles who fell in the battle of Sempach. The large vaults beneath were the burial-place of many members of the Austrian family, including Agnes, and Leopold, who fell at Sempach, but they were removed hence into the Austrian dominions in 1770. According to tradition the high altar stands on the spot where Albert fell. He had crossed the ferry of the Reuss in a small boat, leaving his suite on the opposite bank, and attended only by the four conspirators. The chief of these, John of Suisia, nephew of Albert—who had been instigated to the design by the wrong he endured in being kept out of his paternal inheritance by his uncle—first struck him in the throat with his lance. Helm ran him through with his sword, and Walter von Esenbach cleaved his skull with a falling-stroke. Wart, the fourth, took no share in the murder. Although the deed was so openly done, in broad day, almost under the walls of the Imperial Castle of Habsburg, and in sight of a large retinue of armed attendants, the mur-

derers were able to escape in different directions; and the imperial retainers took to flight, leaving their dying master to breathe his last in the arms of a poor peasant who happened to pass.

A peasant-girl that coyly laid upon her bosom fell,
And, shuddering not for woman's doom, the
Face of death survey'd
Alone she sat. From hill and wood her
Scent the mournful air;
Fast gushed the flood of noble blood. True-
men his wound had done.
With her long hair she vainly pressed the
wounds to staunch their tide;
Unknown, on that morn', humble breast, im-
perial Albert died.

Mrs. Hemm.

A direful vengeance was wreaked by the children of the murdered monarch, not, however, upon the murderers—for, with the exception of Wart, the only one who did not raise his hand against him, they all escaped—but upon their families, relations, and friends; and 1000 victims are believed to have expiated, with their lives, a crime of which they were totally innocent. Queen Agnes gratified her spirit of vengeance with the sight of these horrid executions, exclaiming, while 63 unfortunate men were butchered before her, "Now I bathe in May-dew!" She ended her days in the convent of Königsfelden, which she had founded and endowed with the confiscated property of those whom she had slaughtered. Penance, prayer, and alms-giving could avail but little to stifle the qualms of a guilty conscience for the bloody deeds which she had committed, and it is recorded that a holy hermit, to whom she had applied for absolution, replied to her—"Woman! God is not to be served with bloody hands, nor by the slaughter of innocent persons, nor by convents built with the plunder of orphans and widows, but by mercy and forgiveness of injuries." The building in which she passed 60 years of her life is destroyed; that which is shown as her cell is not so in

reality. There was a grove of oaks on the spot at the time the murder was committed. The tree under which Albert fell was converted into a chest to hold Agnes' jewels, and is still preserved.

About two miles from Brugg, on a wooded height called Wülpeisberg, stand the remains of the *Castle of Habsburg*, or *Habichtsburg* (Hawk's Castle), the cradle of the House of Austria, built by Count Radbod of Altenburg, 1020, an ancestor of the family. A mere fragment of the original building now exists. The tall, square keep of rough stones has walls 8 ft. thick; and beneath it a dungeon, to be entered only by a trap-door in the floor above. The view from it is picturesque and interesting; the eye ranges along the course of the three rivers, over the site of the Roman *Vindonissa* and *Königsfelden*, the sepulchre of imperial Albert: on the S. rises the ruined castle of *Brugg*, which belonged to the sons of the tyrant Gessler; and below it *Birr*, where *Pestalozzi*, the teacher, died, and is buried. It takes in at a single glance the whole Swiss patrimony of the Habsburgs—an estate far more limited than that of many a British peer—from which Rudolph was called to wield the sceptre of Charlemagne. The House of Austria were deprived of their Swiss territories by papal ban, 150 years after Rudolph's elevation: but it is believed that the ruin has again become the property of the Austrian Emperor by purchase.

Below the castle, at the foot of the *Wülpeisberg*, and about 3 miles from Brugg, lie the *Baths of Schatzsuch*, also called *Habsburger Bad*, the most frequented watering-place in Switzerland. The principal buildings are the *Great Inn* (*Grosser Gasthof*) and the *Bath-house*, in a semi-circular form. "There are six apartments, with large sitting-rooms, and 300 beds. The *table d'hôte* saloon is

180 Pr. ft. long, and 300 persons frequently sit down to dinner together in the season. There are 100 baths all exactly alike, lined with Dutch tiles. Each visitor has his own bath for the time he remains, and there is an admirable contrivance for ventilating it. What pleased us most in this vast establishment was the attention which is paid to the wants of the poor. There is accommodation for 90 persons both in baths and beds, and they are provided with these, as well as with medical attendance, free of all expense. There are funds, likewise, for their maintenance, which are increased by a poor-box carried round every Sunday by a lady and gentleman at the *table d'hôte*. There are two resident physicians. The water is 60° Fahr.; it tastes strong of sulphur, Epsom, and Glauber salts, by no means a palatable draught. The visitors are chiefly French,—very few English; hence, though provisions are dear in this country, the *table-d'hôte* costs only 3 fr." L. Fr. The waters are efficacious in cutaneous disorders, in rheumatism and gout, and for wounds. *Schintzsch* owes little to nature except its waters. Some pretty walks have been made near the houses, and winding paths, under the shade of trees, lead up the hill to Habsburg.

RAILS TO SCHATZ—(continued).

A Railway is projected up the valley of the *Limmat*, 1846.

On quitting Brugg, the road passes the convent of *Königsfelden*, traverses *Oderdorf* (near which are scanty remains of a Roman amphitheatre), and skirts on the l. the village of *Windisch* (p. 16), before it crosses the river *Reuss*. It then proceeds up the l. bank of the *Limmat* to

2. *Baden* — (*Inn*. *Wango* (*Balneo*); the best hotels are across the water at the baths).—This ancient walled town, of 1800 inhabitants is squeezed within a narrow defile on

the l. bank of the Limmat, here crossed by a wooden bridge. The ruins of the *Castle*, nearly as large as the place itself, overlook it from a rocky eminence. It was anciently the strong-hold of the Austrian princes, and their residence while Switzerland belonged to them. Here were planned the expeditions against the Swiss, which were frustrated at Morgarten and Sempach. At length when the Pope, in 1415, excommunicated the Archduke Frederick, the Swiss took it and burnt it. In the *Rathhaus* of Baden the preliminaries preceding the treaty of peace which terminated the war of Succession, were arranged by Prince Eugene on the part of Austria, and by Marshal Villars for France, in 1712.

Baden, like its namesakes in Baden and Austria, was frequented on account of its mineral waters by the Romans, who called it *Therma Helvetica*. It was sacked and destroyed by Cæsar.

The *Baths*—(*Ans*: *Stadthof*, best; *Hinterhof*; *Reade*)—are situated on the borders of the Limmat, $\frac{1}{2}$ mile below, or N. of the town. They are resorted to between the months of June and September by numerous visitors, chiefly natives of Switzerland. The waters are warm and sulphureous, having a temperature of 88 Reaum., and are good for rheumatism, &c.

The *Great Baths*, on the l. bank of the river, are frequented by the upper classes—those on the opposite side by the lower orders.

The Swiss Baden, though not equal in beauty to its namesakes in other parts of Europe, has considerable attractions in the country around it, which is particularly interesting to the geologist, as affording proofs of the great convulsion of nature, by which the Limmat and other rivers descending from the Alps forced their way through the opposing barrier of the Jura, to join the Rhine and the

sea. The rocky heights on each side of the river—the one surmounted by the ruined castle, the other partly covered by vineyards—form the portal through which this great eruption of waters was poured out. Before this gorge was formed, Baden and the country above it must have been a vast lake.

Agreeable walks are made for invalids by the side of the Limmat, and many pleasant excursions may be made in the country around—the most interesting being that described above, to Schinznach (8 miles), by Windisch, Königsfelden, and Habsburg.

Roman relics are constantly discovered in this district. Gambling appears to have been a prevailing vice among the visitors to the baths, and the Roman Legions stationed here, since a neighbouring field has obtained the name of *Dice Meadow* (*Wurfel Wies*), from the quantity of dice dug up in it.

The pleasantest road to Zürich from Baden is said to be that along the rt. bank of the Limmat. It passes at the distance of about 3 miles the convent of Wettingen, a vast pastoral building with many courts, gardens, &c., surrounded by a high wall, situated in an angle formed by a bend of the river. It was suppressed by the council of the canton (Aarau). Its church, founded in 1227, contains tombs of some early counts of Habsburg and Kyburg, the stone coffin in which the body of the Emperor Albert was interred for 14 months after his murder, painted glass, carved stalls, &c.

The route taken by the diligences follows the l. bank of the Limmat to $\frac{3}{4}$ Dietikon. Near this village the French, under Massena, crossed the river, Sept. 24, 1799,—a masterly movement which led to the defeat of the Russians and the capture of Zürich.

$\frac{1}{2}$ Zürich. In Route 2.

ROUTE 7.

SCHAFFHAUSEN TO CONSTANCE.

SCHAFFHAUSEN. — (*Inn*: Hotel Weber, 2½ miles outside the town, close to the Rhine-fall, and commanding a fine view of it and of the Alps: 80 rooms; table-d'hôte at 1 and 5, omnibus to meet the steamers and coaches.) The diligence to Basle passes the door.—*In the town*: Fasn. Couronne, good and clean. Lion, small, but comfortable. There is a Swiss Extra-post house here, where horses are supplied for the first stage on the roads to Constance and Basle.

Schaffhausen, a town of 7500 inhabitants, stands on the rt. bank of the Rhine, just above the spot where the rapids and falls commence, which render that river unnavigable as far as Basle. It was originally a landing-place and magazine, at which the portage of goods began and ended, and owes its origin and name to the boat or *stiff houses*, here erected. It is distinguished above almost every other town in Switzerland by the antique architecture of its houses, whose fronts and projecting oriel windows are decorated with carvings and stucco-work. Many of them were originally entirely covered externally with fresco paintings, but of these there are now few examples: the house called Zum Ritter, nearly opposite the Couronne, is one of the most remarkable of those that remain. The houses or *halls* of the ancient *Guilds*, or *Zünfte*, are worthy of attention on account of their quaint inscriptions and allusive ornaments. The wall and turreted gateways of the town have been preserved, and furnish very picturesque subjects for the pencil.

It is almost exclusively on account of its vicinity to the celebrated Falls of the Rhine that Schaffhausen is visited. It has little resort, except from the passage of travellers, it be-

ing one of the portals of Switzerland, and there is little within the town to deserve notice. On the height above it rises the curious and perfect feudal castle called *Unoth* or *Münst* (*Munitio*?). Its towers have walls of great thickness (18 feet), said to be of Roman(?) construction; the building, however, was not finished in its present state till 1554. It is provided with bomb-proof casemates, capable of sheltering many hundred persons. Many subterranean passages lead from it.

The *Minster*—originally the Abbey of all Saints—was founded 1052. It is a building in the Romanesque, or round arched style, remarkable for its antiquity, the solidity of its construction, and as exhibiting an unaltered specimen of that style. The arches of the nave are supported by single circular columns, and those in the centre of the transept by square piers of the most massive kind. The cloister attached to the church contains a profusion of monuments of the magistrates and patrician families.

The celebrated wooden bridge over the Rhine, of a single arch, 345 feet in span, was burnt by the French in 1799, and is replaced by one of the most ordinary construction. A model of the original may be seen in the town library: the architect was a carpenter from Appenzell, named Grubmann.

The Town Library contains the collection of books of the celebrated Swiss historian Müller, who was born here.

Diligences go daily hence to Zürich, to Domschchingen and Freiburg (on the road to Strasburg and Frankfurt); to Constance; to Berne (by Sarnach, Brugg, and Schintzmach); to Stuttgart, and to Ulm and Augsburg.

A steamer runs 5 times a week between Schaffhausen and Constance.

THE FALLS OF THE RHINE.

The Falls are about 3 miles below Schaffhausen; the road to Zürich passes within a quarter of a mile of them.—(See: Weber's (see p. 20), 10 minutes' walk from the fall; Blenker's, at Schloss Laufen, on the l. bank.)

These quarters are convenient for those who would enjoy the aspect of the cataract at various hours, at sunrise and by moonlight. It will take at least 2 hours to see the falls thoroughly, including the time occupied in crossing and re-crossing the river. Close to the fall is an iron furnace; the wheels of the hammers are turned by the fall, and the draught caused by the rush of the waters supplies the place of bellows.

The best mode of visiting the Falls from Schaffhausen is to hire a boat from thence (costs 48 kreutz.), and descend the river, which already forms a succession of rapids, by no means dangerous under the guidance of a boatman accustomed to the river. When the increased celerity of the current and the audible roar announce that the skiff is approaching the falls, the steersman makes for the l. bank, and lands his passengers under the picturesque castle of *Lauffen*, situated on a high rock overlooking the fall, within the Canton of Zürich. It is occupied and rented by an artist who speaks English, and charges 1 franc admission for each person. He has many pretty views of the Rhine, &c., for sale, also maps and guide-books.

The advantage of approaching the fall on this side is, that nothing is seen of it until it is at once presented in its most magnificent point of view, from the little pavilion perched on the edge of the cliff immediately above it. Its appearance from the opposite side of the river is tame in comparison, and the first impression from thence, made by the finest cataract in Europe, will most probably prove disappointing. Several flights of very

rude and slippery wooden steps conduct from this pavilion to a projecting stage, or rude balcony, of stout timbers, thrown out, like the bowsprit of a ship, from the vertical cliff to within a few feet of the fall. It actually overhangs the roaring about, and, though perfectly secure, seems to tremble under the impulse of the water. Here, covered with the spray, the traveller may enjoy the full grandeur of this *hell of waters*; and it is only by this close proximity, amidst the tremendous roar and the unintermitted rush of the river, passing with the swiftness of an arrow above his head and beneath his feet, that a true notion can be formed of the stupendous nature of this cataract. The best time for seeing the fall is about 8 in the morning, when the iris floats within the spray (provided the sun shines), and by moonlight. The river is usually most full in the month of July. The Rhine, above the fall, is about 300 feet broad; the height of the fall varies from 60 feet on one side to 45 on the other; but, including the rapids above, the entire descent is not less than 100 feet. Two isolated pillars of rock standing in the middle of the stream divide the fall into 3 shoots. Seen from behind, these pinnacles appear eaten away by the constant friction of the water, and tottering to their fall; yet, though the rock is soft, the waste of it within the memory of man has not been perceptible.

The river, after its leap, forms a large semicircular bay, as it were to rest itself, the sides of which are perpetually chafed by the heaving billows. Here, in front of the fall, on the rt. bank, stands the *Castle of Worth*, a square tower, containing a camera obscura, which shows the fall in another and a very singular point of view. From this tower to the foot of the rock on which the castle of Lauffen stands, several boats ply, to ferry visitors across, charging 4 bats each! The boats are much used

about in their passage, but make it without risk, provided they keep clear of the eddies. "It is possible to reach the central rock in a boat from Schloss Wörth without danger; and those who have a steady head may ascend it, and view the fall from this vantage-ground."—B.

Schaffhausen to Constance.

9 stunden = 29½ English miles.

Diligence daily, along the S. or Swiss bank of the Rhine, in 5 hours.

A steamer 5 times a week, ascending the Rhine to Constance in 6 or 8 hours against the current; descending in 3 or 4 hours. It does not take carriages.

The journey may be made more expeditiously by following the road through *Baden*, on the N. side of the Rhine, then along the Swiss side of the river, because it is provided with post-horses.

The relays are—

1½ Randegg. Here is the Baden Custom-house. Beyond this is passed—

Eingen—(Inn, poor and extortionate). Near this place you pass at the foot of *Hohentwiel*. The castle is now dismantled. The lofty rock upon which it stands gives it the appearance of an Indian hill-fort.

2½ Radolfzell—(Inn: Poste, good)—a desolate town, with a fine church, in the true German-Gothic style.

The scenery throughout the whole of this road is exceedingly agreeable, often striking. The woods abound in most splendid butterflies. Collections of these insects may be bought at Singen, and also at Radolfzell.

The Rhine here, suddenly contracted from a lake to a river, is crossed by a wooden bridge, in order to reach

3 Constance. (In the next page.)

The Swiss Road runs along the l. bank of the Rhine, past the Nunneries of *Paradies* and *Katherinethal*, the former belonging to the order of St. Clara, the latter of St. Dominic; but the revenues and the number of sisters

in both are now much reduced. The Austrian army under the Archduke Charles crossed the Rhine at *Paradies* 1799.

1½ Diessenhofen.—(Inn: Adler.)

2 Stein—(Inn: Schwan; Krons)—a town of 1270 inhab., on the rt. bank of the Rhine, belonging to *Schaffhausen*, united by a wooden bridge with a suburb on the l. bank. The Abbey of *St George* is a very ancient ecclesiastical foundation. The owners of the ruined castle of *Hohenklingen*, situated on the rocky height, were originally the feudal seigniors of the town, but the citizens obtained independence from their masters by purchase.

3 miles E. of Stein, at a height of between 500 and 600 feet above the Rhine, are situated the Quarries of *Ehningen*, remarkable for the vast abundance of fossil remains of terrestrial and fresh-water animals found in them, including mammalia, birds, reptiles, fishes, shells, insects, and plants, some of them identical with species now living. The most curious discovery is that of the perfect skeleton of a fossil fox, made by Sir Roderick Murchison: a very large tortoise had previously been brought to light. The beds of rock in which the quarries are worked consist of marls, limestones, shales, and building-stone. They lie immediately above the formation called *Molasse*, and differ in their organic contents from all other fresh-water formations hitherto discovered.

Above Stein the Rhine expands into a lake called *Untersee* (lower lake), connected again by the Rhine at its upper extremity with the larger Lake of Constance. In the midst of it is the pretty island *Reichenau*. *Feldbach*, also a nunnery, belonging to sisters of the Cistercian order, is passed before reaching

3 Steckborn.

Itznang, a small village on the opposite shore of the lake, within the territory of *Baden*, is the birth-place

of Menner, the inventor of animal magnetism.

Near the village of Burlingen the pretty *château* of the Duchess of Dino appears; and a little further that of Armburg, once the residence of the late Duchess of St. Lou (Hortense, ex-Queen of Holland), and of her son Prince Louis, before he attempted his futile revolution at Strasbourg, and his descent upon Boulogne:—since sold to a gentleman of Neuchâtel.

1½ Ermatingen.

"In the broad part of the Rhine, where it is still rather a lake than a river, is the *Isle of Reichenau*, anciently famed for a Monastery founded by one of the successors of Charlemagne, of which the Church (partly Romanesque) and Treasury remain. In the Treasury are to be seen the shrine of St. Fortunata, an ivory ciborium, a crosier, a crozier, and a missal of the xth century."—F. S.

The Castle of Gottlieben, on the L. of the road, built by the Bishops of Constance 1250, on the Rhine, at the point where it enters the Untersee, is remarkable for having been the prison of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, who were confined within its dungeons by order of the Emperor Sigismund and Pope John XXIII. The latter was himself transferred a few months later to the same prison, by order of the Council of Constance. In 1454 Felix Hammerlin (Malcolus), the most learned and enlightened man of his time in Switzerland, was also imprisoned here. The building is now private property.

Petershausen, on the rt. bank of the Rhine opposite Constance, was originally a free abbey of the empire.

2½ CONSTANCE. — Inns. Post; (Golden Adler, Aigle d'Or) good; Brochet (*Hecht*), very good, looking over the lake, partly new, and very attentive landlord. Hotel Delais—outside the territory of the Customs League, just beyond the gate where you are searched.

"Mr. Koppier, landlord of the

Hecht, is an accomplished fisherman, as well as a civil and attentive host: he has excellent rods, nets, punts, and all appliances for fishing, which he lets out on moderate terms. He has also very extensive water privilege in and around Constance. In short the Angler can find no better quarters in Switzerland than in his house."—W. R. A., R. J. R.

Constance, a decayed city, of 7200 inhab., instead of 40,000, which it once possessed, is remarkable for its antiquity, since its streets and many of its buildings remain unaltered since the 15th century. Although situated on the L. or Swiss bank of the Rhine, it belongs to Baden. It is connected with the opposite shore by a long wooden covered bridge, and occupies a projecting angle of ground at the W. extremity of the Bodensee, or lake of Constance; its agreeable position and interesting historical associations make amends for the want of life perceptible within its venerable walls. It has of late, however, revived considerably; the government have formed, at a large expense, a Port on the lake, which facilitates the navigation, while it is an ornament to the town.

The Minister is a handsome Gothic structure, begun 1062, with fine open-work turrets in the W. end; the doors of the main portal between the two towers are of oak, curiously carved with a representation of the Passion of our Lord, executed in 1470 by one Simon Bander. The nave is supported by sixteen pillars, each of a single block, and dates from the 13th century. The spot where the "Arch-heretic Huss" stood, as sentence of death by burning was pronounced on him by his unrighteous judges, is still pointed out. Robert Hallam, Bishop of Salisbury, who presided over the English deputation to the council, is buried here, in front of the high altar, "under a tomb, which is very remarkable, as being of English brass; which is fully

proved by the workmanship. It was probably sent over from England by his executors. He wears the order of the Garter. Two sides of the ancient cloisters, whose arches are filled in with exquisitely beautiful tracery, are yet standing. The other sides were not long since destroyed by fire. By the side of the cathedral is a curious circular chapel, perhaps a baptistery, in the centre of which is a Gothic model of the Holy Sepulchre."

There are some curious relics in the Sacristy, also a beautiful Gothic fire-place and piscina, superior to those at Conratty. In the Vestry room above are a range of singular cupboards or presses of carved oak, none of a later date than the xvth century. There is a beautiful view from the tower of the cathedral, W. over the lake, and mountains of Tyrol, and E. over the valley of the Rhine.

"The Dominican Convent, now a cotton-printing establishment, is very interesting. The place is still shown where Huss was confined, though the stone chamber itself has been removed (at least all that remained of it) to the Kaufhaus. The church forms a picturesque ruin, in the early style of German Gothic. The chapter-house is even older. The cloisters are perfect. The little island upon which this building stands was fortified by the Romans, and a portion of the wall, towards the lake, can yet be discerned."—P.

In the *Hall of the Kaufhaus* (built 1388), looking towards the lake, the *Great Council of Constance* held its sittings, 1414-18, in a large room supported by wooden pillars. That famous assembly, composed, not of bishops alone, like the ancient councils, but of deputies, civil and ecclesiastical, from the whole of Christendom, including princes, cardinals (30), patriarchs (4), archbishops (20), bishops (150), professors of universities and doctors of theology (300), besides a host of ambassadors, inferior

prelates, abbots, priors, &c., was convened for the purpose of remedying the abuses of the church; and as those abuses began with its head, the proceedings were prefaced by a declaration that a council of the church has received, by Divine right, an authority in religious matters, even over that of the pope. It exerted its influence in curbing the Papal power, by deposing the infamous John XXIII. and Benedict XIII., and by electing in their place Martin V. But there is one act of this council which fixes lasting and odious celebrity on it—the treacherous seizure and cruel murder of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, in spite of the safe conduct granted to the former by the Emperor Sigismund, the president of the assembly.

The chairs occupied by the emperor and pope, the Bible of Huss, a model of the dungeon, now destroyed, in which he was confined, of the same size as the original, and in which the actual door and other fragments have been incorporated; the car on which he was drawn to execution; the figure of Abraham which supported the pulpit from the Minister, and which the people mistook for Huss, and defaced accordingly, and some other relics of the council, still remain in the hall, besides a collection of Roman and German antiquities, dug up in the neighbourhood. 1 P. fr. is charged for admission.

The house in which Huss lodged, bearing a rude likeness of him, is pointed out in the Paul's Strasse, near the Schnetzthor. He was thrown into prison, soon after his arrival, in the *Franciscan Convent*, now a ruin, whence he was removed to a more irksome dungeon, affording scarcely room to move, in the before-mentioned *Dominican Convent*.

The field—outside of the town, in the suburb of Brühl, in which he suffered martyrdom, with a fortitude which moved even his judges and executioners to admiration—say, even

the place where the stake was planted, are still pointed out; and rude images of Huss and Jerome, formed of clay taken from the spot, are offered for sale to the stranger.

In 1474 a perpetual treaty of peace was concluded at Constance, between Sigismund of Austria and the Swiss Confederation, which put an end to the contests which had endured for more than a century and a half, beginning with the fights of Morgarten and Sempach. Constance belonged to the crown of Austria from 1549 to 1805, when, by the treaty of Presburg, it was transferred to Baden. Since 1802 it has ceased to be a bishopric. The spirit of industry is reviving, and several manufactories of cotton, two of muslin, and one of silk, have recently sprung up.

Petershausen, on the opposite bank of the Rhine, was until 1803 a Benedictine monastery; it is now a chateau of the Grand Duke. It is still surrounded by its ancient stone and ramparts. 3 interesting Excursions may be made hence; to Reichenau (p. 23), Meinau, and Heiligenberg. The island of Meinau, about 4 m. N. of Constance, is one of the prettiest private residences in Germany. It is well cultivated, yet with no want of trees, forming a nice little estate. The Palace is very large; it was once a commandery of the Knights of the Teutonic Order, and retains a series of their portraits, and some good pictures of Miss Ellenried. From the balcony or from the terrace of the garden there is a magnificent view over the lake, of the mountains of the Vorarlberg and Appenzell, among which the Sentis is pre-eminent. Nearer at hand the cultivated German shores, with the towns of Mörsberg, Friedrichshafen, &c., complete the picture. Meinau now belongs to the Countess Langenstein: it is approached by a wooden foot-bridge $\frac{1}{2}$ m. long, connecting it with the shore; there is an inn on the island.

Diligences daily to Zurich, Schaff-
Switz.

hausen, Coire, St. Gall, Strasburg, and Frankfurt.

8 or 10 steamers daily between Constance and the different ports of the lake. They correspond with the Diligences, to Milan, at Rorschach; with the Eilwagen for Stuttgart at Friedrichshafen, and with that to Augsburg and Munich at Lindau:—thus maintaining a daily communication between Constance and these cities.

A steamer to Schaffhausen in 4 hours, returning in 7 or 8, from April to October, 5 days a week.

The *Lake of Constance* is described in Route 66.

ROUTE 8.

SCHAFFHAUSEN TO ZÜRICH, BY BOLHAU.

9 stunden = 29½ Eng. miles.

Diligence twice a day, in about 5 hours.

There is another road, somewhat longer and more hilly, on the l. side of the Rhine, by Andelfingen — (*Isa*: Bär)—a village of 2000 inhab., and the large manufacturing town of Winterthur (5 stunden), described in *Route 7*.

The route by Eggen passes within a short distance of the Rhine-fall. The roar of the cataract is audible 4 or 5 miles off in a calm night, and the column of vapour from it—"rising like incense from the altar of nature"—is visible at a considerable distance. A corner of the territory of Baden, including the villages of Jestetten and Lostetten, is traversed before reaching

4 Eggen—(The Lion d'Or is a clean little *Isa* by the river side; Hirsch, Stag).—A little town of 1600 inhab., in a contracted valley on the rt. bank of the Rhine, which here flows in a dark green stream, between wooded hills, and is crossed by a covered wooden bridge. This road is much traversed by pilgrims to the

shrine of our Lady of Einsiedeln (Route 74); and the traveller encounters, at every step, troops of the poor peasantry of the Black Forest, religiously counting their beads, and muttering their aves and paternosters. From the heights above the town of

1½ **Bülach** (4000 inhab.) the snowy Alps may be discerned in fine weather, with the Rhine in the middle distance.

2 **Kloten.**

The descent upon Zürich, between vineyards and gardens, amidst neat villas and taverns, with the windings of the Limmat, and the lake and town of Zürich in front, is very pleasing. A little to the rt. of the road rises the hill of *Weid*, 3 miles from Zürich, commanding the finest view of the town and neighbourhood. A short distance outside of the town may be seen the junction of the Sihl with the Limmat. Since 1483, Zürich has ceased to be a fortress, a large portion of the ramparts are swept away, and the stranger finds himself within its walls without encountering drawbridges and battlements as heretofore. On a height to the l. appear the handsome buildings of the Canton's-school and Hospital.

1½ **Zürich**—*Inns* Hotel Beau, a large, handsome, comfortable house, with a reading-room and a belvedere on the roof, commanding the view of the lake and Alps, situated opposite the new post-office, on the l. bank of the Limmat. *H. du Lac*;—*Couronne* (Krone), on the rt. bank of the Limmat, commands a fine view, and is good. *Schwerdt* (Epke) improved; *Ballevee* (formerly Corbuse).

Zürich, the most important manufacturing town of Switzerland, and the capital of a canton distinguished above all others for prosperous industry, has 14,500 inhab., and lies at the N. end of the lake of Zürich, and on the banks of the Limmat, just where it issues out of the lake in a rapid and healthful stream, clear as crystal. A Roman station, *Turicum*,

sited on this spot, probably gave rise both to the town and its name. Zürich is the seat of the Swiss Diet (Vocort) alternately with Berne and Lucerne, for a period of two years together. The flourishing condition of the town is visible in the improvements going forward in it, in the number of the new buildings in and around it. The banks of the lake and Limmat, and all the neighbouring hills, are thickly dotted over with houses, now united with the town itself by the removal of the useless and inconvenient ramparts, and forming a wide circle of suburbs.

Apart from its agreeable situation, and thriving manufactures, there is not much to be seen in Zürich. There are no fine buildings here: that of the most consequence is the Cathedral, or *Gross Münster*, on the rt. bank of the Limmat. It is venerable from its age, having been built in the 10th or 11th century, and worthy of respect from having been the scene of Zwingli's bold preachings of Reformation in the church, and amendment of morals. It is a heavy, massive building, in a style of architecture resembling that called Norman in England, very plain within and without, but interesting in the eye of the architect and antiquary. Its nave is supported on square pillars and round arches; beneath it is a very perfect crypt. Its circular portal, and the adjoining cloisters raised upon small low triple arches, with slender columns and capitals of various patterns, fantastically carved, are very curious.

The house in which the reformer Zwingli passed the last six years of his life is still standing: it is No. 106 in the *Grosse Stadt*.

The Church of *St. Peter* (with the large clock), on the l. bank of the Limmat, had for its minister, for 28 years, *Lavater*, the author of the renowned work on Physiognomy, who was born at Zürich. On the capture of the town by the French army,

September 26, 1799, he was shot, within a few steps of his own door, by a brutal French soldier, to whom, but two minutes before, he had given wine and offered money, and while he was in the act of assisting another soldier who had been wounded. A high reward was offered by Massena, the French commander, for the discovery of the murderer; but, though known to Lavater and his family, he refrained from informing against him. After lingering through three months of excruciating agony, he expired, Jan. 2, 1801, at the parsonage: his grave is marked by a simple stone in the churchyard of St. Anne; where Ebel, author of the *Swiss Guide*, and Bucher von der Linth (p. 23), are also buried.

The *Rathhaus*, a massive square building close to the lower bridge, and opposite the *Sword Inn*, is the place of meeting of the *Diet*, when it assembles at Zürich. In the council-chamber is an extravagant painting of the Oath at Grütli, by *Henry Füssli* (properly *Füssli*), who was born here.

The *Town Library*, close to the New stone bridge, in a building formerly a church (*Wasserkirche*), contains, in addition to 45,000 printed volumes and MSS., three autograph Latin letters of *Lady Jane Grey*, addressed to Ballinger, in a beautifully clear and regular hand—a few grammatical errors have been remarked in them; Zwingli's Greek bible, with marginal notes (chiefly Hebrew) by himself; a Roman inscription, giving the ancient name of Zürich *Turicum*; a bust of Lavater, by *Donner*; a portrait of Zwingli and his daughter, by *Hans Asper*; a model in relief of a large part of Switzerland; some very curious fossils from *Obhingen*, including one described by *Schwenker* as a human skull, though in reality a portion of a lizard—fossils of the *Glarus* slate, chiefly *Schists*, from the *Plattenberg*.

The *Old Arsenal* (*Alt-Senghaus*),

near to *Baur's Hotel*, contains some ancient armour; also a cross-bow, said to be (?) that with which *William Tell* shot the apple from his son's hand; and several tattered standards, taken by the Swiss from their enemies, including one of *Charles the Bold* of Burgundy. This collection is inferior to those in several other Swiss cantons.

In 1832-3, a *University* was established at Zürich, and many professors, expelled from other countries for their political opinions, have repaired hither as teachers. The most eminent among them is *Oken*. As yet the number of students is not great. The building of the suppressed *Augustine* convent has been appropriated to its use, and considerable additions to it are contemplated. The *Library* contains many original MSS. of the early reformers; and the *Museum of Natural History* some good specimens of Swiss minerals and fossils, together with the *Herbarium* of *John Gessner*, and a zoological collection.

One of the most pleasing features about Zürich is its *Promenades* and points of view. One of the best of them is an elevated mound, once forming part of the ramparts, and called *Cats' Bastion*, now included in the *New Botanical Garden*, which is prettily laid out in walks and shrubberies, and opened to the public without restriction, a privilege not abused: it commands a delightful view of the town, lake, and distant Alps. Nothing can be more delightful than the view at sunset from this point, extending over the smiling and populous shores of the beautiful lake to the distant peaks and glaciers of the Alps of *Glarus*, *Uri*, and *Schwytz*, tinged with the most delicate pink by the sinking rays. The most prominent and interesting of the Alpine peaks seen from this, beginning at the E., are the *Sentis* in *Appenzell*, *Glarus*, *Dedi*, *Klariden* in *Glarus*, *Achenberg*, *Rosberg*, and *Uri Rothstock*.

The *Habs Promenade*, another rampart on the rt. bank of the Limmat, also commands a good view, but more confined than the former. Those who desire a complete panorama should ascend either the *Hüfberg*, about 3 m. E. of Zürich, one of the Albis range of hills, whose summit, 2702 ft. high, is easily accessible in 1½ hour, or the *Weid*, a hill about 8 m. N. of the town, where an inn has been built.

The triangular piece of ground at the junction of the Limmat and Sihl, below the town, called *Schützen-Platz*, is also a public walk. It is planted with shady avenues, but commands no view. Here is a simple monument to the memory of Solomon Gessner, author of "*The Death of Abel*," who was a native of Zürich.

Zürich is historically remarkable as the place where the Reformation first commenced in Switzerland, under the guidance and preaching of Ulric Zwingli, in 1519. It had already, at an earlier period, afforded safe and hospitable shelter to Arnold of Brescia, when driven out of Italy for inveighing against the temporal power of the Pope. It was the asylum of many eminent English Protestants banished by the persecutions of the reign of Queen Mary: they met with a friendly reception from its inhabitants during their exile. The first entire English version of the Bible, by Miles Coverdale, was printed here in 1535.

Zürich is the native place of Hammerlin, the reformer: of Gessner, the poet, and Gessner, the naturalist; of Lavater; and of Pestalozzi, the teacher.

The principal Manufactures are those of silk, the weaving of which occupies many thousands in the town and along the shores of the lake. There are one or two large cotton-factories. The cotton and silk goods made in the neighbourhood, and in other parts of the canton, are the object of an extensive commerce with Germany and Italy. Mr. Escher's

large manufactory of machinery employs 700 persons, including several English overseers. Most of the iron steamers plying on the Swiss lakes are made by him. Many of the manufacturers of Zürich have the reputation of great wealth, without much polish; hence the expression, "*Grossier comme un Züricher*."

A fine Hospital behind the new promenade, an Orphan House (*Waisenhaus*), an Asylum for blind and deaf (*Blinden Institut*), and a stone bridge over the river, have risen up within a few years.

The Museum Club contains a capital reading-room, where *Galignani*, *The Times*, *John Bull*, *Examiner*, *Athenæum*, and *Literary Gazette*, *Quarterly* and *Edinburgh Reviews* are taken in; besides more than 300 of the best Continental journals. Travellers can be introduced for a few days by a member. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m.

At the shop of Henry Füssli and Co., near the stone bridge, will be found the best collection of maps, views, &c., such as travellers often require to supply themselves with.

The Post Office is a handsome building, faced with Doric pillars, erected 1836, near the *Liebfrauen Kirche*. A letter reaches England in 6 days.

Diligences go daily to Schaffhausen, Constance, Basle, Bern, Neuchâtel, Lucerne, Schwytz, Winterthur, and St. Gall, Rapperschwil, and Coire; four times a week to Glarus.

Steam-boats go twice a-day from Zürich to the other end of the lake (*Rapperschwil* and *Schmätikon*) and back. Diligences convey passengers thence to Wassen, where another steamer is prepared to carry them across the lake to Wallenstadt. (Route 14.) Travellers proceeding to the Rigi may take the boat as far as Horgen. (pp. 32 and 36.)

The swiftness (*Lohnkutschers*) of Zürich have the reputation of being extortioners and unkind. The writer

can, from experience, recommend as an exception to this rule (if rule it be) one Jacob Aberli, living in the Hirschgasse, as having served him with honesty, punctuality, and civility, for more than four weeks.

ROUTE 9.

ZÜRICH TO CONSTANCE, BY WINTER-
THUR.

12 stunden = 39½ Eng. miles.

A diligence daily in 9 hours.

The new road keeps to the level ground all the way; it passes through Schwammendingen and Töss.

On the banks of the Töss, about 3 miles on the rt. of the road, and nearly 4 miles from Winterthur, rises the *Castle of Kyburg*, memorable in history as the seat of a powerful family of counts, who, between the 9th and 13th centuries, gained possession of the N. of Switzerland, as far as the Rhine and lake of Constance, and numbered as their dependents and vassals 100 lords of minor castles, now for the most part in ruins. The line becoming extinct in 1264, their domains fell to the share of Rudolph of Habsburg; and the Austrian family, though long since deprived of them, still retains among its titles that of Count of Kyburg.

The ancient Dominican Convent of Töss, on the road, now converted into a factory, was the chosen retreat of the Empress Agnes after the murder of her father, Albert of Austria. Here her daughter-in-law, St. Elizabeth of Hungary, took the veil, and died in the odour of sanctity: her monument, with the arms of Hungary, is visible in the existing church. The cloisters, built with the church in 1469, are ornamented with fresco paintings from the Old and New Testaments.

4½ Winterthur — (Inns: Wilder Mann, excellent J. D.;—Soupe)—an industrious manufacturing town, of 4600 inhabitants (Protestants); consisting of two long parallel streets,

crossed by eight smaller ones at right angles. The *New School* is the only conspicuous building.

The weaving of muslin and the printing of cotton are the most thriving branches of industry here.

2½ Franenfeld—(Inns: Krone, best but indifferent; Hirsch)—the chief town of the canton Thurgovie (German. Thurgau), has 2450 inhab., and is situated on the river Murg, which sets in motion the wheels of several cotton, dyeing, and printing mills. It is a mean and uninteresting little place. The *Castle*, on a basement of rock fronting the Murg, was built in the 11th centy. by one of the vassals of the Counts of Kyburg.

On a hill to the S. of the town stands the Capuchin Convent, founded in 1595, now occupied by only 7 or 8 brothers.

1 Pfyn, a village on the Thur, was, in Roman times, a frontier fort, called *Ad Flæs*; whence its modern name.

½ Mühlheim.

1½ Waldi. A wooden tower has been erected on the summit of a hill near this, called *Hohenrain*, on account of the extensive view it commands.

2½ CONSTANCE, in Route 7.

ROUTE 10.

ZÜRICH TO ST. GALL.

14½ stunden = 48 English miles.

A diligence goes daily.

The road is the same as Route 9, and the country dull, as far as

4½ Winterthur. Hence by Elgg and Datwyl, crossing the Murg to

3½ Münchwyl.

1 Wyl, 2000 inhab.: several convents.

2 Flahwyl, station of post-horses, by the Kratzeren bridge (Route 69), to-

3½ St. Gall. Route 66.

The post-distances on this road within Canton St. Gall (§ 5. Introduction) are, from St. Gall to

1½ Flawyl. There are manufactories of muslin here.

1½ Wyl.

N.B. A far more interesting road is by Rapperschwell, Lichtensteig, and Herisau. (Route 69.)

ROUTE 13.

ZÜRICH TO BERNE, BY BADEN AND LENSBURG.

23 stunden = 75½ English miles.
Kilometers twice a-day, in 14 hours.
—As far as

4½ Baden, the road is the same as Route 6. This route is very circuitous. There is a more direct road, turning off at Dietikon to Lensburg, through Bremgarten (*Inns*: Drei Könige, Hirsch), a small town on a height above the Reuss, where the present King of the French lived concealed, under the name of Corti, in the house of General Montesquieu, while his sister Madame Adelaide and Mad. de Genlis found refuge in a nunnery, 1793-4-5.

At Mellingen, the river Reuss is crossed by a wooden bridge of one arch, built by Grabenmann, the carpenter of Schaffhausen. Some have supposed that the battle in which the Roman general Cæcina beat the Helvetians, A. D. 70, was fought here.

3 Lensburg—(*Inns*: Löwe, good; Krone;)—a manufacturing town of 9000 inhab., on the Aa, a stream which drains the lake of Halwyl. The old gothic *Castle* on the summit of a sandstone cliff is now converted into a school, on the plan of that at Hofwyl.

At a village called Hunsenschwyl, the road to Aarau turns off to the right, and that from Schintzmach and Brugg joins our route.

1½ Suhr. On the right rises the ancient fortress of Aarburg (p. 13).

2½ Kreutzstrasse—(*Inns*: Löwe.)—The high road from Bâle to Lucerne here crosses our route. At Rothrist, 1½ m. farther on, there is a good inn

(Cheval Blanc—Rösch), kept by a civil landlady. The road runs along the rt. bank of the Aar to

1½ Morgenthal (*Inns*: Löwe, good),

2½ Herzogenbuchsee (*Inns*: Sonne); a village of 4500 inhab.

1½ Hochstetten.

1½ Alchenfluh (*Inns*: Soleil, good).

1½ Hindelbank.

In the village church is the celebrated *Monument of Madame Langhans*, wife of the clergyman, who died in child-birth. It is by a sculptor named Nahl, and represents her with her child in her arms, bursting through the tomb at the sound of the last trumpet. Its merit, as a work of art, has been much exaggerated. Its chief excellence seems to be the natural manner in which the crack in the stone is represented. The epitaph was written by Haller. This tomb is formed of sandstone, and is let into the pavement of the church. The chief figure is injured by the loss of the nose which Glûts Blotzheim asserts (it is to be hoped unfoundedly) was the wanton act of an *Englishman*.

The *Castle* on the neighbouring height belongs to the Eriach family.

2½ Berne, (in Route 24).

ROUTE 14.

ZÜRICH TO COIRE, BY THE LAKES OF ZÜRICH AND WALLENSTADT.

23 stunden = 82 Eng. miles.

Diligence daily, in 13½ hours. There are post-horses the whole way to Coire, except from Zürich to Rapperschwyl, for which distance either the traveller may embark on the steamer, or voiturier's horses must be used. The post stations from Zürich are to Rapperschwyl:—Uznach, 1½ post; Wesen, 1½ post; by steamer to Wallenstadt; to Ragatz, 2½ posts; Coire, 2½ posts, or 1½ Grison post.

Steam-boats traverse the Lake of Zürich, to and fro, twice a day, in 2

to 2½ hours: starting from Zürich to Schlierikon, about 9 A.M., daily: and again in the afternoon, 5 times a week; returning from Schlierikon to Zürich, at 3 P.M. They zigzag from one side of the lake to the other, to take in and let out passengers at the different towns. The fares are less high than at first; from Zürich to Wallenstadt, 9 fr. 50 c., to Schlierikon, 4 fr. 50 c.; Rapperschwil, 3 fr. 60 c. As the vessels on both lakes, and the diligences, are under the same administration, the fare may be paid at once. For a carriage, 3 horses, and 3 masters, and a servant, 70 francs from Wallenstadt to Zürich.

Carriages. Zürich to Wallenstadt, 45 fr., horses, 2 fr.

Conveyances are provided by the company at Horgen for Zug and Arth at the foot of the Rigi (Route 15), and at Schlierikon for Wetz.

Diligences are in readiness on the arrival of the steamer at Schlierikon, to carry on the passengers to Coire, St. Gall, Glarus, &c.

Good carriage-roads run along both sides of the lake, and are traversed daily by diligences. The road to Wallenstadt and Coire runs along the rt. or N. bank.

The Lake of Zürich has no pretensions to grandeur of scenery; that must be sought for on the silent and savage shores of the lakes of Lucerne, Brienz, and Wallenstadt; but it has a charm peculiarly its own—that of life and rich cultivation. Its borders are as a bee-hive, teeming with population, and are embellished and enlivened at every step by the work of man. Its character is smiling and cheerful. The hills around it are less than 3000 feet high above the sea, and descend in gentle slopes down to the water's edge: wooded on their tops, clad with vineyards, orchards, and gardens on their slopes, and carpeted with verdant pastures, or luxuriantly waving crops of grain at their feet. But the principal feature in this landscape is the number

of human habitations: the hills from one extremity to the other are dotted with white houses, villas of citizens, cottages, and farms, while along the margin of the lake, and on the high road, they gather into frequent clusters around a church, forming villages and towns almost without number. Every little stream descending from the hill is compelled to do duty by turning some mill; at the mouths of the valleys enormous factories are erected, and thus the shores of the lake, on either side, have the appearance of one vast and almost uninterrupted village.

The effect of this lively foreground is heightened by the appearance of the snowy peaks of the Sentia, Dödi, and Glarusch, which are seen at different points peering above the nearer hills. The charms of the lake of Zürich inspired the Idylls of Gessner: they are celebrated in an ode of Klopstock, and in the poem of Zimmermann. The lake is a long and narrow strip of water, about 20 miles in length from Zürich to Schlierikon, and not more than 2 broad at the widest part, between Stäfa and Wädenswil. The principal river falling into it is the Linth, which issues out at Zürich, under the name of Limmat.

Scarcely any of the villages or towns on the lake are at all remarkable except as the seats of flourishing industry. A few only of the principal places are enumerated below, with their distance by land from Zürich: the banks are distinguished as rt. and l., in reference to the course of the Limmat.

(l.) The high ridge rising on the W. of Zürich, and bordering the lake for more than 12 miles, is the Albis.

(rt.) 1½ Kuesnacht—(lra: Sonne)—a village of 2116 inhabitants; not to be confounded with its namesake on the Lake of Lucerne, famous in the history of Tell.

(l.) Rüschlikon; behind this are the baths of Nydegg, with a bath-house.

(rt.) 1½ Meilen—(*Jas.*: Löwe; Sonne;)—a very considerable village of 2036 inhabitants, with a Gothic church, built 1490-9. Its poorer inhabitants are chiefly silk-weavers.

¾ Thalwyl—(*Jas.*: Adler.)

Levater is said to have written a portion of his work on physiognomy at the parsonage of the village of Ober-Riedm, about ¾ miles farther on.

(l.) 1 Horgen—(*Jas.*: Schwan; Löwe.)—Here passengers, bound for the Righi, by way of Zug, disembark and cross the hills. Omnibus daily at 9, returning at 9 P.M. (Route 15.)

(l.) 1 Widnenschwyl, — a pretty village of 4387 inhab., containing silk factories. Above it stands the castle, formerly residence of the bailiff (*oberamtman*), now private property.

(l.) ½ Richtersweil,—here is one of the largest cotton factories on the borders of the lake. The village is built on the boundary line of cantons Zürich and Schwytz; behind it the road to Einsiedeln ascends the hills. The pilgrims bound to that celebrated shrine usually disembark here. (See Route 74.) Zimmermann resided here as physician, and in his work on "Solitude" praises the beauty of this spot.

(l.) 1½ Stäh — (*Jas.*: Krone; Stern;)—an industrious village, the largest on this side of the lake, with 3800 inhab., by whom much silk and cotton is woven. Göthe resided here, 1797. The extremity of the lake beyond this lies out of the limits of the canton Zürich. It has been calculated that the number of inhabitants on each of its banks, hence to the town of Zürich, a distance of 16 miles, is not less than 12,000.

On approaching Rapperschwyl and its long bridge, the pretty little isle of *Aufsee* becomes a conspicuous feature and ornament to the landscape. It has some celebrity as the retreat and burial place of Ulric Von Hutten, a Franconian knight, the friend of Luther and Fraus of Sickingen, dis-

tinguished equally for his talents and chivalrous bravery, but withal a bit of a rout. His satirical writings contributed not a little to the spread of the Reformation, but raised up against him such a host of enemies, that he was forced to fly from the court of Charles V., and take refuge from their persecution, first, with Fraus of Sickingen, and, after his death, in this little island. Zwingli had procured for him an asylum here, in the house of the curate, where he died a fortnight after his arrival (1523), at the age of 36. He was buried by a faithful friend, but all record of the spot in which he lies has long since disappeared.

The *Bridge of Rapperschwyl* is probably the longest in the world: it extends from the town to a tongue of land on the opposite side, completely across the lake, a distance of 4800 feet, or more than ¾ of a mile. It is only 12 feet broad, is formed of loose planks laid (not nailed) upon piers, and is unprovided with railing at the sides, so that only one carriage can safely pass at a time. The toll is heavy—24 bats for a char-à-banc. It was originally constructed by Leopold of Austria, 1358. the existing bridge dates from 1819.

A small stone pier has been thrown out into the lake at Rapperschwyl, a little below the bridge, outside the gate of the town, to receive passengers from the steamboat.

(rt.) 2½ posts Rapperschwyl—(*Jas.*: *Pâu* (*Paon d'Or*), outside the town, tolerable, but dear; post-horses are kept here, and throughout canton St. Gall (§ 5. *Introduit.*), *Freienhof*).—This is a very picturesque old town, in canton St. Gall (1600 inhab.), still partly surrounded by walls, and surmounted by an *Old Castle* (*Der Grafenberg*) and a *Church*, near which, from the terrace called *Lindenhof*, a fine view is obtained.

Rapperschwyl is about 10 m. from Zürich, and the same distance from Wesen. The diligence takes about

3½ hours either way. A char costs 12 £; and a calèche with two horses, 20 to 24 £. Roads run from hence to St. Gall, and across the bridge to Illnauodeln.—(Route 74, and Glarus, by Lachen, R. 73.)

At Schmerikon (*Jas: Adler*) at the E. extremity of the Lake of Zürich, the road quits its margin; the castle of Grynan, on the rt., stands on the Linth, a little above its entrance into the lake. Pedestrians will find the towing-path along the Linth canal shorter than the carriage-road from Schmerikon to Wassen.

1 Usnach,—a small town of 900 inhab., on an eminence, the summit of which is occupied by a small square tower of the ancient castle and by that of the church. The road to St. Gall (Route 69) turns off here. There are mines of brown coal at Oberkirch, about a mile from Usnach, in a hill 1500 feet high. Near Usnach is an immense cotton mill, driving 24,400 spindles, and having 100 windows on each side. It is supplied with water from a mountain-torrent descending immediately behind it.

Soon after leaving Usnach, the valley of Glarus opens out into view, with the snowy mountains near its head; a very beautiful prospect. Out of this valley issues the river Linth, an impetuous torrent, fed by glaciers, and carrying down with it vast quantities of debris, which had accumulated to such an extent 25 years ago, that its channel was obstructed, and its bed raised many feet above the level of the lower part of the valley. From this cause arose repeated and most dangerous inundations, which covered the fertile district on its banks with stone and rubbish, and converted the meadows into a stagnant marsh. Nearly the entire valley between the lakes of Zürich and Wallenstadt was reduced to a desert, and its inhabitants, thinned in numbers by annual fevers, arising from the pestilential exhalations, abandoned the

spot. The valley of the Linth was relieved from this dire calamity by Mr Conrad Escher, who suggested to the Diet, in 1807, the ingenious plan of digging a new bed for the waters of the Linth, and turning it into the lake of Wallenstadt, in whose depths it might deposit the sand and gravel which it brought down, without doing any damage. He at the same time proposed to improve the issues of the lake of Wallenstadt by digging a navigable canal from it to the lake of Zürich, so as to carry off the waters of the Linth, and the other streams falling into it, and cause it to drain the intervening valley, instead of inundating it. This important and useful public work was completed by Escher in 1822, and has been attended with perfect success. In consequence of it the valley is no longer sterile and unwholesome, and the high road to Wassen, which was often cut off and broken up by inroads of the river, is now carried in a straight line along its rt. bank. Immediately opposite the opening of the valley of the Linth, at whose extremity the mountains of Glarus now appear in all their grandeur, a simple *Monumental Tablet* of black marble has been let into the face of the rock by the road side, to the memory of the public-spirited citizen who conferred this great benefit on the surrounding country. He earned from it, in addition to his name, the title *Von der Linth*, the only title which a republic could properly confer, and of which his descendants may be more proud than of that of count or baron. The Linth is here crossed by a bridge called *Ziegelbrücke*, over which runs the road to Glarus. (Route 72.) Near it are a cotton manufactory and an establishment for the education of the poor of the canton Glarus. It is called the *Linth Colony*, because it owes its origin to a colony of 40 poor persons, afterwards increased to 180, who were brought hither by charitable individuals from the over-peopled

villages of the canton, and settled on this spot, which was the bed of the Linth previous to Escher's improvements, in order to reclaim it by removing the stones and rubbish, and rendering it fit for cultivation. They were lodged, fed, and allowed a small sum for wages, the expense being defrayed by subscription. After having, by these means and by the correction of the Linth, described above, restored the valley to a state fit for agriculture, and having, above all, been saved themselves from starvation, in a season of scarcity, they were dismissed to seek their fortunes with some few savings to begin the world, and, what was of more importance, with industrious habits, which they had learned while settled here. In the school which now replaces the colony, 40 children from 6 to 12 are taught, and teachers are also instructed. There is a good inn, Zum Escher Linth, about a mile before entering Wetzten.

1½ Wetzten (*Inn*: L'Épis, good and reasonable.—*R. Bg.*) is a village of about 600 inhab., at the W. extremity of the lake of Wallenstadt, and in the midst of scenery of great magnificence. Diligences start from Wetzten to Schmerikon and Glarus after the arrival of the steamers. Passengers can proceed along the Linth canal to Schmerikon in barge. The distance by land is reckoned 2½ posts. A carriage may be hired from Wetzten to the Rhigi by way of Einsiedeln (*Route 74*). The journey takes up two days, halting at Einsiedeln the first night. The road turns out of that to Zürich at the New Inn, Zum Escher Linth, crosses the canal, and proceeds through a pretty country by Gelgosen and Lachen (*Ox*, a good inn), where it falls into the route from Rapperschwil.

Glarus is 6 miles from Wetzten (*Route 72*).

Lake of Wallenstadt.

A steam-boat runs between Wetzten

and Wallenstadt, to and fro, twice a day in summer. The voyage takes up about 1½ hour; fare about 1s. 6d. English. Carriages are taken at about 6s. English, being shipped and landed free of expense, except a trink-geld.

Diligences are provided at either end of the lake to carry on passengers as soon as landed.

Previous to the construction of the Linth canal, the only outlet for the lake of Wallenstadt was a small stream called the Mugg, which encountered the Linth, after a course of about 3 miles, and was arrested by the debris and stones brought down by that river, so that not only were its waters often dammed up behind, but the surface of the lake was raised several feet above its ordinary level, in consequence of which they overflowed the valley both above and below it, and laid the villages of Wallenstadt, at the one end, and Wetzten, at the other, under water for many months during the spring. By Escher's correction of the course of the Linth, its waters are now carried into the lake, where they have already formed, by their deposit of mud and gravel, a delta nearly half a mile long. Another canal, deep and protected at the side with strong dykes, now supplies the place of the Mugg, and drains the lake of Wallenstadt into that of Zürich.

The lake of Wallenstadt is about 12 miles long by 3 broad; its scenery is grand, but not first rate, far inferior to that of the lake of Lucerne. Its N. shore consists of colossal cliffs of lime and sand-stone, regularly stratified, and so nearly precipitous that there is room for no road, and only for a very few cottages at their base, while their steep surface, almost destitute of verdure, gives to this lake a savage and arid character. The S. side consists of more gradually sloping hills covered with verdure and overtopped by the tall bare peaks of more distant mountains. On this

side there are several villages, and a very rough and irregular road runs along it. The lake had once the reputation of being dangerous to navigate, on account of sudden tempests; but in this respect it does not differ from other mountain-lakes; and there can be little risk in intrusting oneself to experienced boatmen. The courier who has passed it three times a-week for many years remembers no instance of an accident.

The precipices along the N. bank vary between 2000 and 3000 feet in height, and the stranger is usually surprised to learn that above them are situated populous villages and extensive pastures crowded with cattle. Such a one is the village of Ammon, containing 3000 inhabitants, nearly 2500 feet above the lake, with a church, gardens, and orchards. It is approached by one narrow and steep path, which may be traced sloping upwards from Wassen along the face of the mountain. Several waterfalls precipitate themselves over this wall of rock, or descend, by gashes or rents in its sides, into the lake; but they dwindle into insignificance by the end of summer, and add no beauty to the scene. The principal ones are the Beyerbach, 1200 feet high (above which lies Ammon), and the Sarentbach, 1600 feet high.

The hamlet of St. Quinten is the only one on this side of the lake. On the opposite (S.) side there are numerous villages at the mouths of the streams and gullies. The principal of them is Murg, near which a large cotton-factory has been built. Behind it rises the mountain Murt-schenstock. Its summit, 7270 feet high, and almost inaccessible, is traversed through and through by a cavern, which, though of large size, looks from the lake like the eye of a bodkin. The hole is best seen when abreast of the village of Mühlehorn; by those not aware of the fact, it might be mistaken for a patch of

snow. This peak is the favourite resort of chamois.

The N.E. extremity of the lake is bounded by the seven picturesque peaks of the Sieben Churfirsten (sometimes written Kuhlfirsten). At their feet lies the village of

4 Wallenstadt. — *Inns:* Rösli (Cheval); Hirsch (Car, or Poste); Aigle d'Or, nearest the steamer. All inferior inns.

Wallenstadt is a scattered township of 800 inhab.; nearly half a mile from the lake, of which it commands no view. The flats of the valley around and above it are marshy, and the neighbourhood was formerly very unhealthy, so long as the irregularities of the Liath obstructed the passage of the waters of the lake. The evil might be entirely cured were similar measures adopted to confine and regulate the course of the Seen, which still overflows the valley at times. Wallenstadt is a dull place, and travellers had better avoid stopping here.

There is considerable beauty in the scenery of the valley of the Seen, between Wallenstadt and

Sargans — (*Inns:* Krentz (Croix Blanche); Löwe;) a town of 728 inhab., on an eminence surmounted by a castle, near the junction of the roads from St. Gall and Zürich to Coire. It stands upon the watershed dividing the streams which feed the Rhine from those which fall into the lake of Wallenstadt; and this natural embankment is so slight (about 200 paces across and less than 20 feet high) that, as the deposits brought down by the Rhine are constantly raising its bed, it is not impossible, though scarcely probable, that the river may change its course, relinquish its present route by the lake of Constance, and take a shorter cut by the lakes of Wallenstadt and Zürich. It was calculated by Escher von der Liuth, from actual measurements, that the waters of the Rhine need rise but 19½ feet to pass into the lake

villages of the canton, and settled on this spot, which was the bed of the Linth previous to Escher's improvements, in order to reclaim it by removing the stones and rubbish, and rendering it fit for cultivation. They were lodged, fed, and allowed a small sum for wages, the expense being defrayed by subscription. After having, by these means and by the correction of the Linth, described above, restored the valley to a state fit for agriculture, and having, above all, been saved themselves from starvation, in a season of scarcity, they were dismissed to seek their fortunes with some few savings to begin the world; and, what was of more importance, with numerous babies, which they had born while settled here. In the school which now replaces the village, 40 children from 6 to 12 are taught, and teachers are also instructed. There is a good inn, *Zum Bisher Linth*, about a mile before entering Wetz.

1½ Wetz. *Inn*: L'Eclair, good and reasonable. — *R. Hq.* is a village of about 300 inhab., at the W. extremity of the lake of Wallenstadt, and in the midst of country of great magnificence. Diligences start from Wetz to Scherriben and Glarus after the arrival of the steamers. Passengers can proceed along the Linth canal to Scherriben as before. The distance by land is reckoned 2½ miles. A carriage may be hired from Wetz to the Rhine by way of Einsiedeln (*Route 14*). The journey takes up two days, halting at Einsiedeln the first night. The road turns out of that to Larich at the New Inn, *Zum Bisher Linth*, crosses the canal, and proceeds through a pretty country by Gaispöden and Lachen (*Ox*, a good inn, where it falls into the route *von Rapperschwil*).

Glarus is 6 miles from Wetz (*Route 12*).

Lake of Wallenstadt.

A straight line between Wetz

and Wallenstadt, to and fro, twice a day in summer. The voyage takes up about 1½ hour; fare about 1s. 6d. English. Carriages are taken at about 5s. English, being shipped and landed free of expense, except a trinket.

Diligences are provided at either end of the lake to carry on passengers as soon as landed.

Previous to the construction of the Linth canal, the only outlet for the lake of Wallenstadt was a small stream called the Magg, which encountered the Linth, after a course of about 2 miles, and was arrested by the debris and stones brought down by that river, so that not only were its waters often dammed up behind, but the surface of the lake was raised several feet above its ordinary level, in consequence of which they overflowed the valley both above and below it, and had the villages of Wallenstadt, at the one end, and Wetz, at the other, under water for many months during the spring. By Escher's correction of the course of the Linth, its waters are now carried into the lake, where they have already formed, by their deposit of mud and gravel, a delta nearly half a mile long. Another canal, deep and protected at the side with strong dykes, now supplies the place of the Magg, and drains the lake of Wallenstadt into that of Zürich.

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of Wallenstadt; and it is, indeed, recorded that the river, swollen by long rains in 1618, was prevented taking this direction only by the construction of dams along its banks. Geologists argue, from the identity of the deposits of gravel in the valley of the Upper Rhine with those in the vale of Soes, that the river actually did pass out this way at one time.

The remainder of this route up the valley of the Rhine by

Posts $1\frac{1}{2}$ Ragatz to

$1\frac{1}{2}$ Coire, together with the excursion to Pfeffers Baths, which no one who passes this way should omit, are described in Route 67.

N.B. Ragatz to Coire is $2\frac{1}{2}$ St. Gall posts, but Coire to Ragatz is $1\frac{1}{2}$ Grisons post.

ROUTE 15.

**ZÜRICH TO ZUG AND LUCERNE, BY
HÖRGEN AND THE RIGHI.**

12 staden = $42\frac{1}{2}$ Eng. miles.

A new and good road—Omnibuses from Horgen to Arth in $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and back daily.—H. Coach horses are kept at the Stag Inn, at Zug. A pedestrian starting from Zürich by the steamer at 8 a.m., reaches Horgen at 9, walks in 3 hours to Zug, hires a boat there for 15 or 20 Bats, across the lake to Arth in 2 hours, and may reach the summit of the Righi in summer before sunset. This is the most direct road to Zug and the Righi. As far as

3 Horgen, the road runs along the W. shore of the lake of Zürich, described at p. 81. The best mode of proceeding thus far is in the steamboat (p. 30). At Horgen—(Inns: Schwan, rather dear;—Löwe)—char-bancs and horses may be hired for 12 or 14 francs to Zug, a drive of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours. A brown coal or lignite is obtained at Horgen, but it will not answer as fuel for steam-engines. A series of signposts carries the carriage road over the Albis ridge

behind Horgen. From the summit you obtain a fine view of the lake as far as Rapperschwyl and its long bridge. After an ascent of about 3 m. the descent is at once commenced, the road running for the most part along the rt. bank of the Sihl, crossing it at the village of

$1\frac{1}{2}$ Sihlbrücke, by a bridge, which conducts from canton Zürich into canton Zug. From the ridge which succeeds, the Righi and Pilatus mountains are first seen, and soon after the borders of the lake of Zug are reached.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ Zug—(Inns: Hirsch (Carf), good; Ochs, comfortable and cheap;)—capital of canton Zug, the smallest state of the Confederation, has 3200 inhab., and is prettily situated at the N.E. corner of the lake. It has an antiquated look, surrounded by its old walls, and, being without trade, has a silent and deserted air. Its inhabitants, exclusively Roman Catholics, are chiefly occupied with agricultural pursuits. The rich crops, vineyards, orchards, and gardens, on the borders of the lake, proclaim a soil not ungrateful to the cultivator.

There is a *Capuchin Convent* and a *Nunnery* here. The picture by Carracci in the former, mentioned by the guide-books, is none of his, but is by an inferior artist, Fiamingo, and of no great merit.

The *Church of St. Michael*, a little way outside of the town, has a curious bonehouse attached to it, containing many hundred skulls, each inscribed with the name of its owner. It is the custom for the relations of the dead to cause their skulls to be taken up, cleaned, labelled with their names and date of birth and death, and then placed in the bonehouse! The churchyard in which it stands is filled with quaint gilt crosses by way of monuments, and the graves are planted with flowers. The Cemetery deserves a visit; the display of armorial bearings, coats, and crests, even on the humblest tomb, is a re-

markable decoration in a republican state!

In the year 1435, it is recorded, that a part of the foundations of the town, weakened probably by an attempt to draw off part of the water of the lake, gave way, whereby two streets, built on the ground nearest the water, were broken off and submerged; 26 houses were destroyed, and 45 human beings perished, among them the chief magistrate of the town. His child, an infant, was found floating in his cradle on the surface of the lake; he was rescued, and afterwards became landammann of the canton.

Diligences go daily from Zug to Lucerne and Zürich.

The Lake of Zug, whose surface is 1340 feet above the sea, is 8 miles long, and about $\frac{1}{2}$ broad. Its banks are low, or gently-sloping hills, except on the S. side, where the Righi, rising abruptly from the water's edge, presents its precipices towards it, forming a feature of considerable grandeur, in conjunction with the Pilatus rising behind it. The Rigi, or Rose-berg, rising in the S.E. corner, is also lofty and steep; the lake, at its base, is not less than 1300 ft. deep. A capital carriage-road has been formed along the waterside from Zug to Arth and Immensee. Boats are to be found at all these places, and the fare across, with two rowers, is 15 or 20 bats. It takes about 2 hours to go by water to Arth. The road to Arth winds round the base of the Roseberg, which has obtained a melancholy celebrity from the catastrophe caused by the fall of a portion of it. (See Route 17.) Near the chapel of St. Adrian a small monument has been erected on the spot where the arrow is supposed to have fallen which Henry von Humenberg shot out of the Austrian lines into the Swiss camp, before the battle of Morgarten, bearing the warning words, "Beware of Morgarten." It was in consequence of this that the confederates occupied the position indicated, and

it contributed mainly to their victory on that memorable field. Morgarten (R. 74.) lies within this canton, about 14 miles W. of Zug, on the lake of Egeri.

3 Arth — (Inn: Schwarzer Adler, Aigle Noir) is the best point from which to ascend the Righi; but Arth—the Righi—and the rest of the road to

4 Lucerne, are most conveniently described in Route 17.

ROUTE 16.

ZÜRICH TO LUCERNE, OVER THE ALBIS, BY HAUEN AND ZUG.

10 stunden \approx 32½ Eng. miles.

A diligence daily in 7 hours.

The high chain of the Albis intervenes between Zürich and Lucerne, running nearly parallel with the lake of Zürich.

This new carriage road to Zug, excellent throughout, crosses the High Albis, being carried up the steep mountain side, in inclined terraces or zigzags, so that unless a carriage be very heavy, only 2 horses will be required to surmount it. This line of route is remarkable for the very beautiful view of the chain of the Alps, and of a large part of Switzerland, which is seen from its summit. It skirts the shore of the lake at first, but at Adliswyl it crosses the river Sihl, and ascends to the

2½ Albis Wirthshaus, or Inn of the Albis, which affords only moderate fare or accommodation, but a magnificent prospect. The best point, however, for seeing the view, is the Signal (Hochwach, called also Schnabel), a height off the road, about a mile above the inn: it takes in nearly the whole of the Zürichsee. At the foot of the mountain, between it and the lake, the vale of the Sihl intervenes. Its wooded slopes were the favourite retreat of the pastoral poet Gessner: they were occupied in 1799 by two hostile armies—that

of the French under Massena, who encamped on the slope of the Albis, and that of the Russians, who occupied the right bank of the Sihl. They watched each other from hence for more than three months; until Massena, by a masterly movement, crossed the Limmat, cut off part of the Russian force, and compelled the rest to a hasty retreat. On the S. are seen the little lake of Turi (Turier See), at the foot of the mountain; not far from it the church of Kappel, where Zwingli died; farther off the lake of Zug, and behind it tower the Rigi and Pilatus mountains, disclosing between them a little bit of the lake of Lucerne. The grandest feature, however, of the view is the snowy chain of the Alps, from the Dentie to the Jungfrau, which fills up the horizon. It has been engraved by Keller.

The greatest height which the road attains is 2404 ft., after which it descends, passing on the rt. the little lake of Turi.

The new line of road is carried along the W. slope of the Albis, from its summit to Hansen, near which village is *Albisbrunn*, a large, new, and handsome water-cure establishment, in which travellers in general are also received at the rate of 5 fr. a day, board and lodging. It is a pleasant residence from the beauty of its situation, its views of the Bernese Alps, and the salubrity of its air and water. It is under the management of Dr. Branner.

Beyond Hansen the new road passes Kappel (5 m. from the Albis inn), a village of 600 inhab., which has obtained a woeful celebrity in Swiss history as the spot where the Confederates, embittered against each other by religious discord, dyed their hands in the blood of one another, and where Zwingli the reformer fell in the midst of his flock on the 11th of October, 1531. Many of the best and bravest of the citizens of Zürich perished on that day of civil broil, overpowered by the numbers of their

opponents, the men of the 4 inner cantons. Zwingli, who, in accordance with the custom of the time and country, attended his flock to the field of battle, to afford them spiritual aid and consolation, was struck down in the fight, and found by a soldier of Unterwalden, who did not know him, but who, ascertaining that he refused to call on the Virgin and saints, despatched him with his sword as a dog and a heretic. His body, when recognized by his foes, was burnt by the common hangman, and even his ashes subjected to the vilest indignities that malice could suggest. A handsome monument, consisting of a rough massive block of stone by the road side, has taken the place of the tree which marked the spot where he fell. It bears, on metal plates, inscriptions in German and Latin. The Gothic church of Kappel, anciently attached to a convent suppressed soon after the commencement of the Reformation, was built in 1380.

The coach-road to Lucerne proceeds by Rifferschwyl to

2½ Knoben (*Inn im Schloss* decent to dine at). Next by Rümeltiken and

1½ St. Wolfgang—where a good carriage-road turns off on the left to Zug and the Rigi: it proceeds along the banks of the Reuss to

2 Gysliker-Brücke, Dierikon, Eblikon, and, passing near the monument of the Swiss Guards (p. 40), enters

3½ Lucerne (Lucern). *Inns*: H. des Suisses (Schweitzer Hof), new; facing the lake, near the site of the old Hofbrücke, one of the largest Inns in Switzerland. Schwan;—Balances (Waags)—an old-established house, good, clean, and comfortable, and moderate charges. Eschmann's Pension, overlooking the lake, close to the Kappel Brücke, is recommended; the master obliging, charge 6 fr. a day.

Lucerne, chief town of the canton, and one of the three Vorort, or al-

toronto ends of the Diet, lies at the N.W. extremity of the lake of Lucerne, and is divided into two parts by the river Reuss, which here issues out of it. Its population is about 6839, all Roman Catholics, except about 180 Protestants. Lucerne is the residence of the Papal Nuncio.

It is not a place of any considerable trade or manufactures, but their absence is more than compensated by the beautiful scenery in which it is situated on the borders of the finest and most interesting of the Swiss lakes, between the giants Pilatus and Righi, and in sight of the snowy Alps of Schwytz and Engelberg. The town is still surrounded by a very picturesque circle of feudal watch-towers, and is walled in on the land side; but its chief peculiarity is the number and length of its bridges. The lowest, or *Müll-bridge*, is hung with paintings of the Dance of Death; the second, or *Rueschbrücke*, is the only one uncovered and passable for carriages; the upper, or *Kapell-brücke*, runs in a slanting direction across the mouth of the Reuss, whose clear and pellucid sea-green waters may here be surveyed to great advantage, as they rush beneath it with the swiftness of a mountain-torrent. Against the timbers supporting the roof of this bridge are suspended 77 pictures; those seen in crossing from the rt. to the l. bank represent the life and acts of St. Leger and St. Maurice, Lucerne's patron saints. The subjects of those seen in the opposite direction are taken from Swiss history, and are not without some merit, but being lighted only by the glare reflected upwards from the water, are not easily distinguished. Near the middle of the *Kapell-brücke*, rising out of the water, stands a very picturesque watch-tower, called *Weaerturm*, forming a link of the feudal fortifications of the town. It is said to have once served as a light-house (*Lucerna*) to boats entering the Reuss, and hence some have derived the

present name of Lucerne. The *Hofbrücke*, the longest of all the bridges, was originally 1800 feet long, but has lost 800 feet since 1835. It extends across the lake, within a few feet of the shore to the church of St. Leodegar, and the Convent and Court (*Hof*) of its former abbots. The paintings in its roof illustrate the Scripture.

"Lucerna for every heart; a Bible for all eyes."

It commands a charming view of the lake, the Alps, the Righi, and the Pilatus. Near the middle of it is an index painted on a board, the diverging lines of which point to the different mountains and peaks visible from hence, each of which is named for the convenience of strangers. A considerable portion of ground has been gained from the lake by curtailing this bridge, and throwing out a sort of quay. The intervening space between it and the shore has been partly filled up, and the bridge is about to be removed.—H. The Hotel des Suisses and Swan stand on this space. This is also the landing-place of the steam-boats.

In churches and other public buildings Lucerne has no very prominent objects, though several, which are highly pleasing as monuments of the progress of the nation, and of its manners and customs, exist. The church of St. Leger, also called *Hof*, or *Stiftskirche*, is a modern building, except the two towers, which date from 1506. The adjoining churchyard is filled with quaint old monuments, and the view from the cloister window is fine, but similar to that from the bridge.

The Arsenal, near the gate leading to Berne, is one of those venerable repositories common to the chief towns of all the cantons, in which are deposited the muskets, artillery, &c. for arming their contingent of troops. It contains some rusty suits of ancient armour, and several historical relics and trophies of Swiss

valour, such as the yellow Austrian banner, and many pennons of knights and nobles taken at the battle of Sempach; the coat of mail stripped from the body of Duke Leopold of Austria, who fell there the iron crevet, lined with sharp spikes, destined for the neck of Gundoldingen, the Schultheiss and general of the men of Lucerne, who died in the hour of victory. A sword of William Tell, and a battle-axe, borne by Ulric Zwingli, at the battle of Cappel (p. 35), are of very doubtful authenticity: though the malice of the enemies of Zwingli may have led to the assertion that he took active part in the fight, it is believed that he exhorted his countrymen merely with exhortations and consolations of religion. Several Turkish standards deposited here were captured at the battle of Lepanto, by a knight of Malta, who was a native of Lucerne.

The *Studihaus*, on the rt. bank of the Reuss, a little below the Kapellbrücke, is the place of meeting of the Diet, whose sittings are open to the public by tickets. The Council of the canton also assembles in it.

General Pfyffer's model (in relief) of a part of Switzerland may interest those who desire to trace on it their past or future wanderings; but it is not so extensive nor so well made as that at Zurich; besides which 1 fr. 50 c. is demanded for admission—decidedly more than it is worth. The *Gothic Fountains* which are to be observed in all parts of Switzerland are here of singular beauty and originality.

The *English church service* is performed every Sunday at 11 and 6 in the German Protestant church. "The clergyman depends entirely on voluntary contributions of visitors, having no stipend." R. B. S.

At *Eglin Brothers*, in the Kapellstrasse, and at *Meyer's* shop outside the Borne gate, books, prints, panoramas, and maps, relating to Switzerland, may be had.

One of the most interesting of the

sights of Lucerne is, without doubt, the *Monument to the memory of the Swiss Guards*, who fell while defending the Royal Family of France in the bloody massacre of the French Revolution, August 10, 1792. It is situated in the garden of General Pfyffer, less than $\frac{1}{2}$ of a mile outside the Weggis gate. The design is by Thorwaldsen, executed by Ahorn, a sculptor of Constance. It represents a lion, of colossal size, wounded to death, with a spear sticking in his side, yet endeavouring in his last gasp to protect from injury a shield bearing the fleur-de-lis of the Bourbons, which he holds in his paws. The figure, hewn out of the living sandstone rock, is 28 ft. long, and 18 high, and whether as a tribute to fallen valour, or as a work of art, of no mean design and execution, it merits very great praise. Beneath it are carved the names of the officers who fell in defending the Tuileries, Aug. 10 and Sept. 2 and 3, 1792. The loyalty and fidelity of this brave band, who thus sacrificed their lives for their adopted sovereign, almost make us forget that they were mercenaries, especially standing forward as they did, as the protectors of Louis and his family, at a moment when deserted, or attacked, by his natural defenders, his own subjects. There is a quiet solitude and shade about the spot which is particularly pleasing and refreshing. The rocks around are mantled with fern and creepers, forming a natural framework to the monument; and a streamlet of clear water, trickling down from the top of the rock, is received into a basin-shaped hollow below it, forming a mirror in which the sculpture is reflected. One of the very few survivors of the Swiss Guard, dressed in its red uniform, used to act as guardian of the monument, and discourse to the stranger, but it is believed that the last of the brave band is now dead. The cloth for the altar of the little chapel adjoining was

embellished expressly for it by the Duchess d'Angoulême.

There are many pretty walks and points of view near Lucerne; one of the best is the villa called *Altenrieden*, perched on the top of the hill outside the Weggis gate, from which it may be reached in a walk of 15 minutes, by a path winding up the hill outside the town walls.

Gibbutter—a height on the opposite side of the Rhoda, outside the Basle gate, also commands a fine prospect.

Mount Righi, so celebrated for its panoramic view, is about 10 miles from Lucerne. To reach the summit will occupy $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours, taking the steamer to Weggis, in 1 hour, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ thence to the top, so that the travellers may regulate their departure accordingly, remembering that it is of much consequence to arrive at the top before sunset. There are several ways to it, by land, to Küssnacht and Arth, or by water to Küssnacht and Weggis. (See Route 17.) Travellers going from Lucerne by the St. Gothard and Grindel to the Oberland of Bern may send round their carriages to meet them at Thun. (See p. 72.)

No one should leave Lucerne without exploring the beauties of its Lake—called in German *Vierwaldstätter See*—the grandest in Europe in point of scenery, particularly the farther end of it, called the bay of Uri; and much additional pleasure will be derived if the traveller who understands German will take Schiller's "*Wilhelm Tell*" as a pocket companion, in which admirable poem so many of the scenes are localized. (Route 16.)

Those who intend to traverse the lake, and visit the Righi, and to return afterwards to Lucerne, should combine the two expeditions, which may be effected in two days, thus—go by land to Arth, or by water to Weggis, descending next day on the opposite side, and embarking on the lake, either at Weggis or Brannen; pass up the bay of Uri, at least as

far as Tell's chapel, and return by water to Lucerne the 2nd evening.

A steamer plies twice a-day in summer between Lucerne and Fribourg, calling at the intermediate places. Further particulars respecting it, and the hire of boats, are given in Route 18.

Diligences go twice a-day from Lucerne to Aarau; Bâle; Bern, by Summterwald, and by Entlebuch; Solothure, Zug and Zürich; to St. Gall by Schwyz, and Utznach. *Courier de Affaire* over the St. Gothard, daily, by steamer to Fribourg (Route 34).

Mount Pilate is sometimes ascended from Lucerne, but the journey is difficult and in places dangerous, occupying $6\frac{1}{2}$ or 7 hours; the greater part must be performed on foot, and the view from the top is decidedly inferior to that from the Righi. The path up it from Lucerne proceeds in a S.W. direction, by the side of a wild torrent, which, when swollen by rain, is very injurious to the habitations on its banks, and in the last century destroyed many houses in the town. Skirting the base of the mountain, it passes through the hamlets of Kriens, Obernau, and Herrgottswald, then, crossing a ridge covered with pasturage, descends into the Alpine valley of Eigenthal. Beyond this, the path becomes steeper, and is only practicable on foot. It takes nearly 3 hours to reach the Chalets on the Brändlen or Brändle Alp,—the highest habitation, occupied by shepherds only in the summer months. The traveller may here obtain shelter for the night, but nothing deserving the name of accommodation. There is a very remarkable echo near the Brändle Alp. Above this vegetation ceases, and naked rock succeeds. A cave in the face of the precipice, near this, is called St. Dominick's Hole, from a fancied resemblance in a stone, standing near its mouth, to a monk. The cavern was reached, in 1814, by a chamois hunter, Ignaceus Moll, at the risk of his life.

The Tomlishorn, the highest peak of the mountain, is 5766 feet above the lake, and 7116 feet above the sea-level; but the view from it is said to be inferior to that from another peak, the Esel (see). There is another path from the summit down the opposite side of the mountain, by which Alpseech may be reached in 3 hours.

According to a wild tradition of considerable antiquity, this mountain derives its name from Pilate, the wicked governor of Judaea, who, having been banished to Gaul by Tiberius, wandered about among the mountains, stricken by conscience, until he ended his miserable existence by throwing himself into a lake on the top of the Pilatus. The mountain, in consequence, labours under a very bad reputation. From its position as an outlier, or advanced guard of the chain of the Alps, it collects all the clouds which float over the plains from the W. and N.; and it is remarked that almost all the storms which burst upon the lake of Lucerne gather and brew on its summit. This almost perpetual assembling of clouds was long attributed by the superstitious to the unquiet spirit still hovering round the sunken body, which, when disturbed by any intruder, especially by the casting of stones into the lake, revenged itself by sending storms, and darkness, and hail on the surrounding district. So prevalent was the belief in this superstition, even down to times comparatively recent, that the government of Lucerne forbade the ascent of the mountain, and the naturalist Conrad Gessner, in 1655, was obliged to provide himself with a special order, removing the interdict in his case, to enable him to carry on his researches upon the mountain.

The lake, the source of all this terror, turns out, from recent investigation, to be beyond the limits of canton Lucerne, and on the opposite or the E. side of the Tomlishorn; so that the Town Council had no

jurisdiction over that part of the mountain which belongs to Alpseech. It is rather a pond than a lake, is dried up the greater part of the year, and reduced to a heap of snow, which being melted in the height of summer, furnishes water to the herds upon the mountain, which resort to it to slake their thirst. There is no other lake upon the mountain.

According to some, the name Pilatus is only a corruption of *Pileatus* (capped), arising from the cap of clouds which rarely quits its barren brow, and which are sometimes seen rising from it like steam from a cauldron. The mountain consists, from its base to its summit, of nummulite limestone and sandstone; the strata incline to the S., and abound in fossil remains, especially near the summit, around the Bründli Alp and the Castelen Alp. Nummulites, as large as a crown-piece, are found near the top.

ROUTE 17.

LUCERNE TO SCHWYTZ AND BRUNNEN, INCLUDING THE FALL OF THE ROSENBERG AND THE ASCENT OF THE RIGI.

To Schwytz $7\frac{1}{2}$ stunden = 22 Eng. miles.

To Arth, at the N. base of the Rigi, $4\frac{1}{2}$ stunden = 15 $\frac{1}{2}$ Eng. miles.

There is a good carriage-road all the way to Schwytz, traversed by a diligence 4 times a-week.

The shortest way from Lucerne to the top of the Rigi is to go by water to Weggis, and there commence the ascent. In this way the summit may be reached in $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 hours from Lucerne, by the aid of the steamer. The best and easiest point of ascent, however, is Arth, which may be reached as follows,—returning by Weggis.

The road to Küssnacht runs nearly all the way in sight of the lake of Lucerne, and of the Alps of Engel-

berg and Berne beyond. On a headland at the angle of the green bay of Küssnacht, stands the ruined castle of New Habsburg, destroyed, 1382, by the Lucerners.

3½ Küssnacht — Inns: Schwarzer Adler (Aigle Noir); Röschli (Cheval). — lies at the bottom of this bay, at the foot of the Rigi, whose top may be reached from hence by a steep path in 3½ hours (see p. 49). Mules, guides, charrs, and boats may be hired here.

On the slope of the Rigi, above the village, a ruined wall may be seen, which goes by the name of Gessler's Castle, and is believed to be the one to which he was repairing when shot by Tell. This event occurred in the celebrated *Hollow Way* (*Chemin creux*—*Höhle Gasse*), through which the road to Arth passes, about a mile out of Küssnacht. It is a narrow green lane, overhung with trees growing from the high banks on each side. Here Tell, after escaping from Gessler's boat on the lake of Lucerne, lay in wait for his enemy, and shot him as he passed, from behind a tree, with his unerring arrow. It is somewhat remarkable that researches into the archives of Küssnacht have clearly proved that the ruin called Gessler's Castle never belonged to him. The "Hollow Way" has been much filled up in making the new road. At the end of the lane, by the roadside, stands *Tell's Chapel*. By a singular anomaly, a place of worship originally dedicated to "The Fourteen Helpers in Need" (Our Saviour, the Virgin, and Apostles), now commemorates a deed of blood, which tradition, and its supposed connection with the origin of Swiss liberty, appear to have sanctified in the eyes of the people, so that mass is periodically said in it, while it is kept in constant repair, and is adorned with rude frescoes, representing Gessler's death and other historical events.

A little way past the chapel the lake of Zug appears in sight, and the

road continues by its margin round the base of the Rigi, through immense to

1½ Arth — Inns: Schwarzer Adler (Black Eagle); travellers usually halt here while the horses are getting ready to carry them up the mountain. Care should be taken to guard against evilful detection on the part of the landlord. H. des Alpes. It is a necessary precaution sometimes, when the party is large, to send on to secure beds on the Rigi. Arth, a village of 2129 inhab., occupies a charming position on the lake of Zug, between the base of the Rigi and the Rosenberg. There is a Capuchin convent here. In the Treasury of the Church some interesting curiosities are preserved, including an ancient and richly-worked crucifix and chalice of silver, which belonged to Charles the Bold, and were left by him to his Swiss conquerors on the field of Grandson, besides some gaudy priests' robes.

The Rosenberg, a dangerous neighbour, threatens no danger to Arth, because its strata slope away from the village. The Rigi is a source of considerable gain to Arth, from the number of guides and mules furnished by the villagers to travellers to ascend the mountain. The ascent properly begins at Goldau, about two miles farther on the road, since few persons are willing to avail themselves of the shorter but very difficult and fatiguing footpath direct from Arth. Those who ascend the Rigi on this side must quit their carriages at Goldau.

FALL OF THE ROSENBERG.

" Mountains have fallen,
Leaving a gap in the clouds, and with the shock
Rocking their Alpine brethren; filling up
The ripe green valleys with destruction's splinters,
Damming the rivers with a sudden dash,
Which crush'd the waters into mist, and made
Their fountains find another channel—then,
Thus, in its old age, did Mount Rosenberg
Dye.

On approaching Goldau the tra-

valley soon perceives traces of the dreadful catastrophe which buried the original and much larger village of that name, and inundated the valley for a considerable distance with a deluge of stones and rubbish. The mountain which caused this calamity still remains scarred from top to bottom: nothing grows upon its barren surface, and ages must elapse before the aspect of ruin can be removed.

The Rosenberg, or Ruffberg, is a mountain 4958 ft. high; the upper part of it consists of a conglomerate or pudding-stone, formed of rounded masses of other rocks cemented together, and called by the Germans *Nagelfluh*, or Nail-rock, from the knobs and protuberances which its surface presents, resembling nail-heads. From the nature of the structure of this kind of rock, it is very liable to become cracked, and if rain-water or springs penetrate these fissures they will not fail to dissolve or loosen the spongy beds of clay which separate the *nagelfluh* from the strata below it, and cause large portions of it to detach themselves from the mass. The strata of the Rosenberg are tilted up from the side of the lake of Zug, and slope down towards Golden like the roof of a house. The slanting direction of the seams which part the strata is well seen on the road from Arth. If, therefore, the clay which fills these seams be washed out by rains, or reduced to the state of a viscous or slimy mud, it is evident that such portions of the rock as have been detached from the rest by the fissures above alluded to, must slip down, like the masses of snow which fall from the roof of a house as soon as the lower side is thawed, or as a vessel when launched slides down the inclined plane purposely greased to hasten its descent. Within the period of human records destructive landslips had repeatedly fallen from the Rosenberg, and a great part of the piles of earth, rock, and

stones, which deform the face of the valley, derive their origin from such catastrophes of ancient date; but the most destructive of all appears to have been the last. The vacant space along the top of the mountain caused by the descent of a portion of it, calculated to have been a league long, 1000 ft. broad, and 100 ft. thick, and a small fragment at its farther extremity, which remained when the rest broke off, are also very apparent, and assist in telling the story. The long and wide inclined plane forming the side of the mountain, now ploughed up and scarified as it were, was previously covered with fields, woods, and houses. Some of the buildings are still standing within a few yards of the precipice which marks the line of the fracture.

The catastrophe is thus described in the narrative published at the time by Dr. Zay, of Arth, an eye-witness:—

"The summer of 1806 had been very rainy, and on the 1st and 2nd September it rained incessantly. New crevices were observed in the flank of the mountain, a sort of cracking noise was heard internally, stones started out of the ground, detached fragments of rocks rolled down the mountain; at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 2nd of September, a large rock became loose, and in falling raised a cloud of black dust. Toward the lower part of the mountain, the ground seemed pressed down from above; and when a stick or a spade was driven in, it moved of itself. A man, who had been digging in his garden, ran away from fright at these extraordinary appearances; soon a fissure, larger than all the others, was observed; insensibly it increased; springs of water ceased all at once to flow; the pine-trees of the forest absolutely reeled; birds flew away screaming. A few minutes before five o'clock, the symptoms of some mighty catastrophe became still stronger; the whole surface of the

mountain seemed to glide down, but so slowly as to afford time to the inhabitants to go away. An old man, who had often predicted some such disaster, was quietly smoking his pipe, when told by a young man, running by, that the mountain was in the act of falling; he rose and looked out, but came into his house again, saying he had time to fill another pipe. The young man, continuing to fly, was thrown down several times, and escaped with difficulty; looking back, he saw the house carried off all at once.

"Another inhabitant, being alarmed, took two of his children and ran away with them, calling to his wife to follow with the third; but she went in for another, who still remained (Marianne, aged five). Just then, Francis Ulrich, their servant, was crossing the room, with this Marianne, whom she held by the hand, and saw her mistress; at that instant, as Francis afterwards said, 'The house appeared to be torn from its foundation (it was of wood), and spun round and round like a top; I was sometimes on my head, sometimes on my feet, in total darkness, and violently separated from the child.' When the motion stopped, she found herself jammed in on all sides, with her head downwards, much bruised, and in extreme pain. She supposed she was buried alive at a great depth, with much difficulty she disengaged her right hand, and wiped the blood from her eyes. Presently she heard the faint moans of Marianne, and called to her by her name, the child answered that she was on her back among stones and bushes, which held her fast, but that her hands were free, and that she saw the light, and even something green. She asked whether people would not soon come to take them out. Francis answered that it was the day of judgment, and that no one was left to help them, but that they would be released by death, and be happy in heaven. They prayed

together. At last Francis's ear was struck by the sound of a bell, which she knew to be that of Steinberg: then seven o'clock struck in another village, and she began to hope there were still living beings, and endeavoured to comfort the child. The poor little girl was at first clamorous for her supper, but her cries soon became fainter, and at last quite died away. Francis, still with her head downwards, and surrounded with damp earth, experienced a sense of cold in her feet almost insupportable. After prodigious efforts, she succeeded in disengaging her legs, and thinks this saved her life. Many hours had passed in this situation, when she again heard the voice of Marianne, who had been asleep, and now renewed her lamentations. In the mean time, the unfortunate father, who, with much difficulty, had saved himself and two children, wandered about till daylight, when he came among the ruins to look for the rest of his family. He soon discovered his wife, by a foot which appeared above ground: she was dead, with a child in her arms. His cries, and the noise he made in digging, were heard by Marianne, who called out. She was extricated with a broken thigh, and, saying that Francis was not far off, a further search led to her release also, but in such a state that her life was despaired of: she was blind for some days, and remained subject to convulsive fits of terror. It appeared that the house, or themselves at least, had been carried down about 1500 feet from where it stood before.

"In another place, a child two years old was found unhurt, lying on its straw mattress upon the mud, without any vestige of the house from which he had been separated. Such a mass of earth and stones rushed at once into the lake of Lowerta, although 5 miles distant, that one end of it was filled up, and a prodigious wave passing completely over the island of Schwam, 70 feet above the usual level of

the water, overwhelmed the opposite shore, and, as it returned, swept away into the lake many houses with their inhabitants. The village of Seewen, situated at the further end, was inundated, and some houses washed away; and the flood carried live fish into the village of Steisem. The chapel of Otten, built of wood, was found half a league from the place it had previously occupied, and many large blocks of stone completely changed their position.

"The most considerable of the villages overwhelmed in the vale of Arth was Golden, and its name is now affixed to the whole melancholy story and place. I shall relate only one more incident:—A party of eleven travellers from Berne, belonging to the most distinguished families there, arrived at Arth on the 3rd of September, and set off on foot for the Rigi a few minutes before the catastrophe. Seven of them had got about 300 yards a-head,—the other four saw them entering the village of Golden; and one of the latter, Mr. R. Jenner, pointing out to the rest the summit of the Rosenberg (full 4 miles off in a straight line), where some strange commotion seemed taking place, which they themselves (the four behind) were observing with a telescope, and had entered into conversation on the subject with some strangers just come up; when, all at once, a flight of stones, like cannon-balls, traversed the air above their heads; a cloud of dust obscured the valley; a frightful noise was heard. They fled! As soon as the obscurity was so far dissipated as to make objects discernible, they sought their friends; but the village of Golden had disappeared under a heap of stones and rubbish 100 feet in height, and the whole valley presented nothing but a perfect chaos! Of the unfortunate survivors, one lost a wife to whom he was just married, one a son, a third the two pupils under his care: all remembrances to discover their remains were, and have

ever since been, fruitless. Nothing is left of Golden but the bell which hung in its steeple, and which was found about a mile off. With the rocks torrents of mud came down, acting as rollers; but they took a different direction when in the valley, the mud following the slope of the ground towards the lake of Lowerts, while the rocks, preserving a straight course, glanced across the valley towards the Rigi. The rocks above, moving much faster than those near the ground, went farther, and ascended even a great way up the Rigi: its base is covered with large blocks carried to an incredible height, and by which trees were moved down, as they might have been by cannon.

"A long track of ruins, like a scarf, hangs from the shoulder of the Rosenberg, in hideous barrenness, over the rich dress of shaggy woods and green pastures, and grows wider and wider down to the lake of Lowerts and to the Rigi, a distance of 4 or 5 miles. Its greatest breadth may be 3 miles, and the triangular area of ruins is fully equal to that of Paris, taken at the external boulevards, or about double the real extent of the inhabited city. I notice, however, that the portion of the strata at the top of the Rosenberg, which slid down into the valley, is certainly less than the chaotic accumulation below, and I have no doubt that a considerable part of it comes from the soil of the valley itself, ploughed up and thrown into ridges like the waves of the sea, and hurled to prodigious distances by the impulse of the descending mass, plunging upon it with a force not very inferior to that of a cannon-ball."

The effects of this terrible convulsion were the entire destruction of the villages Golden, Bessingen, and Rethen, and a part of Lowerts, the rich pastures in the valley and on the slope of the mountain, entirely overwhelmed by it and ruined, were estimated to be worth 150,000*l.*; 111 houses, and more than 300 stables

and chalets, were buried under the debris of rocks, which of themselves form hills several hundred feet high. More than 450 human beings perished by this catastrophe, and whole herds of cattle were swept away. Five minutes sufficed to complete the work of destruction. The inhabitants of the neighbouring towns and villages were first roused by loud and grating sounds like thunder: they looked towards the spot from which it came, and beheld the valley shrouded in a cloud of dust; when it had cleared away, they found the face of nature changed. The houses of Goldau were literally crushed beneath the weight of superincumbent masses. Lowerts was overwhelmed by a torrent of mud.

The danger of further calamity from the fall of other portions of the mountain is by no means past, even now. On July 3rd. 1823, a shepherd boy climbed up to the peak of the Rosenberg called Spitzbühl to gather herbs. In crossing over towards Zug he came to a fissure, which he leaped across, but on his return he found it so much widened that he could not venture to repeat his jump, and was obliged to make a circuit to reach home. By the 6th July the rent had increased to a width of 40 or 50 feet, and to the depth of nearly twice that number of feet. Great apprehensions were entertained lest the mass thus separated should in falling take the direction of the Inn and Church of Goldau: however, on the 11th, after the crack had widened to 150 feet, with a depth of 120 and a length of 300, down came the huge fragment; it was shattered to pieces in its fall, and threw up the waters of the lake of Lowerts 5 feet, but did no damage.

Those who desire a near view of the landslip should ascend the Gnypstock, whose summit may be reached in three hours from Arth.

Goldau to Brunen.

At Goldau one of the most frequented bridle-paths up the Rigi strikes off to the rt. (See p. 50.)

The new church and one of the inns at Goldau stand on the site of the village overwhelmed by the Rosenberg; its inhabitants, thus destroyed in the midst of security, are said to have been remarkable for the parity of their manners and their personal beauty. The church contains two tablets of black marble inscribed with the names of some of the sufferers, and with particulars of the sad event. The high-road traverses the talus or debris, which extends from the top of the Rosenberg far up the Rigi on the rt. It ascends vast hillocks of rubbish, calculated to be 30 feet deep hereabouts, but near the centre of the valley probably 200 feet, and winds among enormous blocks of stone already beginning to be moss-grown, and with herbage springing up between them. Among these mounds and masses of rock numerous pools are enclosed, arising from springs dammed up by the fallen earth.

1½ Lowerts, standing on the margin of the lake round which our road is carried on a terraced embankment, lost its church and several of its houses in the same catastrophe. The lake was diminished by one quarter in consequence of the avalanche of mud and rubbish which entered it, and its waters were thrown up in a wave 70 feet high to the opposite bank, so as to cover the picturesque island, and sweep away a small chapel which stood upon it. The ruined *Castle of Schwam*, still existing upon it, has an historical interest from having been destroyed at the first rising of the Swiss Confederates in 1308, to avenge an outrage committed by the Seigneur, in carrying off a damsel against her will, and detaining her in confinement. "There is a wild and sombre tradition attached to this island, that 'once a

your cries are heard to come from it, and suddenly the ghost of the tyrant is seen to pass, chased by the vengeful spirit of a pale girl, bearing a torch, and shrieking wildly. At first he eludes her swiftness, but at length she gains upon him, and forces him into the lake, where he sinks with doleful struggles, and, as the waves close over the condemned, the shores ring with fearful and unearthly yellings."

Near the village of Lowerts another footpath strikes up the Rigi, which is shorter than going round by Goldau for travellers approaching from Schwytz or Brunnen. About 3 miles above Lowerts it falls into the path from Goldau, p. 50. The Rigi Culm may be reached by it in 3 hours.

Sewen—(Inn: Zum Krenzt)—a village at the E. extremity of the lake, is resorted to on account of its chalybeate springs. A direct road to Brunnen here turns to the rt.; it is $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile shorter than that by Schwytz, but is not good.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ Schwytz—Inns: Hirsch, good; —Roshi;—Hôtel Hottinger.

Schwytz, a mere village, though the chief place in the canton—"the heart's core of Helvetia"—from which comes the name Switzerland, contains a population of 5225 Roman Catholics, including the adjoining scattered houses and villages, which all belong to one parish. It lies picturesquely at the foot of the very conspicuous double-peaked mountain, called Mythen (Mitres), the loftiest of whose horns is 5860 feet above the sea; and they form the summits of the Hacken Pass.

Adjoining the Parish Church, a modern building, finished in 1774, is a small Gothic chapel, called *Kerkel*, erected, according to tradition, at a time when admission to the church was denied the people by a ban of excommunication from the Pope. It was built in great haste, half of it within three days, and the mass was secretly administered within it.

In the Cemetery of the parish church is the grave of Aloys Reding, the patriotic leader (Landeshauptman) of the Swiss against the French Republicans, in 1798. "*Cujus nomen summa laus*," says his epitaph.

The *Rathhaus*, a building of no great antiquity nor beauty, in which the Council of the canton holds its sittings, is decorated with portraits of 43 Landammén, and a painting representing the events of the early Swiss history.

The *Armsal* contains banners taken by the Schwytzers at Morgarten, and others borne by them in the battles of Laupen, Sempach, Cappel, Morat, &c.; also a consecrated standard presented by Pope Julius II. to the Schwytzers.

The *Archiv* (record-office) is a tower of rough masonry several stories high, and was probably once a castle: its walls are remarkably thick, and beneath it are dungeons.

Schwytz possesses a Jesuits' college (1537), a Capuchin convent, and a Dominican nunnery, founded in 1272.

A diligence goes once a day (?) to Lucerne and back.

The Schwytzers first became known in Europe about the year 1200, in a dispute which the natives of this district had with the tenants of the monks of Einsiedeln. The holy Fathers, concealing from the Emperor the very existence of such a race as the men of Schwytz, had obtained from him a grant of their possessions, as waste and unoccupied lands. The Schwytzers, however, were able to maintain their own property by their own swords, until at length the Emperor Frederick II. confirmed to them their rights.

The name Swiss (Schwytzer) was first given to the inhabitants of the three Forest cantons after the battle of Morgarten, their earliest victory, in which the men of Schwytz had taken the lead, and prominently distinguished themselves above the others.

At Itach, a village on the Muotta (through which the road to Brunnen passes), may be seen the place of assemblage where the Cantons-Landes-Gemeinde—consisting of all the male citizens of the canton—formerly met in the open air to choose their magistrates, from the Landammann down to the lowest officer. Here they used to deliberate and vote on the affairs of the state, decide on peace or war, form alliances, or despatch embassies—a singular example of universal suffrage and the legislation of the masses. The business was opened by prayer, and by the whole assembly kneeling, and taking an oath faithfully to discharge their legislative duties. According to the Constitution of 1833, the General Assemblies of the canton are now held at Rothenthurn, on the road to Einsiedeln. At present the meeting of the Circle only is held here.

The road up the Muottathal—which opens out here—is described in Route 75.

1 Brunnen. (Route 18.)

ASCENT OF THE RIGI.

The summit of the Rigi may be reached in about 11 hours from Zürich and 4 or 5 from Lucerne, exclusive of stoppages. Heavy carriages can approach the foot of the mountain at Arth (Goldau) and Küssnacht; and if the traveller ascend from the one, he may send round his carriage to meet him on his descent at the other place.

The Rigi, or Rigi (*Regina Montium* is only a fanciful derivation of the name), a mountain, or rather group of mountains, rising between the lakes of Zug and Lucerne, owes its celebrity less to its height, for it is only 5700 feet above the sea, than to its isolated situation, separated from other mountains, in the midst of some of the most beautiful scenery of Switzerland, which allows an uninterrupted view from it on all sides, and converts it into a natural observa-

tory, commanding a panorama hardly to be equalled in extent and grandeur among the Alps. It has also the advantage of being very accessible; no less than 3 mule-paths lead up to the summit, so that it is daily resorted to in summer by hundreds of travellers of all countries and ages, and of both sexes. The upper part of the mountain is composed, like the Roseberg, of the brecciated rock called Nagelfluhe. Externally, the entire summit is clothed with verdant pastures, which support more than 2000 head of cattle in summer, and the middle and lower region are girt round with forests.

Owing to the uncertainty of the atmosphere at high elevations, travellers should prepare themselves for disappointment, since the trouble of an ascent is often repaid with clouds and impenetrable mist, instead of a fine sunrise and extensive prospect. He is wise, therefore, who, in fine weather, manages to reach the summit before the sun goes down: he, at least, has two chances of a view. It not unfrequently happens, however, that the traveller who has commenced the ascent in sunshine and under a clear sky is overtaken by clouds and storms before he reaches the top.

Horses and Guides.

The 3 principal bridle-paths to the Cùlm, or top of the Rigi, are those from Goldau, Küssnacht, and Weggis. At each of these places, as well as at Arth, Lowertz, and Brunnen, horses, guides, and porters may be hired at prices regulated by tariff fixed by the government of the canton, which is always hung up in the inns.

The usual charge for a horse is 9 Fr. francs to the top, and 6 to return next day by the same road; 7½ by a different road on the opposite side of the mountain, with a drink-money of 5 or 6 bats to the boy who leads the horses. A porter, to carry baggage, 6 fr., and 3 to return. A horse may be hired for 6 fr. up to the convent of

Maria Zum Schnee, below which is the steepest part of the ascent. Chaises & porteurs may be procured for ladies who do not like to ride or walk, and each bearer receives 9 fr. up and down. In the height of summer, when the concourse of visitors is immense, it is a good plan to send a lad up the mountain before you to secure beds at the Rigi-culm inn. The pedestrian, unless he desire to be relieved of his baggage, has scarcely any need of a guide, as the paths are most distinctly marked, and are traversed by so many persons that he can scarcely miss his way. To those who ride on horseback, the man who leads the horse will serve as guide.

Ascent from Goldau, 3½ hours; descent 2½. Travellers usually make Arth (p. 43) their starting-place (½ of an hour farther off), because the inn is better there; but the ascent of the mountain begins at Goldau. This is, indeed, the best point to ascend from, because the path runs along a deep gulley, in the interior of the mountain, the sides of which protect the traveller from the afternoon sun, and shut out all view until the summit is reached, where it bursts at once upon the sight: the other paths wind round the exterior of the mountain.

At Goldau a toll of 5 bats, = 15 sous, is paid for each horse, and goes to keep the path in repair. The path strikes at once from the inn of the Cheval Blanc up the side of the mountain; at first across fields strewn with blocks from the Rorschberg, which, by the force acquired in their descent down one side of the valley, were actually carried up the opposite slope.

Near a small public-house, called Unter Döhli, where the guides usually stop to give breath to their animals and a glass of schnaps to themselves, the path is very steep indeed, carried up a rude staircase formed of trunks of trees fastened between the rocks.

This is a good point for surveying the fall of the Rorschberg and the vale

of the Golden below, mourning in ruin and desolation. The long train of rubbish thrown down by that convulsion is seen stretching across to the lake of Lowerts, which it partly filled up (see p. 48). A steep foot-path from Arth falls into our road here. Here begin "the Stations," a series of 13 little chapels, each with a painting representing an event in our Lord's Passion, which lead up to the pilgrimage church of Mary-of-the-Snow. The steepest part of the road is over at the 4th station. At the chapel of Malchus, containing the Bearing of the Cross, the path from Lowerts falls into our route.

Notre Dame des Neiges, or Maria zum Schnee, is a little church much frequented by pilgrims, especially on the 5th of August, on account of the indulgences granted by the Pope at the end of the 17th century to all who make this pious journey. Adjoining it is a small hospice, or convent, inhabited all the year by 3 or 4 Capuchin brothers, who do the duty of the church, being deputed by the fraternity at Arth on this service. The church is surrounded by a group of inns, the best of which (the Schwarzt and Sonne) are sometimes resorted to by invalids, who repair hither to drink goat's whey, and might even afford a homely lodging to travellers benighted or unable to find room in the two inns on the top of the mountain: the others are public-houses, chiefly occupied by pilgrims. Half an hour's walking, up gently-sloping meadows, brings the traveller to the inn called Rigi-Staffel.

Ascent from Küssnacht.—3½ hours to mount; 2½ to descend. A mule-path, as long as that from Goldau, and more steep. A toll of 10 batzen is paid on this road. By a detour of ½ an hour, Tell's Chapel (see p. 48) may be visited in going or returning. Leaving Küssnacht and passing on the L. the ruins of Gessler's Castle (p. 43), it is carried in zigzag up the

steepest part of the mountain, through forests, and across the pastures called Seeboden. The lake of Lucerne is in sight almost the whole way. The path emerges on the brow of the hill in front of the Staffel inn.

Ascent from Weggis.—Weggis—Inn: Lowe (Lion).—a small village on a little ledge at the foot of the Rigi, on the lake of the Four Cantons, is the spot where those who approach the Rigi by water, land. It supports 12 or 15 horses, and guides in corresponding numbers. The steamer to and from Lucerne touches here daily. A bad path, winding round the foot of the Rigi, connects Weggis with Küssnacht; but the chief communication is carried on by water.

The mule-path up the Rigi from Weggis is less steep and a little shorter than the two preceding: $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours up; $2\frac{1}{2}$ down. It winds along the outside of the mountain, in constant view of the lake, passing, first, the little chapel of Heiligenkreutz (Holy Cross), and then stretching up to a singular natural arch (called Hochstett, or Felsenthur), formed by two vast detached blocks of nagelfluh (padding-stone), holding suspended a third, beneath which the path is carried. These broken fragments serve to illustrate the tendency which this rock has to cleave and split, and to this cause may be attributed a singular torrent of mud, which, in the year 1793, descended from the flank of the Rigi upon the village of Weggis, destroying 30 houses and burying nearly 60 acres of good land. It advanced slowly, like a lava-current, taking a fortnight to reach the lake, so that the inhabitants had time to remove out of its way. It is supposed to have been produced by springs, or rain-water, percolating the cracks of the nagelfluh, and converting the layer of clay, which separates it from the beds beneath it, into soft mud. Had there been any great fracture in the nagelfluh, it is probable that a large portion of the mountain would

have given way and slipped down into the lake, since the strata of the Rigi slope at a very steep angle. Had this been the case, a catastrophe, similar to that of the Rensberg, might have ensued. As it was, the softened clay was squeezed out by the weight of the superincumbent mass of the mountain, and formed this deluge of mud, traces of which are still visible on the side of the mountain.

About half an hour's walk above the arch lies the *Cold Bath* (kaltes bad), where a source of very cold water, issuing out of the rock, supplies a small bathing establishment.

A new inn, of wood, has been constructed here, containing 26 bedrooms and 6 baths. It was once the custom for patients to lie down in the bath with their clothes on, and afterwards to walk about in the sun until they dried on the back; but this method is no longer regarded as essential to effect a cure. Close to the cold-bath is a little chapel, dedicated to the Virgin, to which pilgrims repair, and in which mass is daily said for the shepherds on the Rigi.

The spring is called the *Sisters' Fountain*, from a tradition that 3 fair sisters sought refuge here from the pursuit of a wicked and tyrannical Austrian bailiff; and spent the remainder of their days amidst the clefts of the rocks in the exercise of piety.

Summit of the Rigi.

All the principal paths, except the short cuts from Arth and Goldau, converge and unite in front of the *Staffelhaus*, a humble inn to which travellers are sometimes driven for a night's lodging by the crowded state of the inn on the summit. It is half an hour's walk below the Caba, and it is a bad plan to stop short of it, since those who rest here must get up half an hour earlier next morning if they wish to catch the sunrise from the top.

The *Caba*, or culminating point

of the Rigi, is an irregular space of ground of some extent, destitute of trees, but covered with turf. On the top stands the *Inn*, a large building of wood, affording tolerable accommodation, considering the height, which exceeds that of the most elevated mountain in Britain, 5676 ft. above the sea level. Charges: tea or breakfast 1½ F. fr.; supper (at 8 P.M.), with wine, 3 fr.; bed-room, 2 fr.; servants, 1 fr. Travellers should bring all their cloaks with them, as the cold is often very intense, and the thermometer at times varies as much as 20° Reaumur, within the 24 hours. The house is warmed with stoves even in summer. The following notice, relative to the counterpane, is hung up in every room:—
 "On avertit MM. les étrangers que ceux qui prennent les couvertures de lit pour sortir au sommet paieront dix baiz;" a threat which seems more likely to suggest than prevent the commission of so comfortable an offence.

During the height of summer, when travellers are most numerous, the Culm inn is crammed to overflowing every evening; numbers are turned away from the doors, and it is difficult to procure beds, food, or even attention. The house presents a scene of the utmost confusion, servant maids hurrying in one direction, couriers and guides in another, while gentlemen with poles and knapsacks block up the passages. Most of the languages of Europe, muttered usually in terms of abuse or complaint, and the all-pervading fumes of tobacco, enter largely as ingredients into this Babel of sounds and smells, and add to the discomfort of the fatigued traveller. In the evening the guests are collected at a table-d'hôte supper; after which most persons are glad to repair to rest. It takes some time, however, before the hubbub of voices and the trampling of feet subside; and, not unfrequently, a few roystering Ger-

man students prolong their potations and noise far into the night. The beds, besides, are not very inviting to repose; but whether the inmate have slept or not, he, together with the whole household, is roused about an hour before sunrise by the strange sounds of a long wooden horn, which is played until every particle of sleep is dispelled from the household. Then commences a general stir and commotion, and everybody hastens out with shivering limbs and half-open eyes to gaze at the glorious prospect of a sunrise from the Rigi. Fortunate are they for whom the view is not marred by clouds and rain, a very common occurrence, as the leaves of the Album kept in the inn will testify. Indeed the following verses describe the fate of a large majority who make this expedition:—

Seven weary up-hill leagues we sped,
 The setting sun to see;
 Sullen and grim he went to bed,
 Sullen and grim went we.
 Nine sleepless hours of night we passed
 The rising sun to see;
 Sullen and grim he rose again,
 Sullen and grim rose we.

View from the Rigi.

Long before dawn an assemblage of between 200 and 300 persons is often collected on the Rigi Culm, awaiting the sunrise, to enjoy this magnificent prospect. A glare of light in the E., which gradually dims the flickering of the stars, is the first token of the morning; it soon becomes a streak of gold along the horizon, and is reflected in a pale pink tint upon the snows of the Bernese Alps. Summit after summit slowly catches the same golden hue; the dark space between the horizon and the Rigi is next illuminated; forests, lakes, hills, rivers, towns, and villages, gradually become revealed, but look cold and indistinct until the red orb surmounts the mountain top, and darts his beams across the landscape. The shadows are then rolled back, as it were, and, in a

few moments, the whole scene around is glowing in sunshine. The view is best seen during the quarter of an hour preceding and following the first appearance of the sun; after that the mists begin to curl up, and usually shroud parts of it from the eye.

The most striking feature in this wonderful panorama, which is said to extend over a circumference of 300 miles, is undoubtedly the lakes of Lucerne and Zug; the branching arms of the former extend in so many different directions as to bewilder one at first, and both lave the base of the mountain so closely that the spectator might fancy himself suspended in the air above them, as in a balloon, and think, by one step from the brow of the precipice, to plunge into them. The peculiar greenish blue tint which sheets of water assume when seen from a height has also something exceedingly beautiful. It is said that 11 other lakes may be seen from the Rigi, but they are so small and distant as to "look like pools; some almost like water spilt upon the earth."

On the *N.* side the eye looks down into the lake of Zug, and the streets of Arth; at the end of the lake the town of Zug, and behind it the spire of the church of Cappel, where Zwingli, the Reformer, fell in battle. This is backed by the chain of the Albis, and through gaps in its ridge may be discerned a few of the houses of the town of Zürich, and two little bits of its lake. Over the l. shoulder of the Rosenberg a peep is obtained into the lake of Egeri, on whose shores the Swiss gained the victory of Morgarten. The *N.* horizon is bounded by the range of the Black Forest hills.

The prospect on the *W.* is more open and map-like, and therefore less interesting. Close under the Rigi lie Tell's chapel, on the spot where he shot Gessler, and the village and bay of Küssnacht. Farther off, nearly the

whole canton of Lucerne expands to view; — the Reuss winding through the midst of it. Above the Reuss is the lake of Sempach, the scene of another triumph of Swiss valour. Lucerne, with its coronet of towers, is distinctly seen at the *W.* end of the lake, and on the l. of it rises the gloomy Pilatus, cutting the sky with its serrated ridge. The remainder of the *W.* horizon is occupied by the chain of the Jura.

On the *S.* the mass of the Rigi forms the foreground, and touching the opposite mountains of Unterwalden, only allows here and there a small portion of the lake of Lucerne to be seen. On this side the objects visible in succession, from *rt.* to *l.*, are the lakes of Alpsee and Sarner, buried in woods, by the side of which runs the road to the Brünig; the mountains called Stanser and Buochserhorn, and behind them the magnificent white chain of the high Alps of Berne, Unterwalden, and Uri, in one unbroken ridge of peaks and glaciers, including the Jungfrau, Eiger, Finster Aarhorn, the Titlis (the highest peak in Unterwalden), the Engelberger Rothstock, and the Hristenstock, between which and the Seelisberg runs the road of St. Gothard.

On the *E.* the Alpine chain continues to stretch uninterceptedly along the horizon, and includes the pre-eminent peaks of the Dödi, on the borders of the Grisons, of the Glarus, in canton Glarus, and of the Scutia, in Appenzell. In the middle distance, above the lake of Lanerz, lies the town of Schwytz, the cradle of Swiss freedom, backed by the two singular sharp peaks called, from their shape, the Mitres (Mythen). Above them peers the snowy peak of the Glärnisch; and to the *rt.* of them is the opening of the Muotta Thal, famous for the bloody conflicts between Suwarrow and Massena, where armies manœuvred and fought on spots which before the shepherd and

chamois hunter scarcely dared to tread. Farther to the L. rises the mass of the Roemberg,—the nearest mountain neighbour of the Rigi. The whole scene of desolation caused by its fall (see p. 43.); the chasm on the top, whence the ruin came; the course of the terrific avalanche of stones, diverging and spreading in their descent; the lake of Lowerts, partly filled up by it, and the pools and paddles caused in the valley by the stoppage of the watercourses; are at once displayed in a bird's-eye view.

The very distant snowy peak seen above the top of the Roemberg is the *Sentia*.

The *Spectre of the Rigi* is an atmospheric phenomenon not unfrequently observed on the tops of high mountains. It occurs when the cloudy vapours happen to rise perpendicularly from the valley beneath the mountain, on the side opposite to the sun, without enveloping the summit of the Rigi itself. Under these circumstances the shadows of the Rigi, of the *Chalm* and of any person standing on the top are cast upon the wall of mist, in greatly magnified proportions. The shadow is encircled by a halo, assuming the prismatic colours of the rainbow, and this sometimes doubled, when the mist is thick.

Two melancholy accidents have occurred on the top of the Rigi.—In 1820 a guide, who had attended an English family, was struck dead by lightning as he stood watching the clouds; in 1826, a Prussian officer, who had reached the summit, accompanied by his wife and children, fell from a very dangerous seat which he had selected on the brow of a precipice (the only spot where the summit is really a precipice), and was dashed to pieces at the bottom. According to another account, the miserable man threw himself off, having previously announced his intention of committing suicide to his wife, who summoned the guide to arrest him, but, after a severe struggle her hus-

band got loose, and effected his purpose.

The steamer from Lucerne to Flüelen calls twice every day at Weggis, at the foot of the Rigi, for passengers going and returning.

ROUTE 18.

THE LAKE OF LUCERNE. LUCERNE TO FLÜELEN.

"That sacred lake, withdrawn among the hills,
Its depth of waters flanked as with a wall
Built by the giant race before the flood;
Where not a cross or chapel but inspires
Holy delight, lifting our thoughts to God
From God-like men.
That in the desert covered the woods of life,
Training a band of small republics there,
Which still exist, the envy of the world!
Who would not land in such, and tread the
ground—
Land where Tell leaped where—and climb to
drink
Of the three hallowed fountains? He that
does
Comes back the better.
Each cliff and head-land, and green promon-
tory,
Graven with records of the past
Eager to have worship."

Byron.

The length of the lake between Lucerne and Flüelen is about 7½ *stunden*=25½ Eng. miles.

A Steamer plies between Lucerne and Flüelen, performing its daily course from 15th June to 15th Oct., as follows:—It leaves Lucerne for Flüelen, 5 A.M. and 3 P.M., in 3 hours; Flüelen for Lucerne, 6 A.M. and 5½ P.M.

Fares: 1st place, 3 fr. 30 rap.; 2nd place, 1 fr. 60 rap.; a carriage with 4 wheels, 20 fr.; embarking or landing it, 1 fr. 40 rap.; horses, 2 fr. 50 rap. The boat calls off Weggis, Beckried, Gerets, and Brunnen, on its passage each way.—H.

Boats may be hired at all the ports on the lake, but are little used since the steamer was launched. The charges are fixed by tariff, which may be seen at the inns.

Much has been said of the dangers of the lake of Lucerne, arising from

storms; that it is subject to sudden and tempestuous winds admits of no doubt; but the boatmen can always foresee the approach of a storm, and are very careful not to subject themselves to any risk. The clumsy flat-bottomed boats, indeed, have an unsafe look, and, in windy weather, heave and roll about immoderately; yet instances of accidents are hardly known—either the boatmen will not stir out in bad weather, or put into shore on the slightest appearance of danger. Those who trust themselves on the lake in boats should implicitly follow the advice of the boatmen, and not urge them to venture when disinclined.

The winds on the lake are singularly capricious and variable, blowing at the same time from opposite quarters of the compass in different parts of it, so that the boatmen say that there is a new wind behind every promontory. The most violent is the south wind, or Föhn, which often rushes so furiously down the bay of Uri as to prevent the progress of any row-boat, and renders it doubtful whether even a steamer will be able to face it. During fine weather, in summer, the north wind blows along the bay of Uri from ten to three or four, after which it dies away, and is succeeded by the Föhn, blowing from the S. The boatmen, in coming from Lucerne, endeavour to reach Flüelen before the wind turns. The only resource, when a storm arises, is to run before the wind.

The *Lake of Lucerne*, or of the *Four Forest Cantons* (*Vier-Waldstätter-See*), so called from the cantons of Uri, Unterwalden, Schwytz, and Lucerne, which exclusively form its shores, is distinguished above every lake in Switzerland, and perhaps in Europe, by the beauty and sublime grandeur of its scenery. It is hardly less interesting from the historical recollections connected with it. Its shores are a classic region—the sanctuary of liberty; on them

took place those memorable events which gave freedom to Switzerland—here the first Confederacy was formed; and, above all, its borders were the scene of the heroic deeds and signal vengeance of WILLIAM TELL, on which account they are sometimes called Tell's Country.

The lake lies at a height of 1406 ft. above the sea-level: it is of very irregular shape, assuming, near its W. extremity, the form of a cross. Its various bays, branching in different directions, are each named after the chief town or village situated on them: thus the W. branch is properly the lake of Lucerne; then come the bays of Alpnach on the S., Küssnacht on the N., Boosha, stretching E. and W.; and lastly, the bay of Uri, running N. and S., entirely enclosed within the mountains of that canton.

Quitting Lucerne, and passing the long Hof Brücke, the steamboat will soon arrive abreast of a promontory on the l., called Meggenhorn, close off which lies a small island, the only one in the lake. A Frenchman, the Abbé Reynal, took upon himself to raise upon it a monument to the founder of Swiss liberty; it consisted of a wooden obelisk, painted to look like granite, with Tell's apple and arrow on the top! This gingerbread memorial of vanity and bad taste was luckily destroyed by lightning. Thus far the shores of the lake are undulating hills, clothed with verdure, and dotted with houses and villas—a smiling scene, to which the dark ridge of Pilatus adds a solitary feature of grandeur. After doubling the cape of the Meggenhorn, the bay of Küssnacht opens out on the l., that of Alpnach on the rt., and the traveller finds himself in the centre of the cross or transept (so to call it) of the lake. From this point Mount Pilatus is seen to great advantage—clouds and darkness almost invariably rest upon his head, and his serrated ridge

and gloomy sides have a sullen air in the midst of the sunny and cheerful landscape around. The superstitions connected with this mountain are mentioned at p. 42. It is the weather-glass of the boatmen and shepherds, and, according to the common saying,

(Wenn Pilatus trägt sein Hut
Dann wird das Wetter gut)

It is a bad sign when Pilate is free from cloud, or doffs his hat in the morning; but when the clouds rest steadily on his forehead till late in the afternoon, fair weather may be expected.

Looking up the bay of Küssnacht the ruined castle of Neu Habsburg is seen on the 1 perched on a cliff, and, at the farther extremity of the village of Küssnacht, a fort belonging to the counts of that name. The colossal mass of the Rigi occupies the other side of the bay. Its sides are girt with forests, below which runs a fringe of fields and gardens, dotted with cottages; while, above, it is clothed to its very summit with verdant pastures, feeding a hundred flocks;—an agreeable contrast to his neighbour Pilate.

After weathering the promontory of Tanzenburg, a spur or buttress descending from the Rigi, the village of Weggis appears in sight: it is the usual port of disembarkation for those who ascend the Rigi from the water (see p. 51), and may be reached in about an hour from Lucerne. The high precipices opposite Weggis belong to canton Unterwalden, but the narrow ledge of meadow at their base is in canton Lucerne.

Two rocky headlands projecting from the Rigi on one side, and the Bürgenburgh on the other significantly called the Noses (Nasen)—now appear to close up the lake; but as the boat advances, a narrow strait, not more than $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile wide, is disclosed between them. Once through these narrow, and the noses seem to have overlapped each other, and the traveller enters, as it were, a new lake

shut out by high mountains from that which he has traversed before. This oval basin is called the Gulf of Boosha, from the little village at the bottom of the bay on its S. shore, behind which rise two grand mountains, the Booscher and Stanser-Horn.

Beckenried (*Inn*: Soone) was once the place of assembly of the council of the 4 cantons. The steamers here land passengers bound for Boosha (3 m.) or Stans (6 m. from Beckenried), p. 100. The quickest way from Lucerne to the Brüning (Route 19) at present is to land here. "It is a pleasant walk from Beckenried to Grütli, by a charming path."—J. P. C.

On the opposite shore, at the foot of the Rigi, nestles the little village *Gerreu*—(*Inn*: Soone, small, but clean)—which, with the small strip of cultivated and meadow land behind it, formed, for four centuries, an independent state, undoubtedly the smallest in civilised Europe.

Its entire territory consists of a slope leaning against the side of the mountain, produced probably by the earth and rubbish washed down from above, by two mountain-torrents breaking out of ravines behind it. The whole extent of land cannot measure more than 3 miles by 2, which would make a very small parish in England; scarcely an acre of it is level ground, but it is covered with orchards, and supports a population of 1348 souls, dwelling in 174 houses, 82 of which form the village.

It is recorded that the people of Gerreu bought their freedom from a state of villenage in 1390, with a sum of 690 lbs. of pfennings scraped together after 10 years' of hard toil, to satisfy the Lords of Moos, citizens of Lucerne, whose serfs they had previously been. They maintained their independence apart from any other canton, and governed by a landammann and council, chosen from among themselves, until the French

occupied Switzerland in 1798, since which they have been united with the canton Schwytz. Though Gersau possessed a criminal jurisdiction of its own, together with a gallows still left standing, no instance of a capital execution occurred during the whole of its existence as a separate state.

There is something very pleasing in the aspect of Gersau on the margin of its quiet cove, shrouded in orchards and shut out from the rest of the world by the precipices of the Rigi; for although there is a path hence to Brunnen, and another to the top of the mountain, they are difficult and little used. Its picturesque, broad-brimmed cottages are scattered among the fields and chestnut woods nearly to the summit of the slopes; some perched on sloping lawns, so steep that they seem likely to slip into the lake.

Gersau may be reached by a row-boat in 2½ hours from Lucerne. As soon as it is left behind, the singular bare peaks of the Mythen (Mitres) start up into view,—at their foot the town of Schwytz is built, 3 m. inland, and in front of them stands the village of

Brunnen—(Inn: Goldenes Adler; improved and good—D. G.)—the port of the canton Schwytz, built at the mouth of the river Muotta. Its position in reference to the surrounding scenery is one of the most fortunate on the lake, commanding a view along two of its finest reaches. It is the depot for goods going to and from Italy, over the Saint Gotthard. The warehouse, called *Sust*, bears on its outer walls a rude painting of the three Confederates, to commemorate the first alliance which was formed on this spot between the Forest Cantons in 1315, after the battle of Morgarten. Aloys Rading here raised the standard of revolt against the French in 1798.

Those who intend to ascend the Rigi from this, usually take a chair to Goldau (charge 60 bats);—for pe-

destrians there is a shorter footpath from Lowerts. It takes five hours to reach the top (see p. 48). Saddle-horses may be hired here.

Boats swarm upon the shore: the charges are somewhat exorbitant. A small boat to Flüelen costs 9 £ Pr.

The steamer touches here twice a-day.

Opposite Brunnen, the lake of the Four Cantons changes at once its direction and its character. Along the bay of Uri, or of Flüelen as it is sometimes called, it stretches nearly N and S. Its borders are perpendicular, and almost uninterrupted precipices; the basements and buttresses of colossal mountains, higher than any of those which overlook the other branches of the lake; and their snowy summits peer down from above the clouds, or through the gulleys in their sides, upon the dark gulf below. At the point of the promontory, opposite Brunnen, stands a small inn, called Treib, with a little haven in front, in which boats often take shelter. When the violence of the Föhn wind renders the navigation of the lake to Flüelen impracticable, travellers sometimes take a footpath from Treib over the mountains by Selisberg, Bauen, Isenthal, and Seedorf. There is a similar and equally difficult path from Schwytz by Morerbach, Sisikon, Tellenrûth, to Altorf, which was nevertheless traversed by the French General, Lecourbe, with his army, in pursuit of Suwarrow, in the night, by torch-light, in 1799. The want of boats to transport his forces across the lake compelled him to this daring exploit. On turning the corner of the promontory of Treib, a singular rock, called *Wytenstein*, rising like an obelisk out of the water, is passed, and the bay of Uri, in all its stupendous grandeur, bursts into view.

"It is upon this that the superiority of the lake of Lucerne to all other lakes, or, as far as I know, scenes upon earth, depends. The vast mountains rising on every side

and closing at the end, with their rich clothing of wood, the sweet soft spots of verdant pasture scattered at their feet, and sometimes on their breast, and the expanse of water, unbroken by islands, and almost undisturbed by any signs of living men, make an impression which it would be foolish to attempt to convey by words.

"The only memorials which would not disgrace such a scene are those of past ages, renowned for heroism and virtue, and no part of the world is more full of such venerable ones."—*Sir James Mackintosh.*

After passing the Wytenstein about a mile, the precipices recede a little, leaving a small ledge, formed by earth fallen from above, and sloping down to the water's edge. A few walnut and chestnut trees have here taken root, and the small space of level ground is occupied by a meadow conspicuous among the surrounding woods from the brightness of its verdure. This is *Grütli*, or *Röte*, the spot pointed out by tradition as the rendezvous of the 3 founders of Swiss freedom, — Werner Stauffacher, of Stetten, in Schwytz; Erni (Arnold) an der Halden, of Melchthal, in Unterwalden; and Walter Fürst, of Aetinghausen, in Uri. These "honest conspirators" met in secret in the dead of night, on this secluded spot, at the end of the year 1307, to form the plan for liberating their country from the oppression of their Austrian governors. They here "swore to be faithful to each other, but to do no wrong to the Count of Habsburg, and not to maltreat his governors."

"These poor mountaineers, in the 14th century, furnish, perhaps, the only example of insurgents who, at the moment of revolt, bind themselves as sacredly to be just and merciful to their oppressors as to be faithful to each other." The scheme thus concerted was carried into execution on the following New-year's day; and such was the origin of the Swiss Confederation.

According to popular belief, which everywhere in Switzerland connects political events with notions of religion, the oath of the Grütli was followed by a miracle, and 3 springs gushed forth from the spot upon which the 3 confederates had stood. In token of this every stranger is conducted to a little hut built over the 3 sources of pure water, and is invited to drink out of them to the memory of the 3 founders of Swiss freedom. It is doubtful whether the 3 sources are not merely 1 split into 3; but few would search to detect "the pious fraud."

The view from Grütli is delightful. A small scar may be observed from hence on the face of the opposite precipice of the Frohnalpsstock, formed by the fall of a piece of rock. "The fragment which has left such a trifling blemish was about 1200 feet wide; when it fell it raised such a wave on the lake as overwhelmed 8 houses of the village of Sarnigen, distant 1 mile, and 11 of its inhabitants were drowned. The swell was felt at Lucerne, more than 20 miles off."—*Simond.*

The immediate shores of the bay of Uri are utterly pathless, since, for the most part, its sides are precipitous, descending vertically into the water, without an inch of foreground between. Here and there a small sloping ledge intervenes, as at Grütli, and on one or two other spots room has been found for a scanty group of houses, as at Sarnikon, Bauen, Latsen, &c.

A little shelf, or platform, at the foot of the Achenburg, on the E. shore of the lake, called the *Tellen-Platz*, is occupied by *TELL'S CHAPEL*, and may be reached in $\frac{1}{2}$ of an hour from Grütli. Here, according to the tradition, Tell sprung on shore out of the boat in which Gessler was carrying him a prisoner to the dungeon of Küssnacht (see p. 43), when, as is well known, the sudden storm on the lake compelled him to remove

Tell's story, in order to avail himself of his skill as stageman: thus affording the captive an opportunity to escape. The chapel, an open arcade lined with rude and faded paintings, representing the events of the delivery of Switzerland, was erected by canton Uri in 1386, only 31 years after Tell's death, and in the presence of 114 persons who had known him personally—a strong testimony to prove that the events of his life are not a mere romance. Once a year, on the first Friday after the Ascension, mass is said and a sermon preached in the chapel, which is attended by the inhabitants on the shores of the lake, who repair hither in boats, forming an aquatic procession.

The murder of Gessler by Tell, notwithstanding the provocation, was a stain on the Swiss revolution, marked as it was equally by the just necessity which led to it and the wise moderation which followed it, in preventing the shedding of blood, so that even the tyrannical bailiffs of the Emperor were conducted unharmed beyond the limits of the Confederacy, and there set free: an act of forbearance the more surprising considering that many of the Swiss leaders were smarting under personal wrongs inflicted by these Bailiffs or Zwing-Herrs.

Tell, acting by the impulse of his individual wrongs, had well nigh marred the designs of the confederates by precipitating events before the plan was properly matured. Yet there is something so spirit-stirring in the history of "the mountain Brutus," that there is no doubt the mere narration of it contributed as much towards the success of the insurrection and the freedom of Switzerland, by rousing the minds of a whole people, as the deep and well-concerted scheme of the 3 conspirators of Grütli.

The view from Tell's chapel is exceedingly fine. The following are

the remarks of Sir James Mackintosh on this scene:—"The combination of what is grandest in nature, with whatever is pure and sublime in human conduct, affected me in this passage (along the lake) more powerfully than any scene which I had ever seen. Perhaps neither Greece nor Rome would have had such power over me. They are dead. The present inhabitants are a new race, who regard with little or no feeling the memorials of former ages. This is, perhaps, the only place in our globe where deeds of pure virtue, ancient enough to be venerable, are consecrated by the religion of the people, and continue to command interest and reverence. No local superstition so beautiful and so moral any where exists. The inhabitants of Thermopylae or Marathon know no more of those famous spots than that they are so many square feet of earth. England is too extensive a country to make Runnymede an object of national affection. In countries of industry and wealth the stream of events sweeps away these old remembrances. The solitude of the Alps is a sanctuary destined for the monuments of ancient virtue; Grütli and Tell's chapel are as much revered by the Alpine peasants as Mecca by a devout Musselman; and the deputies of the 3 ancient cantons met, so late as the year 1713, to renew their allegiance and their oaths of eternal union."

The depth of the lake, opposite Tell's chapel, is 800 feet. After rounding the cape on which it stands, Flüelen appears in view. On the W. shore the valley of Isenthal opens out, the vista up it is terminated by the grand snowy peaks of the Uri Rothstock.

Flüelen, the port of the canton Uri, may be reached in half an hour (by steam in 20 minutes) from Tell's chapel. Here begins the carriage-road over the St. Gotthard. (Route 34.)

ROUTE 19.

THE PASS OF THE BRÜNIG.—LUCERNE
TO MEYRINGEN AND BRIENNE, BY
ALPNACH AND SARNEH.

10½ stunden = 35 English miles.

The Steam-boat from Lucerne touches twice a day, going and returning, at Beckenried (p. 56-100), whence a road runs by Stans (2 hours) to Sarnen (2 hours)—this, though a circuitous way, is quicker than taking a row-boat to Alpnach, and cheaper fare, 2 F. fr. 6 sous.

From Alpnach (Gestad) to Lungern the road is practicable for charr; thence over the mountain to Meyringen is only a bridle path. The traveller may take a boat at once from Lucerne to Alpnach, or go in a char to Winkel (about an hour's drive), and there embark; by which he will save some distance. "Gestad is 2½ hours (with 3 rowers) from Lucerne. The charge is 1 fr. 50 c. for the boat, and 2 fr. each boatman. The rowers expect a franc extra for drink-money. A boat and 3 rowers from Winkel costs 3 fr. See the Tariff.

From Winkel, where the char road ceases, the traveller proceeds by water through a narrow strait between the village of Stansstad, on the l., and a spire of the Pilatus, called Lopper, on the rt., into the beautiful and retired gulf of the lake of the Four Cantons, called Lake of Alpnach. The castle of Rotsberg, on its E. shore, is remarkable as the first strong-hold of the Austrians of which the Swiss confederates (p. 57) gained possession on New-year's day, 1308. One of the party, the accepted lover of a damsel within the castle, being, according to the practice of Swiss lovers even at the present time, admitted by a ladder of ropes to a midnight interview with his mistress, a girl, living within its walls, succeeded in introducing, in the same way, 20 of his companions, who found no difficulty in surprising and overpowering

the garrison. The loves of Jägeli and Anneli have, from that day forth, been celebrated in Swiss song. A series of simultaneous risings in other parts of the Forest Cantons proved equally successfully, and in 24 hours the country was freed from the Austrian rule.

Gestad, at the S. end of the bay, (1½ hour from Winkel) (Inn—Weissen Ross, remarkably comfortable;—persons about to cross the Brünig to Interlachen will find it more convenient to sleep here than at Lucerne) is the port for all going to or coming from the Brünig. Charr may be hired here. A 1-horse car from Gestad to Lungern costs 12 fr. and drink-money 1 fr.; a 2-horse carriage 20 fr. and 2 fr. drink money.

Behind Gestad is seen the taper spire of

3½ Alpnach (Inn, Schlüssel, Key), about 1½ mile distant from the water-side. It is a village of 1400 inhab. at the foot of the Pilatus (p. 42). The extensive forests which clothe the sides of that mountain belong, for the most part, to Alpnach, and would be a source of wealth to its inhabitants if they could be got at more easily. It was with a view of turning to account the fine timber growing on spots barely accessible by ordinary means, owing to their heights and the ruggedness of the ground, that the celebrated Slide of Alpnach was constructed. This was a trough of wood formed of nearly 30,000 trees, fastened together lengthwise, 5 or 6 feet wide at the top, and 3 or 4 feet deep, extending from a height of 2500 feet down to the water's-edge. It was planned and executed by a skilful engineer from Württemberg, named Rupp. The course of this vast inclined plane was in some places circuitous; it was supported partly on uprights; and thus was carried over 3 deep ravines, and, in two instances, passed underground. Its average declivity did not exceed 1 foot in 17, yet this sufficed to discharge a tree

100 feet long and 4 feet in diameter, in the short space of 4 minutes, from the upper end of the trough, where it was launched, into the lake below, a distance exceeding 8 English miles. The trees were previously prepared by being stripped of their branches, barked, and rudely dressed with the axe. The bottom of the trough was kept constantly wet by allowing a rill of water to trickle down it, and thereby diminish the friction. Professor Playfair, who has written a most interesting account of the slide, says, that the trees shot downwards with a noise like the roar of thunder and the rapidity of lightning, seeming to shake the earth as they passed. Though the utmost care was taken to remove every obstacle, it sometimes happened that a tree stuck by the way, or, being arrested suddenly in its progress, leaped or bolted out of the trough with a force capable of cutting the trees growing at the side short off, and which often dashed the log itself to atoms. To prevent such accidents, watchmen were stationed at regular distances along the sides during the operation of discharging the wood, and a line of telegraphs, similar to those in use on modern railways, were established, showing, by a concerted signal, when anything went wrong. The timber when discharged was collected on the lake and floated down the Reuss into the Rhoda, where it was formed into rafts, such as are commonly met with on that river, and sold in Holland for ship-building and other purposes. Napoleon had contracted for the greater part of the timber, to supply his dock-yards, but the peace of 1815, by diminishing the demand, rendered the speculation unprofitable, and the slide, having been long abandoned, was taken down in 1819. Similar slides, nearly as long, are common throughout the great forests of the Tyrol and Styria. (See Hand-book for S. Germany.) Since 1833 some French speculators have constructed a cart road up the Pilatus

into the centre of its forests, and the timber squared or sawn into planks is now brought down on the axle, drawn by 20 or 30 horses and oxen, without sustaining any injury in its descent.

The Church of Alpnaeh, a handsome modern edifice, was built with the timber brought down by the slide.

The canton Unterwalden, which we are about to traverse, is totally unprovided with milestones, for this reason, that, by an ancient and respected law, every inhabitant is bound to guide the stranger who questions him, on his way, without fee or charge. The road ascends the valley along the left bank of the Aa to

1½ Sarnen.—(Am Schlüssel (key); not very good or clean). This village, of 3000 inhab., is the capital of the division of the canton called Obwalden, and the seat of the Government. It is pleasantly situated at the extremity of the lake of Sarnen, at the foot of an eminence called *Landenberg*, a spot memorable in Swiss history as the residence of the cruel Austrian bailiff of that name who put out the eyes of the aged Henry Au der Halden. This act of atrocity made a deep impression on the popular mind, contributing, with other events, to the out-break of the Swiss insurrection. On New-year's morning, 1308, 30 peasants of Obwalden repaired to the castle with the customary presents of game, poultry, &c., for the seigneur, who had gone at that hour to mass. Admitted within the walls, they fixed to their staves the pike-heads which they had concealed beneath their dress, blew a blast as a signal to 30 confederates who lay in ambush, under the alders, outside of the gate, and, in conjunction, captured the strong-hold almost without resistance. No vestige of the castle now remains: the terrace which occupies its site, and commands a most beautiful view, has since 1646 served for the annual convocations of the citizens of the canton, who meet

there to exercise the privilege of electing their magistratum. Adjoining it is the public shooting-house, for the practice of rifle shooting.

The *Rathhaus*, a plain edifice, not unlike the court-house of an English county town, contains, in its "business-like council chambers," portraits of the landammén from 1281 to 1834. "The artists have been particularly successful in delineating the beards." There is one picture, however, better than the rest, of Nicholas von der Flüe, one of the worthies of Switzerland, more particularly respected in this canton, where effigies of him abound. He enjoys the rare reputation of a patriot, and at the same time, a peace-maker, having spent his life in allaying the bitterness and dissensions between his countrymen, which, at one time, threatened the destruction of the Helvetican Republic. In the vigour of his years he retired from the world into the remote valley of Melchtal, where he passed his time as a hermit in a humble cell, in exercises of piety. His reputation, however, for wisdom as well as virtue, was so high that the councillors of the confederacy flocked to him in his solitude to seek advice, and his sudden appearance before the Diet at Stans, and his conciliating counsels prevented the dissolution of the confederacy. After enjoying the respect of men during his life-time, he was honoured after his death (1487) as a saint.

The *Melchtal*, mentioned above, opens out to the E. of Sarnen. At its mouth, close to the chapel of St. *Niklausen*, stands an isolated tower, one of the most ancient buildings in the canton, dating from the earliest Christian times, when it was erected probably as a belfry. Melchtal was the native place of Arnold An der Halden, one of the conspirators of Grütli (p. 58). While ploughing his field near Schild, he was interrupted by a messenger sent from the bailiff Landenberg to seize his yoke

of oxen. Enraged by the insolence of the servant, and the injustice of the demand, Arnold beat the man so as to break his finger, and fearing the tyrant's vengeance fled over the mountains into Uri, little anticipating that his rash act would be visited by the tyrant upon his father, by depriving him of sight.

The valley of Sarnen, bounded by gently sloping hills, has nothing Alpine in its scenery, its character is quiet, and pastoral, and pleasing. The successful experiment of letting off the waters of the lake of Lungern has led to a similar project of reducing that of Sarnen, which will probably be carried into effect sooner or later.

The road skirting the E. shore of the lake traverses the pretty village of Sechselen. Within the Parish Church, Nicholas von der Flüe, the hermit and saint, is interred. His bones lie, but do not repose, in a richly ornamented shrine, under the high altar, for at stated seasons they are raised in order to be exhibited to the crowds of pilgrims who repair hither to pay their vows to the saint. Costly robes cover the skeleton, leaving bare only the skull, (adorned with gold and jewels,) and the bony fingers: gems true or false supply the place of eyes and teeth, and from the breast hang several military orders gained by natives of Unterwalden in military service, but offered up to the use of the dead saint. He is known to the peasants by the name of Bruder Klaus. The walls are lined, by devotees, with votive tablets offered to the shrine of St. Nicholas, recording miracles supposed to have been performed by him. The village Gyswyl, on the rt. of the road, was half swept away in 1629 by an inundation of the torrent Laubach, which brought so much rubbish into the valley as to dam up the waters of the Aa. A lake, thus created, lasted for 120 years, when it was finally let off by an artificial canal into the lake of

Sarnen. "The summit of the Rothhorn, celebrated for its view, may be reached in 6 hours from Gyswyl; the path, at least for the first 3 hours, is good; the descent into the valley above Erlenberg is not so good." (See p. 86.)—J. D.

The steep ascent of the Kaiserstuhl requires to be surmounted before the road reaches a higher platform in the valley occupied by the Lake of Lungern.

This lake was formerly a beautiful sheet of water, embowered in woods sweeping down to its margin, and partly enclosed by steep banks. The dwellers on its shores, less influenced by admiration of its picturesqueness than by the prospect of enriching themselves in the acquisition of 800 acres of good land, previously buried under water, tapped it a few years ago, lowering its surface by about 120 feet, and reducing its dimensions—and thereby its beauty—by nearly one half. The works designed to effect this object were commenced in 1786, but had been repeatedly interrupted by want of funds, and by political commotions. They owe their recent completion to a joint-stock company, consisting of the inhabitants of the district, aided by a skilful engineer, named Sulzberger. The earlier attempts had been limited to the boring of a tunnel through the ridge of the Kaiserstuhl, which, crossing the valley between the lakes of Sarnen and Lungern, forms a natural dam to the waters of the latter. The tunnel begins near Bärjelen, and is carried in a sloping direction gradually upwards towards the lake. Before Sulzberger took the matter in hand it had made considerable progress; but still the most difficult part of the task remained, viz., to complete it, and break a passage into the lake without injury to the lower valley, or loss of life to those employed. Having with much labour driven the tunnel as near to the bed of the lake as the excavations could with safety be en-

ried, it became necessary to guard against any sudden eruption. With this object in view, he at first proposed to bore a number of small holes with an auger through the intervening rock, and to close them with cocks to open and shut at pleasure. A boring-rod, 12 feet in length, driven through the rock, was followed by a discharge of mud and water, and a blow, struck with a hammer by the miner from within, reverberated on the surface of the lake so as to be perceived by persons stationed in a boat above the spot—proving that the basin of the lake had been perforated.

The engineer now, however, discovered that the friable nature of the rock traversed by the rod, and the clay and mud above it, rendered the plan of draining the lake by a number of small perforations impracticable. He was thus compelled to have recourse to a mine, and for this purpose he enlarged the end of the tunnel by driving a shaft or chamber, about 6 ft. square, upwards, so as to reach within 6 ft. of the water. A cask, containing 950 lbs. of powder, was then conveyed to the end of the shaft, and finally hoisted into this vertical chamber, by propping it upon logs of wood, then, a fuse being attached to it, the end of the tunnel was rammed tight with mud many feet thick, to prevent the mine exploding backwards. Upwards of 500 men, relieving each other day and night, were employed to execute this part of the task, the difficulty of which consisted not merely in the weight to be transported along a passage nowhere more than a foot wider than the cask on any side, but in the foulness of the air inhaled by so many labourers, which soon became so bad as to extinguish all the lights; while the constant influx of water, pouring in through the cracks of the gallery, threw further impediments in the way of the miner. As it was impossible to renew the air by ventilation, it became necessary to withdraw the men

for several hours at a time. In addition to all this, a great part of the operations were necessarily performed in the dark.

The length of the tunnel was 1390 feet. Strong flood-gates had been erected at its lower extremity to modify and restrain the issue of the flood. All things being thus prepared, on the morning of January 9, 1836, a cannon-shot, fired from the Kainerstahl, answered by another on the Landenberg, gave notice to the whole valley of what was about to happen, and a bold miner, named Spira, was despatched with two companions to fire the train. The length of the match was so regulated as to give them ample time to escape through the tunnel; and their return to daylight was announced by the firing of a pistol. A multitude of spectators had collected on the surrounding hills to witness the result of the experiment which had cost so much time and money to execute, and in which many were so deeply interested—while considerable anxiety prevailed as to its happy result. Expectation was now at the utmost stretch; ten minutes had elapsed beyond the time allotted to the match, and nothing was heard. Some began to fear,—in a minute two dull explosions were heard; but they neither shook the ground above, nor even broke the ice which at that season covered the lake. No one doubted that the mine had failed, when, on a sudden, a joyful shout from below announced its success, as a black torrent of mud and water intermixed was seen by those stationed near the lower end of the tunnel to issue from its mouth. The winter season had been expressly chosen for the consummation of the undertaking, because the waters are then lowest, and many of the tributary torrents are frozen or dried up.

The drainage of the lake of Lungern was effected gradually and safely. In six days the water fell 14

feet, and in ten days more the lake had sunk to a level with the mouth of the tunnel. The lake of Gyswyl, indeed, was filled again, and lasted for a few days, during which it laid several houses under water, but it was soon drained off. On the shores of the lake of Lungern, appearances were at first alarming. The steep banks, deprived on a sudden of the support of the water, began to crack; large masses broke off, and a very considerable fissure appeared near the village of Lungern, which threatened injury to it, so that the church and many of the houses were dismantled and abandoned, and the bells removed from the tower. A piece of ground, several acres in extent, did indeed separate, and slide into the water, just after a house and shed which stood on it had been pulled down and removed. Fortunately this was the extent of the mischief, and church and village are still safe. The uncovered land presented, for some months, only a blank surface of mud and sand, to which the crows resorted in great numbers to feed on the worms and shell-fish left dry in the mud by the receding waters. By the latter end of the year a scanty crop of potatoes was raised on part of it; but some time must elapse before it can become valuable for agricultural purposes, or cease to be unsightly to the eye: indeed much of the lake-bed was bare rock. The aqueous deposits brought down into the lake by tributary brooks, and laid bare by this drainage, will be remarked with interest by the geologist, as illustrating the progress of the formation of strata, and the variation of their dip. Much float-wood was found in the bed of the lake, it had assumed the appearance of brown coal.

The cost of this enterprise was 51,836 £ (5000*l.*) and 10,000 days' labour performed by the peasants.

3 Lungern (*Ins:* Soona, better than that at Sarnen; Löwe), the last village in the valley, situated at the

foot of the Brünig, and at the S. end of the lake, now removed by the drainage some distance from it. Here the char-road ceases, and the rest of the way must be travelled on foot, or on mules, which are kept here for hire. (§ 10.) As the ascent of the Brünig is not very long, and as, especially in wet weather, the large smooth stones in the steep path are very slippery, it is advisable for the pedestrian to dispense with horses here, which, especially in descent, delay rather than advance his progress.

From Langern to Meyringen is a walk of about $2\frac{1}{2}$ or 3 hours; to Brienz about $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. A steep path leads up to the summit of the Brünig, 5580 ft above the sea-level, where a

1 Toll-house (furnishing beds in case of need) marks the frontier of Canton Berne, and the culminating point of the pass. From a little chapel near this, a charming and first-rate view is obtained along the entire valley of Nidwalden, backed by the Pilatus, with the Lungern See for a foreground, forming altogether "one of the most delicious scenes in Switzerland," to use the words of Latrobe, though destitute of the grandeur presented by snowy peaks. To enjoy these, however, the traveller has only to proceed a few yards farther, to the brow of the descent, where the valley of Hasli, with the Aar winding through the midst, opens out to view, backed by the gigantic and snow-white crests of the Wetterhorn, Eiger, and others of the Bernese Alps, and in front of them the Paulhorn. Here the road separates: one branch leads to the lake of Brienz, on the rt.; the other to Meyringen, seated in the midst of the rich flat which forms the bottom of the valley. From the opposite precipices, two or three streaks of white may be discerned—these are the falls of the Reichenbach.

1½ Meyringen. (Route A, p. 65.)

ROUTE 22.

LUCERNE TO BERN, ON THUR, BY THE ENTLEBUCH.

17½ stunden, = 56 Eng. miles.

A diligence goes daily in summer.

This is the best and shortest of the two carriage-roads to Berne.

3 The road over the Bramegg (passing the baths of Parubühl, a solitary inn), though shorter, has been nearly abandoned by travellers, and, consequently, allowed to fall out of repair, being superseded by the more level, though circuitous route, passing the convent of Werthenstem, which avoids the steep ascent of the Bramegg altogether. It takes about 4 hours from Lucerne to reach the village of

2½ Entlebuch, at the W. foot of the Bramegg (*Inn*: Au Borde—tolerable), prettily situated on a slope (*Borde*), with the torrents Entle and Emme roaring beneath it.

The vale of Entlebuch is about 30 miles long, and is flanked by mountains covered with woods and pastures. The men of the valley are celebrated as the best wrestlers in Switzerland. They hold a great wrestling-match, called Zwing Fest, on the first Sunday in September, when they try their skill against the athletes of the neighbouring valleys. The Bernese highlanders are formidable rivals.

2½ Escholzmat (*Inn*: Krone; Löwe—good) is a scattered village, in a very high situation. A little way beyond it the road quits the Entlebuch, and descends, by the side of the Hlis torrent, into the canton of Berne.

3 Langnau (*Inn*: Cerf—very fair; Löwe) is the principal place in the Emmenthal—an extensive, fertile, and industrious valley, famed for its cheeses (made on the high pastures near the tops of the hills, and exported all over Germany), and for its manufactures of linen. Its meadows are of the brightest verdure, and of the texture of the finest velvet, like

an English lawn; the cottages neat and substantial, with pretty gardens before them. The *Emme*, which traverses it, and its tributaries, at times commit serious devastations, by inundating their banks and overspreading them with gravel and debris. Such an occurrence in August, 1837, occasioned by a thunder-storm, created serious injury, destroying many houses, and almost all the bridges: several lives were lost.

It is not necessary to pass through Langnau, and a mile is saved by leaving it on the rt. The *Ilfis* is crossed, and afterwards the *Emme*, before reaching

1½ *Signau*—(*Inns*: *Oura*, tolerable)—a pretty village, with a ruined castle above it.

About 2 miles farther, the road to Thun (4½ *stunden*) turns off on the l., and shortly falls into the high-road from Berne to Thun. (*Route 27.*)

The road to Berne proceeds by

1½ *Gross Hochstetten*, and *Worb*, an industrious village, with a Gothic castle above it.

3½ *BRANNE* (in *Route 24*).

ROUTE 23.

LUCERNE TO BERNE, BY SUMMISWALD.

18½ *stunden* = 59½ English miles.

A diligence goes daily in 12 hours.

This road is less frequented since that by Entlebuch was macadamized. The first part of this route, as far as

4½ *Sursee*, and the lake of *Sempach*, is the same as that to *Bâle* (l'te. 4). Here our road turns W., passing on the rt. the little lake *Mauensee*, and traverses the villages *Ettiswyl* and *Zell* to

4½ *Huttwyl*—(*Inns*: *Krone*; *Stadthaus*): a small walled town in canton Berne.

3½ *Summiswald*—(*Inns*: *Bär*); a flourishing village. The poor-house, on a rock above, was the first establishment of the kind in Switzerland.

The building it occupies was the castle of the *landvoght*, or bailiff. On the *Arni Alp*, about 10 miles to the E., much cheese is made.

The road now passes across "the green *Emmenthal*, one of the richest and most fertile of the Swiss valleys; a country that would make a grazer's heart sing with joy—such a prodigality of horned cattle" (*See p. 65.*)

4 *Engestein*.

Near this village are mineral baths, supplied by a *chalybeate* spring.

At *Worb* this route falls into the preceding.

2½ *BRANNE* (in *Route 24*).

ROUTE 24.

SOLEURE TO BERNE.

6½ *stunden*, = 21½ English miles.

A diligence runs daily in 4 hours.

The road crosses the *Aar* on quitting *Soleure*, passing near *Zuchwyl*, the retreat of the Protestants driven out of *Soleure* by their fanatic fellow-citizens in 1533. In a grave in the churchyard are interred "*Viscera Thaddei Kosciusko.*"

We enter canton Berne before reaching

Bätterkinden, a large village on the *Emme*, here crossed by a bridge.

1 *Fraubrunnen*. Not far from this the Bernese defeated the English mercenary *Ingelram de Coucy*, in 1375. A stone by the road-side commemorates the event. (*See p. 15.*)

Jegistorf. At *Urtinen*, 2 miles from this, a cross-road turns off on the rt. to *Hofwyl*, the agricultural and educational institution of the late *M. Fellenberg*. It consists of—

1. A *seminary* for young gentlemen, about 80 in number, from all parts of Europe: there are many English. They receive here an education on very moderate terms. Every summer, during the vacation, they make a pedestrian tour through Switzerland, under the guidance of their tutors. There is a separate

school of instruction for schoolmasters.

2. A school for the poor, who are taught according to the system of M. Pellenberg, on an extensive scale. It has the double object of instructing farmers and introducing agricultural improvements.

3. An agricultural establishment, consisting of an academy for practical husbandry; a model farm, an experimental farm; an extensive collection of agricultural implements, and a manufactory for making them.

The surrounding district was little better than a bog when M. Pellenberg settled here in 1799: he has since gradually brought it into cultivation. There is a direct road from Berne to Hofwyl by the Enghe, Reichenbach, and Bachsee, about 6 miles.

A little beyond the further extremity of the avenue of the Enghe lies the old castle of Reichenbach, which belonged to Rudolph of Erlach, the hero of the battle of Laupen, who was murdered here, in his old age, by his son-in-law, Jost von Rudenz, with the very sword which he had wielded at that glorious victory. The assassin was pursued, as he fled from the scene of his crime, by the two bloodhounds of the aged warrior, who broke loose at their master's cries. They tracked the murderer's footsteps of their own accord, and after some hours returned with gore-stained lips, and nothing more was heard or known of Jost von Rudenz.

3 BERNZ.—(*Jane*: Falke (Pavon), one of the best inns in Switzerland.) Charges—table-d'hôte, at one, 3 fr.; at four, 4 fr.; breakfast, 1 fr. 10 sous; tea, ditto; beds, 2 fr. 10 sous. Families and persons desiring to be quiet may be accommodated in a separate house, called Petit Pavon, in a back street, from the roof of which there is a fine view.

Couronne—good, clean, and comfortable, very obliging landlord; Cigogne (Stork). The Abbaye, or houses of the guilds, also accommo-

date travellers; the best is the Dischewang, or Abbaye aux Gentilshommes. The Abbaye de Singe is comfortable, quiet, and moderate.

Berne, capital of the largest of the Swiss cantons, seat of the Swiss Diet (Vorort) alternately with Zürich and Lucerne, and residence of most of the foreign ministers, contains 24,000 inhabitants. It is built on a lofty sandstone promontory, formed by the winding course of the Aar, which nearly surrounds it, flowing at the bottom of a deep gully, with steep and in places precipitous sides (*stalder*). The inconvenient ascent and descent by which the town could alone be reached from the E. formerly, has been remedied by a lofty Bridge of "granite, derived from erratic blocks lying on the blue limestone of the Hirscher hill,"—(H)—thrown over this gully. It is 900 ft. long, and the central arch over the Aar 150 ft. wide, and 93 ft. high. The distant aspect of the town, planted on this elevated platform, 1700 ft. above the sea, is imposing; and there is something striking in its interior, from the houses all being built of massive stone. It has this peculiarity, that almost all the houses rest upon arcades (*Lauben*), which furnish covered walks on each side of the streets, and are lined with shops and stalls. The lowness of the arches, however, and the solidity of the buttresses supporting them, render these colonnades gloomy and close. Along the brow of the precipice, overhanging the Aar, and removed from the main streets, are the more aristocratic residences of the exclusive patriots.

Falls of water are carried through the streets to purify them, and they are abundantly furnished with Fountains, each surmounted by some quaint effigy. One of these, the *Kindersbrunn* (Ogre's Fountain), on the Corn-house-square, receives its name from a figure (probably Saturn) devouring a child, with others stuck in

his girdle and pockets ready for consumption. Some bear the figures of armed warriors, such as David another is surmounted by a female figure; but the favourite device is the *Bear*, the armorial bearings of the canton, which is what the French heralds call an "armoirie parlante," the word "*Bern*" signifying a bear, in old German, or rather in the Saxonian dialect. Indeed, the animal is as great a favourite here as in the house of Bradwardine. Thus, the upper fountain in the principal street is surmounted by a bear in armour, with breast-plate, thigh piece, and helmet; a sword at his side, and a banner in his paw. The *Schützen Brunn* is the figure of a Swiss cross-bowman of former days, attended by a young bear as squire; and two stone bears, larger than life, stand as sentinels on either side of the Morat gate.

Along the line of the principal street are three antique watch-towers. The *Clock tower* (*Zeitglockenthurm*) stands nearly in the centre of the town, though, when originally built, in 1191, by Berchtold V., of Zähringen, it guarded the outer wall. Its droll clockwork puppets are objects of wonder to an admiring crowd of gaping idlers. A minute before the hour strikes, first, a wooden cock appears, crows twice, and flaps his wings, and while a puppet strikes the hour on a bell, a procession of bears issues out, and passes in front of a figure on a throne, who marks the hour by gaping and by lowering his sceptre. Further on in the street stands the *Käfigt Thurm* (cage tower), now used as a prison; and beyond it *Christopher's tower*, also called *Goliath's*, from the figure of a giant upon it.

The great charm of Berne is the view of the Bernese Alps, which the town and every eminence in its neighbourhood command in clear weather. From the *Platform*, a lofty terrace, planted with shady rows of trees,

overlooking the Aar, behind the Minster, six snowy peaks of the great chain are visible, and from the Enghe terrace, outside of the town, at least a dozen rise into view; they appear in the following order, beginning from the E.:—1. Wetterhorn; 2. Schreckhorn; 3. Finster-Aarhorn, 4. Eigler; 5. Mönch; 6. Jangfras; 8. Gletscherhorn; 9. Mittaghorn; 10. Blumlis Alp; 11. In the middle distance, Niesen; 12. Stockhorn. (See Cat.)

There cannot be a more sublime sight than this view at sunset, especially at times when, from a peculiar state of the atmosphere, the slanting rays are reflected from the Alpine snows in hues of glowing pink. It is hardly possible to gaze on these Alps and glaciers without desiring to explore their recesses, which enclose some of the most magnificent scenery in Switzerland. The *Platform* itself, supported by a massive wall of masonry, rises 100 feet above the Aar, yet an inscription on the parapet records that a young student, mounted on a spirited horse, which had been frightened by some children, and leaped the precipice, reached the bottom with no other hurt than a few broken ribs. The horse was killed on the spot. The rider became minister of Kersera, and lived to a good old age!

The *Minster*, a very beautiful Gothic building, was begun in 1421, and finished 1457. One of its architects was the son of Erwin of Steinbach, who built Strasburg minster; and many of the ornaments,—such as the open parapet running round the roof, and varying in pattern between each buttress,—are not inferior in design or execution to those of Strasburg. The chief ornament is the great W. portal, bearing sculptured reliefs of the Last Judgment, flanked by figures of the wise and foolish Virgins, &c. The interior is not remarkable. In the windows are the coats of arms of the aristocratic burghers of Berne, in all the pomp of heraldry, and curious

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caricatures of the Romish priesthood (date, end of xvth century), e.g. the Pope grinding the 4 Evangelists in a mill, whence issue a number of wafers which a bishop collects in a chalice. The stalls in the choir are well carved with figures of the Apostles on one side, and prophets on the other. Along the walls are tablets, bearing the names of 18 officers and 683 soldiers, citizens of Berne, who fell fighting against the French, 1798. There is also a monument erected by the town, in 1800, to Berchtold, of Zähringen, founder of Berne.

The *Museum* contains one of the best collections of the natural productions of Switzerland to be found in the country. It is open to the public 3 times a week: strangers may obtain admittance at all times by a small fee.

In the zoological department there are stuffed specimens of the bear at all ages. Two young cubs, about the size of kittens, respectively 8 and 21 days old—hideous and uncouth monsters—enable one easily to discover the origin of the vulgar error that the bear was licked into shape by its mother. The lynx of the Alps, and the Steinbock, both from the Bernese chain, are interesting from their rarity; these animals having nearly disappeared from Europe. Here is deservedly preserved the skin of *Berry*, one of the dogs of St. Bernard, who is recorded to have saved the lives of 15 human beings by his sagacity. A chamois with three horns, one growing out of the nose; a specimen of a cross breed between the steinbock and domestic goat, which lived 7 years; a wild bear, of gigantic size and bristling man, are also worth notice.

In the Ornithological department are the *Hämmergeyer* (vulture of lambs), the feathered monarch of the Alps, and inferior in size to the condor alone among birds. It breeds only on the highest mountains.

In addition to the native birds of

Switzerland, there are specimens of several foreign and tropical birds which have found their way into Switzerland by accident; viz., a flamingo, killed near the lake of Morat, and a pelican from Constance. Possibly the flamingo came from the waters of the district around Nîmes and Arles, where these birds are not uncommon.

The departments of geology and mineralogy are very rich. The geology of Switzerland may be well studied in the very complete series of fossils collected by *M. Studer* and others. There are a number of beautiful specimens of all the rarest and finest minerals from St. Gotthard.

Several plans in relief of various parts of Switzerland will prove equally instructive to the student of geography and geology.

In a small collection of *Antiquities* the following objects seem to deserve mentioning.—Some Roman antiquities dug up in Switzerland, the *Frie Dieu* of Charles the Bold, and part of his tent hangings, captured by the Bernese at Grandson; the pointed shoes worn by the Bernese nobles in the xvth century; some dresses, &c. from the South Sea Islands, brought over by Weber, the artist, who accompanied the expedition, who was of Swiss origin.

The *Town Library* is a good collection of 40,000 volumes, and is well stored with Swiss history. Haller, who was born at Berne, was librarian. The butter-market is held beneath this building.

The *Armoury* has scarcely any curiosities to show since it was robbed by the French in 1798; the arms for the contingent of the canton are kept in it.

The *Diet* assembles in the *Aussere Standes-Haus* (formerly the *Marksmans Guild*); it met here last in 1845.

Berne is celebrated for the number and excellence of its Charitable Institutions: they are, perhaps, more

carefully attended to than any in Europe. There is a public granary in case of scarcity, two orphan-houses, an infirmary, and an extensive *Hospital*, bearing the inscription "*Christo in pauperibus.*" It was for a long time the finest, indeed the only grand building in the town, a just subject of pride: but it has of late been eclipsed by the colossal dimensions of the new Prison and Penitentiary, a circumstance characteristic of the present period, perhaps, in other countries besides the canton Bern.

Since 1834, an *University* or high school has been established at Bern.

The prevailing reverence for the Bear at Bern does not confine itself to the multiplying of his effigy on the coins, sign-posts, fountains, and public buildings of the canton. For many hundred years, living specimens of the favourite have been maintained at the public expense, and the ditch outside of the Aarburg Gate, called the *Bärengraben*, is allotted to them for a habitation. No traveller will quit Bern without paying them a visit, unless he wishes to have the omission of so important a sight thrown in his teeth every time the name Bern is mentioned; and indeed a vacant half hour may be worse employed than in watching the gambols of Bruin, and supplying him with cakes and apples. The connexion between the town and the animal is accounted for by the ancient tradition, that on the day on which Berchtold laid the foundations of Bern, an enormous bear was slain by him upon its destined site.

When the French revolutionary army took possession of Bern, 1798, the bears were led away captives, and deposited in the *Jardin des Plantes*, where one of them, the celebrated Martin, soon became the favourite of the French metropolis. When, after a series of years, the ancient order of things was restored at Bern, one of the first cares of the citizens was to

replace and provide for their ancient pensioners. The cost of keeping them amounts to between 600 and 700 francs per annum; and well-grounded fears are entertained that modern legislators, forgetful of the service rendered by Bruin for so many centuries, in figuring upon the shield of the canton, may soon strike him off the pension list.

The fortifications of the town, no longer of use as defences, are converted into *Promenades*, and make very agreeable walks. The banks of the Aar, which they overlook, are most picturesque, and the Alps, when visible, form a background of the utmost sublimity.

They, however, as well as the city of Bern itself, are best seen from a terrace walk called the *Eagle*, a little more than a mile outside the Aarburg Gate, the favourite resort of the citizens. On the way to it, immediately beyond the gate, the bears' ditch and den are passed on the l., and the Shooting-House, where rifle matches take place, on the rt. hand.

Two other more distant and elevated points, which are most advantageous for commanding the panorama of the Alps, are the hill of *Altenberg* $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour's walk on the N. of the town, reached by a foot-bridge across the Aar; and the *Gurten*, a height an hour's walk to the S. of the town.

The *Casino*, a handsome building in the Ober-Graben, contains a reading-room, supplied with newspapers: a ball-room, &c. There is also a *Theatre* in the town.

Bergdorfer, opposite the clock-tower, is the principal bookseller, and keeps a good supply of maps, views, and costumes, &c. of Switzerland.

Passports.—Travellers going from Switzerland into Austria, Italy, France, or Bavaria, must bear in mind that it is necessary to have their passports countersigned by the ministers of those powers. The Foreign ministers to the Swiss Confederation

reside at Berne (except the Sardinian, who lives at Lausanne, and the Papal Nuncio, at Lucerne). Travellers going over the Simplon should send their passport to the Sardinian minister at Lausanne (enclosing the fee) to be signed, if they do not intend to pass through Lausanne.

The English and Austrian ministers sign passports only early in the morning from 10 to 11 or 12. The traveller pressed for time, and wishing to avoid delay, may leave his passport with the master of the inn, to be forwarded to him by post. The Austrian signature, indispensable for the traveller who would enter Italy, if not obtained here, can only be got at Turin or Stuttgart, the nearest capitals where Austrian ministers reside. The English minister's visa is absolutely necessary before it can be obtained.

Hindelbank, which is sometimes visited from Berne, on account of the tomb of Madame Langhans, is described in Route 13; and Hofwyl, Mr. Fellenberg's establishment, in Route 24, p. 66.

The excursion hence through the *Bernese Oberland*, Route 25, may be made in 3 days, though it deserves longer time to be devoted to it.

Diligences go from Berne to Basle, by the Münsterthal, twice a day, in 15 hours—by Soleure, in 12 hours; to Geneva, by Freiburg and Lausanne, in 17 hours; or by Neuchâtel and Yverdon, in 18½ hours; to Thun, twice a day, in 3 hours; to Zürich, in 14 hours, twice a day.

ROUTE 25.

THE BERNESE OBERLAND.

BERNE TO THUN,—INTERLACHEN, — LAUTERBRUNNEN; OVER THE WENGERN ALP TO GRINDELWALD,—ASCENT OF THE FAULHORN;—OVER THE SCHEIDECK TO MEYRINGEN;—AND BY BRIENS BACK TO THUN.

This agreeable excursion may be made in 3 days, 1st to Grindelwald,

2nd to Meyringen, and returning to Berne on the evening of the 3rd day. Most persons, however, will feel disposed to devote longer time to it. But it is by no means necessary to return to Berne, the passes of the Gemmi (R. 38), of the Brünig (R. 19), and of the Grimsel (R. 28), connect the Oberland with the general tour of Switzerland.

It was in this magnificent highland district that Byron "repeopled his mind from nature," and gathered many of the ideas and images which he has so exquisitely interwoven in his tragedy of *Manfred*: the scene of which lies among the Bernese Alps. He preferred many of the scenes among these mountains and lakes to Chamouni, and calls them "some of the noblest views in the world."

Berne to Thun.

5½ stunden = 16½ English miles.

A 3 hours' drive. A *Railroad* is talked of.

Diligence 2 or 3 times a day. A *voiturier* charges 18 fr. and drink-money (no back fare); a return *voiturier* 10 or 12 fr.

The road is excellent, and in fine weather the snowy Alps are in sight nearly the whole way. The scenery of the valley of the Aar is very pleasing; laid out in pasture lands, with abundance of villages, and substantial farm houses, with broad roofs, surrounded by neat gardens. The river itself runs at some distance on the rt., and is rarely visible. The principal village passed on the way is

2½ Münsingen, memorable in recent Swiss annals as the spot where the great public meeting of the men of the canton was held in 1831, which adopted the new constitution, and overthrew the rule of the oligarchy.

The Stockhorn, with its conical peak, and the Niesen, two limestone mountains, forming, as it were, the advanced guard of the high Alps, posted on the opposite side of the

lake, become conspicuous objects before reaching

23 *Thun—Inns*: H. de Bellevue. Outside the town, and beyond it:—best, a first-rate hotel, well situated in a garden commanding a view of the Aar:—the *Bateau à Vapeur*, a few yards farther, and a third inn, all belong to MM. Knechtenhofer, who are also proprietors of the steam-boat plying on the lake:—Freyenhof, within the town, very fair house:—Falcon.

Pension Baumgarten; the apartments cheerful and pleasant; living good. Charges 5 fr. a-day for each master, and $\frac{1}{2}$ for a servant, everything included.

There is not a more picturesque town in Switzerland than Thun, situated about a mile from the lake, upon the river Aar, which here rushes out of it as clear as crystal. Pre-eminent above the other buildings rise a venerable church and a picturesque feudal castle 700 years old. It contains 5000 inhabitants; but within its walls there is nothing worth notice. It is, however, from its position, and its beautiful environs, one of the most agreeable places of residence in Switzerland, and being the starting place for those who visit the Bernese highlands, it is thronged with a constant succession of travellers through the whole summer.

The view from the *Churchyard terrace* "along the lake, with its girdle of Alps, fine glaciers, and rocks wooded to the top," is mentioned by Byron. A more extensive prospect is gained from the little pavilion of St. Jacques; but better than either is the view from the grounds of a pretty country-house called the *Chartreuse*, about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile below the Hotel Bellevue. The Jungfrau, Mönch, and Eiger, are visible from hence.

M. Knechtenhofer has built a chapel for the English service; the first stone was laid by the British minister to the Confederation in 1841.

Vehicles of various kinds and guides may be hired at Thun. "Travellers often send their carriages from Thun to Lucerne, while they make a tour in the Oberland, beginning and ending with those places. The innkeeper will make the arrangement, and consign the carriage to the inn which the traveller may designate. Baggage may be safely left in it. The charge for a light carriage is 72 francs, every thing included. Probably 1 fr. a-day will be charged for the standing of the carriage as long as it remains at the inn." C. D.

The road up the Simmenthal, from the lake of Thun to Vevey is described in Route 41.

Lake of Thun—Thun to Interlachen.

Two steamboats ply on the Lake of Thun, between Thun (the Hotel du Bateau à Vapeur) and Neuhaus twice a-day to and fro; the larger in $\frac{3}{4}$ hour, the smaller in $1\frac{1}{4}$. J. P. C. 1845. The voyage takes up about $1\frac{1}{4}$ hour. The fare is 3 fr., with an abatement for a party if a number of places are taken. The hours of starting are liable to be altered from year to year; travellers should inquire beforehand.

The steamer does not take carriages; but a good carriage-road has been made to Interlachen, along the S. shore of the lake. The distance, about 15 English miles.

The lake is about 10 miles long.

The banks of the lake near Thun are occupied with neat villas and cheerful gardens: farther on, its N. shore is precipitous, and not very interesting. Among its scanty villages and hamlets, the most important is Oberhof, distinguished by the square tower of its castle.

The S. shore is more striking. Here the two remarkable mountains, the Stockhorn, with a sharp peak projecting like a horn, or thorn, and the pyramidal mass of the Niesen, with its conical top, stand sentinels at the entrance of the Kander and Sim-

mental. The river Kander, conducted into the lake by an artificial channel formed for it in 1714, has deposited around its mouth, within less than a century and a half, a delta or sand-bank of several hundred acres. The progress and extent of this recent formation, so interesting to geologists, has been ably investigated by Mr. Lyell.

B. At the foot of the Niesen, on a projecting tongue of land, stands the picturesque castle of Spiez, founded, according to tradition, by Attila (?), and belonging to the family of Erbach. At Spiezwyler there is a neat inn.

N. When about two-thirds over the lake, a projecting promontory of precipitous rock, called the Nose, is passed, and a fine view is obtained of the Eiger and Mönch, which fill up the extremity of the lake with the white mass of their snow. To the rt. of them appear the Jungfrau and Fluster Aarhorn.

In front of the Nose the lake is 730 feet deep. N. "Behind the village Mörigen runs the Juster Thal: at a distance of between 2 and 2½ hours' walk up it, in the ridge forming its W. boundary, is a cave called *Schafloch*, which in the height of summer always contains ice. Such ice caverns are not uncommon in the Jura, and in other parts of the world. This cave has 2 branches; that in which the ice occurs runs straight from the entrance for about 60 ft., when it suddenly narrows, and dips down 12 or 15 ft."—J. D.

N. Farther on, in the face of the mountain overhanging the lake, is the *Cave of St. Beatus*, above a small cascade, which may be seen leaping into the lake. St. Beatus, according to tradition a native of Britain, converted the inhabitants of this part of Helvetia to Christianity. Being minded to take up his residence on the shores of the lake, he fixed his eyes upon a grot well suited to a hermit's abode, which happened at the time to be Swiss.

occupied by a dragon. The monster, however, was easily ejected without force, and simply by hearing a notice to quit addressed to him by St. Beatus. Among the miracles performed by the anchorite, in addition to the above, must be mentioned that of his crossing the lake on his cloak, which, when spread out on the water, served him instead of a boat. A rivulet issues out of the cave, and is subject to sudden rises, which fill the cavern to the roof, and are accompanied by a loud report, like that of a cannon. It may be reached in a quarter of an hour from the shore.

At Neuhaus, a solitary cabaret at the end of the lake, about 10 miles from Thun, and about 3 miles from Unterseen, the passengers are loaded. A long array of carriages, porters, guides, and horses, will be found awaiting their disembarkation; also a diligence, which runs to Interlachen; fare, 1 fr.

N.B. Travellers bound on the *tour of the Oberland* generally engage an equipage here for the whole journey, and if they find a good stout pair of horses there is economy in doing so; since, where the carriage-roads cease, the horses are taken out and used for riding. The owner will provide saddles and act as guide. Thus, if the same horses are continued during the whole journey, and brought back to Unterseen, one, or even two days of back fare are saved.

‡ Unterseen, a thoroughly Swiss village of 1000 inhabitants, composed (except the *Castle* on the market-place, and *Rathhaus*) of wooden houses, many of them brown from age, being two centuries old.

It is situated about half way between the lakes of Thun and Brienz, whence its name, and that of Interlachen, both signifying "between the lakes." "There are several pensions here, where the charge is 3 fr. a-day; but they are not so good as those of Interlachen; in fact, they are altogether inferior establishments, chiefly

resorted to by Germans and Swiss, and the hours are more primitive, dinner being served at 1."

N.B. Those who wish to make the most of their time, and intend to return to Thun, will turn off at once from Unterseen to Lauterbrunnen, leaving Interlachen (where there is nothing particular to be seen) until their return from Brienz.

* Travellers having made up their minds at which house they will put up, in Interlachen, should insist on being driven to it, and not be deterred by being told that "it is full"—a common trick with persons interested in other houses.

‡ *Interlachen.* Inns. Hôtel de Interlachen.—H. de Belvedere (Seehely's) excellent. There are at least a dozen pensions, or boarding-houses here, where travellers are now received for one day. Formerly no one was taken in for less than a week. The charges for board and lodging vary between 5 and 6 fr. a-day, exclusive of wine. The principal pensions are Müller's, good;—Kamer's. Madame K. has been in England and speaks English;—the Casino (Pension des Alpes), Hofstetter's; kept by a very obliging landlord, and affords as good accommodation as any in the place. At most of these houses there is a daily table-d'hôte, and during the season balls are constantly given at one or other. Hôtel de Jungfrau (charge 5 fr. a-day, with wine) recommended.—H. L., J. P. C. Those who desire to be quiet will find the Pension kept by Ober very comfortable, with English cleanliness.

Interlachen has few sights or lions for the tourist or passing traveller, who need not stop here, unless he require to rest himself. Its beautiful position, however, on a little plain between the lakes, in full view of the Jungfrau, whose snowy summit is seen through a gap in the minor chain of Alps, its vicinity to numerous interesting sites, and some of the most pleasing excursions in Switzer-

land, together with its exceeding cheapness as a place of residence, have spread its reputation through Europe, and have literally converted it into an English colony, two-thirds of the summer visitors being, on a moderate computation, of our nation, who have converted the place into a sort of Swiss Harrogate. The village itself, a collection of whitewashed lodging-houses, with trim green blinds, has nothing Swiss in its character. Still, however, though no longer a place of retirement, Interlachen must not be disparaged; its almost endless walks and rides, its boating parties on the two lakes, its picnics and balls, would, in the society of friends, afford amusement for a season. In front of the lodging-houses runs a magnificent avenue of walnut-trees, most inviting from its cool shade. The wooded slopes of the Harder, a hill on the opposite bank of the Aar, rendered accessible by easy paths, commanding a delightful view, and the old castle of Unspunnen are within the distance of a walk even for ladies; while the Giesbach falls, Lauterbrunnen, with the Staubbach, and Grindelwald with its glaciers, are within a short morning's row or ride. They are described in the following tour of the Oberland. There is a Subscription Reading-room and Library here, at which "The Times" and "Galignani" are taken in.

The English Church Service is performed every Sunday in the Old church by an English clergyman, for whom a small stipend is formed by voluntary contributions among his countrymen.

Very good saddle-horses may be hired at Interlachen. As far as Lauterbrunnen and Grindelwald there is a good char-road, and the saddle-horses may be used to draw the charrs.

From Unterseen, or Interlachen, to Lauterbrunnen, is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ stadia, \approx 7 Eng. miles,—a drive of $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour. The road is practicable for the car-

riagen of the country. After passing a tract of verdant meadow-land, on which great wrestling-matches (one of which has been described by Madame de Staël) are periodically held, the road passes on the rt. the *Castle of Uspunnen*; it is in a very dilapidated state, but a square tower, with a flanking round turret, rises picturesquely above the brushwood surrounding them. It is the reputed residence of Manfred, and its position in front of the high Alps renders it not unlikely that Byron may have had it in his eye. The real owners of the castle were the barons of Uspunnen, a noble and ancient race, who were lords of the whole Oberland, from the Grindel to the Gemünd. Burkard, the last male descendant of this family, had a beautiful and only daughter, Ida, who was beloved by a young knight attached to the Court of Burchtold of Zähringen, between whom and Burkard a deadly feud had long subsisted. Under such circumstances the youthful Rodolph of Wadenachwyl, despairing of obtaining the father's consent to their union, scaled the castle-walls by night, carried Ida off, and made her his bride. Many years of bloody strife between the two parties followed this event. At length Rodolph, taking his infant son by Ida along with him, presented himself, unarmed and without attendants, to Burkard, in the midst of his stronghold. Such an appeal to the old man's affections and generosity was irresistible; he melted into tears, forgot his wrongs, and, receiving his children into his bosom, made Rodolph's son the heir of his vast possessions. At the time of the reconciliation, the old baron had said, "Let this day be for ever celebrated among us;" and rural games were in consequence, for many years, held on the spot. These were revived in 1805 and 1808, and consisted of gymnastic exercises, wrestling, pitching the stone, &c., in which the natives of the different cantons contended with

one another, while spectators from far and near collected on a natural amphitheatre. A huge fragment of rock, weighing 184 lbs., which was hurled 10 ft. by an athlete from Appenzell, may still be seen half buried in the ground. Above Uspunnen rises the hill of Abendberg, upon which a small *Hospital* for the cure of *Cretins* (§ 19) has lately been established by Dr. Guggenbühl, the management being undertaken by Sisters of Charity from Solothurn.

Leaving behind the villages of Wyderschwyl and Mühlienen, whose inhabitants are sadly afflicted with *goitre* (§ 19), the road plunges into the narrow and savage gorge of the torrent Lütchine, and "we enter upon a range of scenes beyond all description or previous conception." Not far up, the road passes a spot of evil repute as the scene of a fratricide—"just the place for such a deed." It was marked by an inscription in the face of a projecting rock, called, from the murder, the *Evil Stone* (*Böse Stein*), or *Brother's Stone*. The recent encroachments of the river upon the road have rendered it necessary to blast a portion of the rock in order to widen the carriage-way, in doing which the inscription has been displaced. The murderer, according to the story, was lord of the castle of Rothenflun, which stood on the opposite side of the valley. Stung with remorse, he fled away from the sight of men, wandered an outcast among the wilds like Cain, and perished miserably.

1. At the hamlet of Zwilltshausen, about two miles from the entrance of the valley, it divides into two branches, that on the l. from which flows the Black Lütchine, is the valley of Grindelwald, terminated by the gigantic mass and everlasting snows of the Wetterhorn (see p. 63); that of the rt., traversed by the White Lütchine, is the valley of the Lauterbrunnen, and it ought to be visited first.

The valley of Lauterbrunnen is remarkable for its depth, its contracted width, and for the precipices of limestone, nearly vertical, which enclose it like walls. Its name, literally translated, means "nothing but fountains;" and is derived, no doubt, from the number of streamlets which cast themselves headlong from the brows of the cliffs into the valley below, looking at a distance like so many pendulous white threads.

The road crosses the Lütchine under the base of a colossal precipice, called Hunnenfalle, whose face displays singular contortions in the limestone strata. If the clouds permit, the summit of the Jungfrau now bursts into sight; and soon after, surmounting a steep slope, we reach

1½ *Lauterbrunnen. Inn: Capricorn (Hörnbock), tolerable.*

This village contains about 1350 inhab., dwelling in rustic houses, scattered widely apart, along both banks of the torrent. It lies 3450 feet above the sea, so sunk between precipices that, in summer, the sun does not appear till 7 o'clock, and in winter not before 12. Only the hardier species of grain grow here, and the climate is almost too rough for pears and apples. About 30 shoots of water dangle from the edge of the ramparts which form the sides of the valley; and, when their tops are enveloped in clouds, appear to burst at once from the sky: many of them are dried up in summer. These minor falls, however, are all eclipsed by that of the Staubach, distant about ½ of a mile from the inn. It is one of the loftiest falls in Europe, measuring between 800 and 900 feet in height, and from this cause, and from the comparatively small body of water forming it, it is shivered by the wind into spray like dust long before it reaches the bottom (whence its name, literally, *Dust-stream*).

Strangers, who expect in the Staubach the rushing and roaring rapidity of a cataract, will here be

disappointed; but in the opinion of many, this want is atoned for by other beauties peculiar to this fall. The friction of the rock, and the resistance of the air, retard the descent of the water, giving it, when seen in front, the appearance of a beautiful lace veil suspended from the precipice, and imitating, in its centre, the folds of the drapery. When very full, it shoots out from the rock, and is bent by the wind into flickering undulations. Byron has described it admirably, both in prose and verse:—

"The torrent is in shape, curving over the rock, like the tail of a white horse streaming in the wind—such as it might be conceived would be that of the 'pale horse' on which Death is mounted in the Apocalypse. It is neither mist nor water, but a something between both: its immense height gives it a wave or curve—a spreading here or condensation there—wonderful and indescribable."—*Journal*.

"It is not noon—the sunbeams' rays still arch
The torrent with the many hues of heaven,
And roll the sheeted silver's waving column
O'er the crags headlong perpendicular,
And fling its lines of foaming light along,
And to and fro, like the pale comet's tail,
The giant stood to be hurled by Death,
As told in the Apocalypse."—*Mayford*.

The Staubach is seen to perfection before noon, when the iris formed by the sun falling full upon it, "like a rainbow come down to pay a visit—moving as you move," and the shadow of the water on the face of the rock, give an additional interest. At other times it is as well seen from the inn as from the nearest point which can be reached without becoming drenched with spray. Wordsworth has called it "a heavenborn waterfall," and when the clouds are low and rest on the sides of the valley, it literally appears to leap from the sky. In winter, when the torrent is nearly arrested by the frost, a vast pyramid of ice is formed by the dripping of the

water from above, increasing gradually upwards in the manner of a stalagmite, until the colossal icicle reaches nearly half way up the precipice. There is a smaller upper-fall above the one seen from Lauterbrunn. A footpath leads up to it in $\frac{1}{2}$ of an hour, but few think it worth the trouble of the ascent.

Upper Valley of Lauterbrunn.

"Of the multitudes who visit Lauterbrunn, a very small proportion trouble themselves to explore the upper part of the valley. The fall of the Schmadribach is quite a sufficient object for a day's excursion, being, in truth, inferior to few in Switzerland. It is a large body of water, which, issuing from the glacier, throws itself immediately over a precipice of great height, and again makes two more leaps, of inferior height, but great beauty, before reaching the bottom of the valley. Horses can go for about two hours from Lauterbrunn to the hamlet of Trachsel Lamm, opposite which will be seen the remains of an avalanche, called by the same name, which falls annually from the Jungfrau, and spreads its ruins over a surface of many hundred acres. An hour farther, in which there is a steep ascent to be surmounted, stands a single chalet, near the foot of the lower fall; from which there is half an hour's sharp ascent to the foot of the upper fall. Deciduous trees cease below Trachsel Lamm; thence to the fall, the way lies generally through pine forests, and the pasturage is abundant to a much greater height. High above tower the summits of the chain, which, branching from the Jungfrau, is continued in an unbroken line of ice to the Gemmi.

On returning, the curious little cascade of the Trimbach, issuing from a deep ravine under the Jungfrau, may be visited. The western rampart of the valley is fringed with cascades resembling the Stubbach,

of which the Mürrenbach is most conspicuous.

The pass of the Dündengrat is described in Route 26. The pass of the Tschingel glacier in Route 27. Lauterbrunn is the starting point for both these interesting excursions.

The best guide is JOHANN LAMMER, of Lauterbrunn. His brother Ulrich is also good. But avoid another brother, named Jacob.

Lauterbrunn to Grindelwald,—
a. By the char road. b. By the Wengern Alp.

a. By the high-road the time occupied in going to Grindelwald is about 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours—the distance about 12 miles; but this route should be taken only by those who can neither ride nor walk, or who prefer the ease of a char à banc to avalanches, Alps, and fatigue—or in case of bad or cloudy weather. It is necessary to return down the valley as far as the Zwi-Latschinen, then, crossing the White, to ascend, by the side of the Black Latschine—a tedious steep, through a gloomy valley, closed up by the precipices of the Wetterhorn, and the peaks of the Eiger. Nearer to Grindelwald the two glaciers appear in sight (p. 81).

The traveller in the Oberland is sadly subjected to the persecution of beggars—some under the pretext of offering him strawberries, or flowers, or crystals,—others with no other excuse but their poverty, not unfrequently united to gout and cretinism, as an additional recommendation to the compassion of strangers. Every cottage sends forth its ragged crowds of dishevelled and unshod children; behind every rock is an ambuscade of native minstrels, who, drawn up in line, assail the passers-by with the discordant strains of their shrill voices. "They beset the devious footway leading up the hill-side in a long scattered line, to a considerable height, just like a train of gunpowder, which

only awaited my approach to explode."—*Latrede*.

b. In fine weather there is not a more interesting or exciting journey among the Alps than that over the Wengern Alp, or *Lauter Schideck*. Independently of the view of the Jungfrau, and other giants of the Bernese chain (unrivalled, owing to its proximity to these sublime objects), it is from the Wengern Alp that the avalanches are seen and heard in greatest perfection, and no one should abandon the expedition without an effort. The path is practicable for mules, and is about 14 miles long, but, from its steepness, its great elevation, and the time spent in enjoying the view from the top, it occupies at least 7 hours. Though fatiguing, it is not dangerous, and is constantly traversed by ladies on horseback, or even in a *chaire à porteur* (§ 9).

A steep zigzag path leads out of the valley of Lauterbrunnen, in order to surmount the ridge separating it from that of Grindelwald. After nearly an hour of toilsome ascent, passing the houses of a scattered hamlet, it reaches a more gradual slope of meadow land. The valley of Lauterbrunn, beneath whose precipices the traveller has previously crept with some little awe, presents from this height the aspect of a mere trench; the Stانبach is reduced to a thin thread; and its upper fall, and previous winding, before it makes its final leap, are exposed to view.

The path crosses the meadows advancing towards the Jungfrau, which now rises in front of the spectator, with its vast expanse of snow and glacier, in all its magnificence. Not only its summit, but all the mass of the mountain above the level of the spectator, is white with perpetual snow of virgin purity, which breaks off abruptly at the edge of a black precipice, forming one side of a ravine separating the Jungfrau from the Wengern Alp. It appears to be within gun-shot of the spectator—so

colossal are its proportions, that the effect of distance is lost.

About half an hour's walk below the summit a rustic but very tolerable *hau*, *H. de la Jungfrau*, containing 14 beds to accommodate strangers who choose to await the sunrise at this elevation, has been built on the brow of the ravine, 5350 feet above the sea-level, directly facing the Jungfrau. From this point the mountain is best seen, as well as the avalanches descending from it. The precipice before alluded to, which forms the base of the mountain, is channelled with furrows or grooves, down which the avalanches descend. They are most numerous a little after noon, when the sun exercises the greatest influence on the glacier in loosening masses of it, and causing them to break off.

The attention is first attracted by a distant roar, not unlike thunder, and in half a minute, a gush of white powder, resembling a small cataract, is perceived issuing out of one of the upper grooves or gullies; it then sinks into a low fissure, and is lost only to reappear at a lower stage some hundred feet below; soon after another roar, and a fresh gush from a lower gully, till the mass of ice, reaching the lowest step, is precipitated into the gulf below. By watching attentively the sloping white side of the Jungfrau, the separation of the fragment of ice from the mass of the glacier which produces this thunder, may be seen at the moment when disengaged and before the sound reaches the ear. Sometimes it merely slides down over the surface, at others it turns over in a cake; but in an instant after it disappears, is shattered to atoms, and, in passing through the different gullies, is ground to powder so fine, that, as it issues from the lowest, it looks like a handful of meal; and particles reduced by friction to the consistence of dust, rise in a cloud of vapour. Independent of the sound, which is an awful interruption of the silence usually prevailing on the high

Alps, there is nothing grand or striking in these falling masses; and, indeed, it is difficult, at first, to believe that these echoing thunders arise from so slight a cause in appearance. The spectator must bear in mind that at each discharge whole tons of ice are hurled down the mountain, and that the apparently insignificant white dust is made up of blocks capable of sweeping away whole forests, did any occur in its course, and of overwhelming houses and villages. During the early part of summer three or four such discharges may be seen in an hour; in cold weather they are less numerous; in the autumn scarcely any occur. The avalanches finally descend into the valley of Truncheon, the deep and uninhabited ravine dividing the Jungfrau from the Wengern Alp; and, on melting, send forth a stream which falls into the Lutschine, a little above Lasterbrunnen. A part of Lord Byron's "Manfred" was either written or mentally composed on the Wengern Alp, in full view of the Jungfrau, and (he says in his *Journal*) within hearing of its avalanches.

"Ascended the Wengern mountain; left the horses, took off my coat, and went to the summit. On one side our view comprised the Jungfrau, with all her glaciers; then the Dent d'Argent, shining like truth; then the Little Giant, and the Great Giant; and last, not least, the Wetterhorn. The height of the Jungfrau is 11,000 feet above the valley. Heard the avalanches falling every five minutes nearly.

"The clouds rose from the opposite valley, curling up perpendicular precipices, like the foam of the ocean of hell during a spring tide—it was white and sulphury, and immeasurably deep in appearance. The side we ascended was not of so precipitous a nature; but, on arriving at the summit, we looked down upon the other side upon a boiling sea of cloud, dashing against the crags on which

we stood—these crags on one side quite perpendicular. In passing the masses of snow, I made a snowball and pelted Hobhouse with it."—*Swiss Journal*.

"Ye suppling crags of ice—

Ye crumblers, whom a breath drives down
In mountainous overwhelming, come and
crush me!

I hear ye murmuring above, beneath,
Crash with a frequent conflict; but ye pass,
And only fall on things that still would live;
On the young flourishing forest, or the hut
And hamlet of the happy villagers.
The same bell up around the glaciers; should
this curling far beneath me, white and sul-
phury,

Like foam from the rounded crown of deep hell!"
—*Manfred*.

About 2 miles beyond the inn the summit of the pass is attained, 6360 feet above the sea-level. Near it there is a chalet, built also to serve as an inn, but now closed (1841). The view from the top is very fine, including, besides the Jungfrau, the Mönch, the two Eighers, and the Wetterhorn. The Jungfrau, or Virgin, received its name either from the unsullied purity of the snow, or because (till lately) its crest had never been reached or trodden by human foot. She has now lost her claim to the title on the latter score, the highest peak having been attained in 1836, by six peasants, from Grindelwald; and, in August, 1841, by M. Agassiz, of Neuchâtel, accompanied by Professor Forbes, of Edinburgh, and a Swiss and French gentleman. The course they pursued was by the Ober-Aar-Glacier to that of Viösch, and then by following up the Aletsch glacier from the lake Moril. The Jungfrau is the eighth in height of all European mountains, rising to an elevation of 13,710 ft. above the sea-level. The Silber-hörner are, properly speaking, inferior peaks of the Jungfrau. Farther on appears the Mönch, or Klein Eigher, 13,498 ft., and the Great Eigher (Giant), 13,070 ft. On approaching Grindelwald, the Schreckhorn (Peak of Terror), 13,366 ft., comes into sight. The sharp, needle-



formed point of the Finster-Aarhorn, the highest of the group, 14,106 ft. above the sea-level, is only visible at intervals peering above his brethren. The glaciers, which cling around these peaks, and fill up the depressions between them, extend without interruption from the Jungfrau to the Grimsel, and from Grindelwald in canton Berne, nearly to Brieg in the Vallais. The extent of this glacier has been calculated at 115 square miles, or about one-sixth of all the glaciers among the Alps.

The descent from the upper chalet to Grindelwald takes up about 3 hours. The path is steep and difficult, strewn with fallen rocks, and for 20 min. lies over marshy ground. It passes within sight of a forest* mown down by the fall of avalanches. The trunks, broken short off close to the ground, still stand like stubble left by the scythe. Byron describes "whole woods of withered pines — all withered, trunks stripped and barkless; branches lifeless; done by a single winter,—their appearance reminded me of me and my family." From the chalets of Alpigen, half way down, a visit may be made (with a guide in 2½ hours, descending thence to Grindelwald in 1) to the cavern called *Nellenbalm*, which commands the best view of the Lower Grindelwald glacier and its surrounding peaks.

In descending into the valley, the Wetterhorn is seen in front, and on the l. the Faulhorn, surmounted by an inn, like that on the Righi, which furnishes night-quarters to those who ascend for the sake of the sunnier, and the celebrated panoramic view (p. 63). On the rt., low down, appears the white glacier of Grindelwald, issuing out of a gorge, on a level with the habitations of the valley. Travellers, instead of proceeding at once to Grindelwald, usually skirt along the base of the mountain, in order to visit this glacier on their way.

* Of which Mr. Burnard has given an admirable representation in his *Swiss Views*.

Grindelwald. — Inns; Adler — Eagle, at the E. end; Bär—Bear, at the W. of the village, both good. They are more than a mile distant from the lower glacier: in summer they are often very full, so that it is advisable to send on beforehand to secure beds; room 1½ F. fr.; supper, table-d'hôte at 7, 3 F. fr.; breakfast with capital honey, 1½ F. fr.

The village of Grindelwald, consisting of picturesque wooden cottages, widely scattered over the valley, stands at a height of 3250 feet above the sea, from which cause, and from its vicinity to the glaciers, the climate of the valley is cold, and unstable even in summer. Its inhabitants are chiefly employed in rearing cattle, of which 6000 head are fed on the neighbouring pastures. Some of the peasants act as guides. The Grindelwald guides, Christian Bleuver, Peter Baumann, Hildbrand Burgner, are highly recommended for difficult mountain excursions. The younger females pick up a few bats by singing *Kanz de Vachon* at the inns, and most of the children are beggars—occupations arising from the influx of strangers into the valley, which has exercised an injurious influence upon its morals and ancient simplicity of manners.

Grindelwald owes its celebrity, as a place of resort for travellers, to the grandeur of the mountains which surround it, and to its two *Glaciers* (§ 17), which, as they descend into the very bottom of the valley below the level of the village, and almost within a stone's-throw of human habitations, are more easily accessible here than in other parts of Switzerland. Three gigantic mountains form the S. side of the valley: the *Fichtler*, or *Giant*; the *Mettenberg* (Middle Mountain), which is, in fact, the base or pedestal of the magnificent peak, called *Schreckhorn*, and the *Wetterhorn* (Peak of Tempests), at the upper end. Between these three mountains the two glaciers of Grindelwald issue out. They are branches of that vast

field or ocean of ice mentioned above as occupying the table-land and high valleys amidst the Bernese Alps, and being pushed downwards by the constantly-increasing masses above, descend far below the line of perpetual snow (§ 17).

Their chief beauty arises from their being bordered by forests of fir, which form, as it were, a graceful fringe to the white ice, while the green pastures, with which they are almost in contact near the base, contrast agreeably with their frozen peaks. Though inferior in extent to those of Chamonix, of the Aar and of Aletsch, the traveller who has even seen them will do well to explore the Glaciers of Grindelwald. The *Lower Glacier*, also called the smaller, although four times as large as the upper one, forces its way out between the Eiger and Möttenberg, and its solid icebergs descend to a point only 3900 feet above the level of the sea. A path ascends along its left margin, beneath the precipices of the Möttenberg, commanding a most interesting view of the bristling minarets of ice, rising in the most various and fantastic shapes.

A visit to the Lower Glacier is one of the pleasantest excursions on the Alps; short, occupying 5 hours on the whole, including 1 on the ice, and not fatiguing. It is not good for timid persons, as the path skirts some formidable precipices, but it is taken by ladies, who may ride on horseback for the first three quarters of an hour, and be conveyed the rest of the way in a chaise à porteur. It offers to those who cannot mount the heights one of the grandest and wildest glacier views imaginable, the cultivated valley being completely hidden, and nothing visible but the enormous peaks of the Eiger, Schreckhorn, Vischerhörner, &c., which form a superb amphitheatre, finer, perhaps, than the view from the Montanvert." — A. T. M.

The glacier, which is narrow at the bottom, gradually widens, and spreads

out into what is called the Sea of Ice (Eismeer), where its surface, though traversed by crevices, is less shattered than below. The best view of it is from the grotto called Nellenbalm. Strangers should not venture upon the ice without a guide. In 1691, M. Mouron, a clergyman of Vevay, was lost in one of the crevices. Suspicions were entertained that the guide who accompanied him had murdered him, and search was immediately commenced for the body. After 12 days of fruitless attempts, it was at length drawn out of an abyss in the ice, said to have been 700 feet deep (?), by a guide named Burgmann, who was let down from above at the peril of his life, by a rope with a lantern tied to his neck. He was twice drawn up without having been able to find it, nearly exhausted for want of air; the third time he returned with it in his arms. It was much bruised, and several limbs were broken, so as to lead to the belief that life, or at least sensation, had departed before he reached the bottom, but the watch and the purse of the unfortunate man were found upon him, so that the suspicions regarding the guide were proved to be groundless. He was buried in the church of Grindelwald.

On the way up to the Eismeer, a singular depression in the rocks, called *Martinsloch*, is pointed out to the traveller, and opposite to it, in the crest of the Eiger, a small hole, called *Martinsloch*, through which the sun's rays shine twice a-year. Once on a time, according to the tradition, the basin now occupied by the Eismeer was filled with a lake, but the space between the Möttenberg and the Eiger being much narrower than at present, the outlet from it was constantly blocked up, and inundations produced, which ruined the fields of the peasants in the valley below. At length, St. Martin, a holy giant, came to their rescue; he seated himself on the Möttenberg, resting his

stuff on the Righi, and then with one lusty heave of his brawny back not only burst open the present wide passage between the two mountains, but left the marks of his seat on the one, and drove his walking-stick right through the other.

The *Upper Glacier* may be visited in going over the *Scheideck*.

Ascent of the Faulhorn.

The Faulhorn is a mountain 8140 feet above the sea-level, situated between the valley of Grindelwald and the lake of Brienz, and commanding, from its summit, an excellent near view over the neighbouring chain of Bernese Alps. On this account it is ascended in the summer time, like the Righi, by numerous parties of travellers.

"For an excursion up the Faulhorn, the horses that have brought travellers to Grindelwald may be used. For ladies who do not ride, and are yet willing to undergo the fatigue of the ascent, chairs may be hired at the inn, with capital bearers, four to each chair, at 6 francs each; or if the party sleep on the Faulhorn, 9 fr. The inn on the summit, which is only tenanted for 4 months of the year, and is totally abandoned to the wind and rain in October, affords 3 very tolerable apartments, and 1 or 2 bedrooms, in all 24 beds, still it is but sorry sleeping accommodation, the disadvantages of which are hardly compensated to ladies by the uncertain beauty of the early view of the glaciers. For gentlemen the quarters are good enough. The ascent from Grindelwald is totally free from danger, and not very difficult. It may be made in less than 5 hours, and the descent in 3½. The larder of mine host is said to be better than heretofore, and the charges not greater than usual; 3 fr. for dinner, 30 sous for breakfast, 2 fr. for beds, and 25 centimes for the stove in the principal room: those who require tea should take it with them. The path leads over

the Bach Alp, by the side of a small lake, 1000 feet below the summit. The view of the Bernese Alps from the top forms the chief feature of the panorama, which in this respect, and from the proximity of the Faulhorn to those snowy giants, far surpasses the prospect from the Righi. On the other hand, though the lakes of Thun and Brienz are both visible, only a small strip of each appears, which is but a poor equivalent for the wide expanse of blue water which bathes the foot of the Righi. "Our party was fortunate enough to witness a storm on the Faulhorn: the effect was magnificent; we were at intervals enveloped in clouds, which hid everything from us; but from time to time the sky became clear, giving us the full view of the neighbouring Alps. To heighten the grandeur of the scene, we had four times the effect of the 'mirage,' seeing distinctly the spectres of our whole party, 10 persons, in the clouds, once surrounded by a double circular rainbow." 1841. — *De S.*

There is a footpath from the top of the Faulhorn, passing the waterfall of the Giesbach to Brienz: the distance is about 14 miles, but it is difficult and even dangerous, slightly marked, and not to be attempted without a guide."—J G C. Travellers about to cross the *Scheideck* need not return to Grindelwald, but turning to the l. at the Bach Alp, may follow a path which will bring them down upon the summit of the *Scheideck*, close to the chalet, on the way to Rosenlaui.

Grindelwald to Meyringen, by the Great Scheideck.

7½ stunden = 16 or 20 Eng. m.

Beyond Grindelwald the char road ceases, and those who cannot travel on horseback or on foot can reach Meyringen only by going up the lake of Brienz, returning first to Interlachen.

An hour's walk up the valley from Grindelwald, and a slight detour, to

the rt. of the direct path to Meyringen, leads to the *Upper Glacier*. It does not materially differ from the one below, nor is it finer; but it sometimes has a larger vault of ice at its lower extremity. These two glaciers are the chief feeders of the Black Lutschine.

It takes 2 hours to reach the summit of the Scheideck from Grindelwald. The ascent is easy, and during the whole of it the Wetterhorn (Peak of Tempests) overhangs the path, an object of stupendous sublimity. It rises in one vast precipice of alpine limestone, apparently close above the traveller's head, though its base is more than a mile off. Four different avalanches descend from it in the spring, some of them reach to the path, and patches of their snow often last through the summer. Upon the slope in front of the Wetterhorn is usually stationed one who blows the alpine horn, a rude tube of wood, 6 or 8 feet long. The traveller should on no account omit to stop and listen. A few seconds after the horn has ceased, the few and simple notes of the instrument are caught up and repeated by the echoes of the vast cliff of the Wetterhorn, and return to the ear refined and softened, yet perfectly distinct, as it were an aerial concert warbling among the crags.

The view down the valley of Grindelwald, from the top of the Scheideck, is very striking; its green pastures contrast agreeably with the bare wall of the Wetterhorn. Beyond it on the l. rises the sharp crest of the Elgher, resembling the up-turned edge of a hatchet; and the pointed cone of the Schreckhorn appears above the Mettenberg. On the top of the Scheideck (6711 feet above the sea-level) stands a chalet, weather-tight, affording one or two beds for such travellers as are driven to sleep here; and a cup of coffee or hot milk, and other fare, for those who desire to warm themselves after their cold morning's ride over the mountains.

The prospect in the opposite direction, into the vale of the Reichenbach or of Rosenlaui, is not remarkable. High up on the rt. appears the glacier of Schwarzwald, between the Wetterhorn and Walthorn; further on, between Walthorn and Engelhörner (angels' peaks), the *Glacier of Rosenlaui* lies embedded. An hour and a half's walking from the chalet, partly through a wood of fir, brings the traveller abreast of this glacier, which lies about a mile to the rt. of the path in the midst of a forest of fir. It is smaller than those of Grindelwald, but is celebrated above all others in Switzerland for the untarnished purity of its white surface, and the clear transparent azure of its icebergs. This peculiarity arises doubtless from the character of the rocks around it. These, in decomposing, do not turn into black gravel or mud, which stains and disfigures the Grindelwald glaciers. A steep path on the l. of the glacier leads in about half an hour to the summit of a cliff which projects midway into the icy sea, and bends its course considerably. It forms a good point of view.

The guides usually halt for an hour to refresh themselves and their beasts at

4 The Baths of Rosenlaui, a homely Inn, called the Stainbock, erected near a source of mineral water, resembling closely that of Harrogate, which supplies 5 or 6 rude tubs of wood, serving as baths. The number of guests who resort hither for the use of them is very limited. This house is distant about 1½ mile from the glacier. A few yards behind it, the Reichenbach torrent issues out of a cleft in the rock. The path to Meyringen runs by the side of this stream, first crossing a charming little green plain, carpeted with soft turf, like that of an English lawn, and dotted with chalets. The view up the valley from this point deserves particular notice: it is a favourite subject for

the pencil of the artist. The Wetterhorn, the Wellhorn, and the craggy peaks called Engelhörner, form a mountain group unrivalled for picturesque.

Below this the valley contracts; numerous waterfalls are seen dangling from its sides: one of them, from its height and tenacity, is called the Rope-fall (Seilbach), and now a bird's-eye view opens out into the vale of Hasli, or Meyringen, which, in comparison with the narrow glens of Grindelwald and Lauterbrunnen, deserves the name of a plain, though bounded by mountains high and steep.

The latter part of the descent leading into it is both difficult and dangerous, unless the horses are very sure-footed, owing to the steepness and ruggedness of the path, and its being paved with smooth and slippery blocks of stone. On this account travellers are usually invited to dismount, and descend on foot. The stream of the Reichenbach performs this descent of nearly 2000 feet in a succession of leaps, the longest of which are the celebrated *Falls of the Reichenbach*. The upper fall is situated about 100 yards to the l. of the road near the village called Zwingli. A small fee is exacted for the liberty to cross the meadow between it and the road, and a hut called Belvedere, is built beside it. But it is best seen from a rocky headland shooting out in front of the bare amphitheatre of cliffs over which the cataract dashes, and just above the struggling torrent, hurrying downwards after its fall. A little lower is another but inferior fall, and by a third, still lower, the stream gains the level of the valley, and hastens to join its waters to the Aar. The lowest fall is not more than 50 yards from the

Baths of Reichenbach, a large inn, situated directly under the road leading to the Scheideck, beneath a hanging wood and in grounds. It is provided with hot and cold baths (more

wooden tubs by the way), and is resorted to by invalids. Table-d'hôte at 1 and 7. It is distant about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the village of

$\frac{1}{2}$ Meyringen — *Inns*: Sauvage, very good. Couronne, clean and comfortable, the Baths of Reichenbach, on the opposite side of the valley.

Meyringen, the chief place in the vale of Hasli, lies on the rt. bank of the Aar, and contains about 800 inhab. The picturesque of its situation is much praised. Brockedon says, "The vale of Meyringen concentrates as much of what is Alpine in its beauty as any valley in Switzerland." Its precipitous and wooded sides, streaked with white cascades almost without number, and here and there overtopped by some snow-white peak, are indeed beautiful features; yet the flat plain, 3 miles broad, half marsh and half dry gravel, from inundations of the river, are unpleasant from many points, and as a dwelling-place it has serious drawbacks from the danger to which it is exposed of being swept away or inundated, if not buried, by the neighbouring torrents. It was to guard against such accidents that the stone dyke, 1000 feet long and 8 wide, was constructed; but its protection has not been altogether effectual. The chief cause and instrument of all the mischief is the *Alpbach*, a mountain torrent pouring down from the height behind the village, out of a narrow gorge. The district in which it rises, and through which it takes its course, is composed of the rock known to geologists as the *lias marl*. Being very soft it is easily disintegrated and washed away, so that the torrent, when swollen by rain or snow, collects, and bears along with it heaps of black mud and rubbish, intermixed with uprooted fir-trees, and is converted almost into a stream of mud, on which masses of rock float like corks. A torrent of such consistence is easily interrupted in its course through the narrow crevices, which it seems to have worn

for itself by the force of its current: it then gathers into a lake behind the obstacles which impede it, until it is increased to such an extent as to bear everything before it, and to spread desolation over the valley through which its course lies. A catastrophe of this sort, in 1762, buried a large part of the village of Meyringen, in one hour, 20 feet deep in rubbish, from which it has hardly yet emerged. The church was filled with mud and gravel to the height of 18 feet, as is denoted by the black line painted along its walls, and by the debris which still covers many of the fields and gardens around. In 1733 an inundation of the same stream carried away many houses.

Travellers should visit the Fall of the Alpbach about 9 in the morning, on account of the triple bow, or iris, formed in its spray, when the sun shines on it. The lower iris forms nearly a complete circle, and the outer ones are more or less circular as the water in the falls is abundant or not. The spot whence it is visible is within the spray from the cataract, so that those who would enjoy it must prepare for a wetting.

On a rock above the village rise the ruins of the *Castle of Rauti*: it belonged to an ancient and noble family, to whom the prize is given of never tyrannising over their humble dependents. The men of Hasli are celebrated for their athletic forms and strength. They hold *Schwingfeste*, or wrestling matches, every year, in July, August, and September, with their neighbours of Unterwalden and Grindelwald. The women, again, enjoy the reputation of being prettier, or rather less plain, than those of most other Swiss valleys. Their holiday costume is peculiar and not ungraceful, consisting of a bodice of black velvet reaching up to the throat, starched sleeves, a yellow petticoat, and a round black hat, not unlike a soup-plate, and about the same size, stuck on one side of the head, and

allowing the hair to fall in long tresses down the back.

Six roads concentrate at Meyringen: 1. to Brienz (a char road); 2. to Lacerna, by the Brünig (Route 19); 3. over the Susten to Wassen on the St. Gotthard road (12 Stunden); 4. to the Grimsel, 5. to Grindelwald, by the Scheideck, 6. to Engelberg, by the Joch Pass, Gadmuthal, and Gemthal Thal. The magnificent Fall of the Aar at Hardach, on the way to the Grimsel (Route 28), is about 14 miles distant. Travellers, not intending to cross the whole pass, may make an interesting excursion thither from Meyringen; as they may also to the summit of the Brünig, about 6 miles distant, whence there is a beautiful view of the vale of Hasli on one side, and of Lungern on the other. (Route 19.)

Meyringen to Interlachen, by Brienz and the Glendbach Falls.—Rothorn.

3 Stunden, or 9 Eng. m. to Brienz, and 3½ thence to Interlachen by water, = 19 Eng. m.

There is an excellent char road down the valley, passing numerous cascades leaping down the wall of rock. After proceeding for about 4 miles along the l. bank of the Aar it crosses the river by a wooden bridge, just at the point where the branch of the Brünig road, leading to Brienz, descends into the valley. The Aar pursues its course through monotonous marsh and flat meadow land; but near its influx into the lake of Brienz, the form of the mountains on its l. bank, above which towers the Faulhorn, is grand. In skirting the margin of the lake the road crosses vast heaps of debris, covering acres of land once fertile. A torrent of mud, in 1797, destroyed a considerable part of two villages near Kienholz, and a landslide from the Brienzerglat, the mountain immediately behind Brienz, overwhelmed in November, 1824, 40 acres of land, and swept 6 persons into the lake. Kienholz, Inn, H. Balhorn,

good. It is 1½ hour's drive from Meyringen to

3½ Brienz—(*Inns*: L'Ours, good; *Weissen Kreuz*, *Croix Blanche*, clean, situated at Tracht, 1 m. from Brienz)—a small village at the E. end of the lake, on a narrow ledge at the foot of the mountains, remarkable only for its beautiful situation, and its vicinity to the Giesbach Fall. Ask for the *Latta*, a fish of the lake (*gadus mustela*). Tracht is a good place for buying carved wood ware. The traveller ought not to quit Brienz without ascending the Rothhorn, the highest point of the chain running behind (N. of) Brienz, which commands a view nearly as fine as the Faulhorn. Easy of access, its top may be reached in about 3 hours by a stout walker, in 5 by a mule, and in 6 by a *chaie* à porteur. The upward path lies at first through a region of fine forest-trees, chiefly beech, but including many oaks; so these succeed larch, and above them one-third of steep ascent over a bare and barren track. On the ascent fine views are obtained through vistas in the forest of the lake of Brienz. On the top a chalet has been built which affords better accommodation than the Faulhorn—a dinner and even a bed in tolerable comfort. The summit is higher than the Rigi, and not so high as the Faulhorn. It takes 2 hours to descend. The chief features of the view are,—S. the whole range of Bernese Alps, seen to great advantage in all their majesty, with a foreground of the lake of Brienz close under the mountain, and a peep of the lake of Thun in the gap above Interlachen. Besides this, the vale of Meyringen, from the lake of Brienz up nearly to the Grimsel, the lake of Narnen, with a small lake that may be seen in the foreground,—a considerable part of the lake of Lucerne, the Rigi rising from it, and a bit of the lake of Zug, are visible. Pilate makes a prominent figure. The lake of Constance also appears, and a long strip of the lake of Neuchâtel. "The

view of the high Alps from the Rothhorn is not so fine as that from the Faulhorn, but that of the lower country is finer."—J. D.

Lake of Brienz.—Giesbach Falls.

At the H. Bellevue Inn, about a mile from Brienz, at Kienholz, horses may be hired for 9 fr. to Langern, 10 fr. to Lucerne; a carriage to the Reichenbach Fall or to Meyringen, 19 fr. A small Steamer, often out of order and stopped for repair, runs twice a day (H. F.) in 1 hour, from the Bellevue at Kienholz to Interlachen, touching at the Giesbach every trip. It belongs to the innkeeper.

There is a very rough road along the N. shore of the lake: the guides with the horses may be sent round by it, and desired to meet the travellers close to the bridge at Interlachen. There is also a very pretty foot-road along the S. side of the lake by the Giesbach. It takes 25 minutes to row from Brienz to the landing-place, close to the outlet of the Giesbach, where travellers begin to ascend the steep height leading to the Falls. They are a succession of cascades, leaping step by step from the top of the mountain, and, though inferior in height to the Reichenbach, surpass it in beauty, and in the adjuncts of a rich forest of fir, through the midst of which they break their way. The Giesbach is one of the prettiest of waterfalls; there is nothing wild about it, and the immediate contact of green turfey knolls and dark woods has the effect of a park scene. It is possible to pass behind the middle fall by means of a gallery constructed beneath the shelving rock, from which it casts itself down, and the effect of the landscape seen athwart this curtain of water is singular. The cottage opposite the Falls is inhabited by the schoolmaster of Brienz, whose family and himself are celebrated as the best choristers of native airs in Switzerland. He is now a patriarch of 70,

and most of his children are married; but he is training his grandchildren to the same profession of songsters. The concert, accompanied by the Alpine horn, with which travellers are saluted on their departure, is very sweet. Good specimens of the Swiss manufacture of carved wood may be purchased at the Giesbach. There is a path from the Giesbach to the top of the Paulhorn, a walk of nearly 5 hours, but difficult and dangerous. The lake of Briens is about 8 miles long, near the mouth of the Giesbach, 800 feet deep, but in the deepest part 2100 feet! Its surface is 4 feet higher than the lake of Thun.

ROUTE 26.

LAUTERBRUNNEN TO KANDERSTEG BY THE PASSES OF THE SCHILTHORN, FURCA AND DÜDENEGRAT. (See p. 77.)

"There is probably no route among the Alps so free from danger as this, which leads through such a succession of magnificent scenery. The two passes, however, make it very laborious. The descent into the valley of Oeschinen is awkward after dark, and the tourist, however good a walker he may be, will do well to allow himself 14 hours of daylight.

On leaving Lauterbrunnen there is a choice of routes, one by the valley, following the char road to Stechelberg, and then turning to the right of the course of the stream which drains the Saefinen Thal, the other, which is in many respects preferable, mounts at once from Lauterbrunnen to the heights on the west of the valley, heading the stream and fall of the Staubbach. After the first steep ascent, the path leads through beautiful pasture to a nearly level terrace running parallel to the valley, and at a great height above it, with the great chain of the Alps from the Mönch to the Breithorn on the left hand. After passing the hamlet of Dürren, and the pastures beyond it, another ascent

is commenced in order to turn the flank of a ridge which descends here from the Schilthorn on the right. This brings the tourist again to a position right opposite the Jungfrau, at about the height of the Wengern Alp, but with a view still more magnificent. The great chain of Alps from the Wetterhorn to the Breithorn is in front, its continuation through the Gspaltenhorn to the westward, as also the Frau, being from this point of view shut out by the nearer precipices of the Tachingelhorn.* Still farther to the west is visible the Furca; and descending from it, the torrent and the valley of the Saefinen. The ground slopes rapidly away from the foot down to the depths of the Annerten Thal. The Jungfrau is from this point of view, and from this alone, measured in one glance from the snow on her summit to the level road at her feet: in a word, of her 13,718 feet of altitude, more than 11,000 rise at once in precipices before the eye. The track now winds away along the slope of the mountain, and falls in with the valley path just at the foot of the pass. This furca is a very remarkable depression between the Schilthorn and Tachingelhorn; and an enormous buttress of the latter here turns the direction of the route from W. to S.W. The ascent is rather steep, but the ground is favourable, and clear of snow; which lies, however, in long slopes to the left. The view from the summit is very fine, including the Paulhorn, and below it the Wengern Alp and its hotel, which is easily discernible. The Tachingelhorn, close to which we stand, excludes some part of the great chain we had previously seen, but as a compensation, on the opposite side, of

* In Keller's map the Gspaltenhorn and Tachingelhorn are interchanged. The real Gspaltenhorn is in the great chain. The Tachingelhorn lies between the glacier of that name and the village of Tachingel in Kanderthal.

the Kien Thal, rises the Frau, remarkable on this side, as on every other, for the profusion and purity of her snowy drapery. The upper part of the Kien Thal is filled up with a great glacier, over which it is said to be possible to gain the level of the Tschingel. The descent into the Kien Thal requires from this point rather an awkward circuit, which leads to a long slope of slate debris, forming a very unstable and somewhat dangerous footing—a fall sometimes occasions a serious cut. Next succeeds a long slope of snow, and then the green sward. The route taken by the guides leads to a bridge near the hamlet of Tschingel, so low down the valley as to increase considerably the toil of the next ascent; and if the tourist is fatigued, or the sun south past the meridian, he will do well to take the opportunity which here presents itself of descending to the char road at Reichenbach. The ascent of the Dandengrat is steep, but over good ground, and a view is soon obtained of the pyramidal Niesen, and the lake of Thun beyond it. Near the top it becomes rather rough, and the stones are succeeded by a bed of snow, which adds a good deal to the fatigue of the last half-hour of ascent. From the snow to the top of the ridge is but one step, and the next is downhill. Here a new scene of magnificence opens. The glittering Frau, which is here quite close, with a triple glacier streaming down from her side into the gulfs beneath, and further off the Doldenhorn, and the beautiful lake of Oeschinen encompassed by it, form a scene unparalleled in the Alps, though resembling in some of its features the lake and glacier scenery near the summit of the Maloja. The descent from the high pastures to the level of the lake is practicable only by one route, where a path has been cut in steps here and there along the faces of the rocks. The path leads along the western shore of the lake through a

pine wood beyond it, in about 2 hours to the village and inn of Kandertog. F. W.—See Route 26.

ROUTE 27.

LAUTERBRUNNEN TO KANDERTOG BY THE TSCHINGEL GLACIER AND GASTERN THAL.

This is a hard day's work, with bad places, the worst being the ascent to and the descent from the glacier. The glacier itself lies in a tolerably level basin, and, except at its two extremities, is not dangerously crevassed. One of the Lauener, guides at Lauterbrunnen, ought to be engaged. Johann is the best: Ulrich is also good. (See p. 77.)

Leaving Lauterbrunnen, the route follows the char road past Stachelberg into the Ammersee Thal (as the upper end of the Valley of Lauterbrunn is called), the heights on the right are then ascended to reach the chalets of the Steinberg, the view comprises the continuous range of the High Alps from the Jungfrau to the Gspaltenhorn (erroneously marked Tschingelhorn in Keller). The day's journey may be shortened by passing the night at the Steinberg, the accommodation is of course wretched, and the tourist would probably be unable to sleep. Above the Steinberg the precipices of the Tschingelhorn pass close upon the glacier, and the latter has therefore to be followed for some distance upwards, till it becomes inaccessible from the steepness of its fall from its upper basin. At this point the rocks on its left bank may be ascended though the passage is difficult to find, and in one place rather awkward; then comes a climb over loose stones, and at last the great glacier itself. On the right hand, and immediately above, rises the Tschingelhorn, farther on the Frau, with the Kien Furen between. In the midst of the glacier is a remarkable rocky mass, called the Mutschhorn; and along its south-

ern boundary the continuous range of the Main Alps, of which the principal summits are the Breithorn, the Gepaltenhorn, and the Takhorn. The glacier admits of being traversed in several directions, but the route usually taken to the Gasteren Thal lies between the Mutzlihorn and Frau; after passing the former, the tourist will have on his left the point where the passage over the great ridge into the upper Loetsch Thal is effected. After continuing for some time under the precipices of the Frau and Dol-dauborn, the increasing crevasses give signs of the approaching fall of the glacier into the Ober Gasteren Thal. The rocks on the right bank of the descending glacier are then had recourse to, and for some distance the route lies between the body of the glacier and the steep side of the mountain. During the descent the group of the Altels is in front, and a little to the left of it the depression occupied by the Balm Glacier, over which lies the ancient route from the Vallais to Kandersteg (v. 60). The two routes unite at the bottom of the Ober Gasteren Thal. A little farther down is a fine gorge, separating the upper from the lower valley, and at the bottom the glacier waters, which here acquire the name of the Kander.

The lower valley of Gasteren is very remarkable, and would well repay a visit (totally free from difficulty) from Kandersteg, by those who do not intend crossing either the Balm or Tachingel glacier; its surface presents a triangular area as flat as a bowling-green, about three miles in its greatest length. Precipitous walls of rock of great height rise abruptly from each of its three sides, with here and there the tail of a glacier dripping over them. The Kander, which frequently, in early summer, floods the whole valley from end to end, runs right from the western wall of the valley, and there, turning at a right angle, escapes

through a long narrow fissure in the mountain, which is totally imperceptible until the traveller has arrived under the very shadow of the rocks. Through this mural crevasse lies a well-frequented path (the only approach to this valley from below), which after a mile's walk by the side of the torrent emerges upon the comparatively open plain of Kandersteg." E. W.—See Route 36.

Another Account.

"From Lauterbrunnen to the Chalet on the Steinberg is not more than 3 hours' walking—I only took 2½. The view of the Jungfrau and Breithorn during all the latter part of this walk is magnificent.

"Having slept in the chalet, I started at 5½ A.M.; reached the foot of the glacier in half an hour—after half an hour's walk over the ice, came to the bottom of a steep cliff, up which we had to climb. Here there is some danger; for the glacier hangs over the further end of the rock, and pieces are constantly falling down, and down just the easiest way up the rock, just the place one would choose to ascend by without a guide. After having got to the top of the rock, take care to keep on the snow. We went up a long fall of loose earth and stones, and narrowly escaped being knocked on the head by some large stones that came bowling down. But on the snow there is no danger. Reached the top of the Pass in 2½ hours after climbing the rock, having made a detour to the Campslika (?), a favourite lurking-place of the chamois-hunters, whence you look straight down the Kienthal to Thun and the Niesen. It is a gap in the range of the Gepalten-hörner and Blamliis Alp. Descended the glacier to Seldon, which I reached about 12: thence down the Gasterenthal (a scene of the most savage and gloomy grandeur) to Kandersteg by 2½; having thus spent 9 hours in the

day's walk, allowing time for a full hour's halt; of this about 4 or 4½ hours was upon the glacier. The only danger—or rather the only difficulty—is in climbing the steep rock mentioned above: though if the snow be soft, of course the fatigue must be very great. If not, the walk is easy enough."—H. L.

"On the top of the pass, it is possible to strike to the left under the Tschingel-horn into the Lösch-thal. But this is seldom tried."—H. L.

ROUTE 27A.

PASSAGE OF THE STRAHLECK—FROM GRINDELWALD TO THE GRIMSEL.

"A very difficult pass indeed, suited only to skilful mountaineers, fond of exploring the High Alps. It may be accomplished in 14 or 15 hours. This hard day's work may be broken by sleeping in the highest chalets at the foot of the Vischer-hörner, 3 easy hours from Grindelwald. Unless the traveller's object be to get to the Grimsel, time, money, and danger would be spared by merely ascending the Strahleck, and returning to Grindelwald, by which all the grandest scenery would be seen.

"The path, on leaving Grindelwald, ascends rapidly on the L. hand of the lower glacier, and is practicable for horses for about 1½ hour; it then becomes very narrow, being a mere groove in the rock overhanging the glacier. After crossing two or three planks laid across some crevasses in the glacier at the angle of a rock, we reach the chalet of Stiereck, a short 2 hours from Grindelwald. A few minutes beyond the pastures of the Stiereck, the mountains again close in upon the ice, and the path mounts rapidly for some distance, when the mountains again recede, and one continues for a time on tolerably level ground. At the extremity of this, it is necessary to get on the glacier; after

a few minutes it is again necessary to return to *terra firma*, to turn a projecting rock, a matter of considerable difficulty and danger. This accomplished, the path ascends rapidly for nearly an hour, when some overhanging rocks are reached, which seem to be the established resting-place. Soon afterwards the glacier is again reached, and all path terminates. From this point the view of the Schreckhorn, which rises immediately over you on the left, is truly magnificent. Continuing along the glacier (which is here without crevasses, but difficult to walk on, on account of its steep slope from the left), and passing immediately below two lateral glaciers, which almost overhang you, a nearly precipitous wall of snow is reached, forming the end of the valley. At this point you turn to the left, and, ascending the glacier for a few hundred feet, reach a shady ridge of rocks rising very steeply, and at right angles, to the former route. This is ascended for about 1½ hour, when a platform of snow is reached, across which, after another short but steep ascent, the summit is gained in ¼ an hour. The descent, which occupied us 2½ hours, need not occupy one-fifth of that time, when there is an abundance of new snow; but it was at the time in a very dangerous state, on account of the thin coating of snow on the ice, which is inclined at a very steep angle. In consequence, though the descent is not more than 400 or 500 feet at the utmost, it occupied us 2½ hours.

"The summit of the Strahleck is, indeed, the perfection of wild scenery. Vegetation there is none, save a few of the smallest gentianellas. From the foot of the passage, the Abschwung, where Professor Agassiz's hut is situated, may be reached in 1½ hour: thence to the hospice of the Grimsel will take a good walker 3 hours, 2 of them on the ice."—J. D.

This pass was crossed by an English lady in a *chaire à porteurs* in 1841.

ROUTE 22.

PASS OF THE GRIMSEL.—MEYRINGEN
TO OBER-GÖSTELN AND BRIG.

To the Hospice $6\frac{1}{2}$ Stunden = 16
Eng. m., 3 hours' walk.

Thence to Ober-Gösteln 3 Stunden = about 9 Eng. m.

Ober-Gösteln to Brig $10\frac{1}{2}$ Stunden = 25 Eng. m.

A much frequented, but rather difficult, bridle-path. It is a good day's journey of 3 hours to reach the Hospice from Meyringen: another day will carry you either to Ober-Gösteln, or across the Furca to Hospital.

It is one of the grandest and most interesting passes across the Alps.

The Aar is crossed at Meyringen by a covered wooden bridge, and the path ascends the rt. bank. Above Meyringen (p. 88) the vale of Hasli contracts, and in about 2 miles is crossed by a mound or hill of considerable height, called the Kirchot, which appears at one time to have dammed up the waters of the Aar. At present they force their way through a singularly narrow rent, which cleaves the eminence from top to bottom. "At this point is a remarkable arched cavern, called the Finster Aar Schlucht, which extends by a precipitous but quite practicable descent, from the summit of the Kirchot to the Aar. It is a fissure in the limestone rock through which water has formerly flowed, and from the great size of the opening, it would seem that a stream as large as the Aar must at one time have passed through it. It lies to the left of the path leading from Meyringen to Im-Grand about 2 miles from the former place, and may be seen without occasioning the traveller more than an hour's delay. The beautiful scenery at the upper mouth of the cavern, and the savage grandeur of the perpendicular rocks, as the path emerges upon the margin of the Aar, will amply compensate the labour of the descent; which indeed

is so little to be dreaded, that I have taken ladies to the very bottom."—D. J. The path, quitting for a short time the side of the river, mounts the steep eminence of the Kirchot in zigzags, and then descends through a forest, into the retired green valley of Upper Hasli, which is in the form of a basin, surrounded by hills, and was once probably a lake. Two valleys open out into it; on the W. that of Urtsch, on the E. that of Gadenen, up which runs the path leading by the pass of the Susten (Route 23) to Wassen. On the rt. lies the village Im-Grand, and, crossing the Aar, another village, called Im-Hof, situated between it and the Gadenen river, is passed. From Im-Hof a path branches off to Engelberg over the Jock pass (Route 23). Another ravine is succeeded by a second enlargement of the valley called Im-Boden. Higher up is "the small and lonely village" of

3 Guttannen, where there is an inferior inn; but the best place for a mid-day halt to rest the mules is the chalet of

$1\frac{1}{2}$ The Fländak, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour's walk beyond Guttannen. It can furnish a bed upon an emergency, and tolerable provisions, good coffee, &c. It stands at the distance of a few yards from the Falls of the Aar, perhaps the finest cataract in Switzerland, from its height (more than 200 feet), the quantity and rush of water, the gloom of the gorge into which it precipitates itself, and the wild character of the rocky solitude around it. It is also remarkably easy of access, so that the traveller may form a full estimate of its grandeur; surveying it, first, from below, through the vista of black rocks into which it plunges, and afterwards from above, stretching his neck over the brow of the precipice from which the river takes its leap, and watching it (if his nerves be steady) till it is lost in the spray of the dark abyss below.

The view from this point, not more

than 5 or 6 feet above the fall, which few will hesitate to call the best, is exceedingly impressive and stimulating. So plentiful is the rush of water that it reaches more than half way down in one unbroken glassy sheet before it is tossed into white foam; and, what adds to its beauty, is, that another stream (the Erlenbach), pouring in from the right at this very spot, takes precisely the same leap, mingling its tributary waters midway with the more powerful column of the Aar.

The dark forest of fir through which the route has wound for a considerable distance, now dwindles away into a few dwarf bushes, and disappears entirely a little above Handek. To them succeed the scanty vegetation of rank grass, rhododendron, and hochen, and even this partial covering disappears prematurely, in some places being abraded and peeled off. There is a spot about 2 miles above Handek, called *Höllensplatte*, where the path crosses the bed of an avalanche or ancient glacier which, in former times extending thus far down the valley, has ground smooth and polished, by its weight and friction, the surface of the sloping and convex granite rock, leaving, here and there upon the surface, grooves, or furrows, which may be compared to the scratches made by a diamond upon glass. This polished rock extends for a space of nearly a quarter of a mile. It is prudent to dismount here, and cross this bad bit of road on foot, since the path runs by the edge of the precipice, and the surface of the rock, though chiselled into grooves, to secure a footing for the horse, is very slippery. A single false step might be fatal to man and beast, precipitating both into the gulf below; and the slight wooden rail, which is swept away almost every winter, would afford but little protection. The valley of the Aar, up which the narrow path is carried, looks stern and forbidding from its sterility, and

the threatening cliffs of granite which overhang it. The Aar is crossed several times by dizzy bridges of a single arch, formed of granite slabs without a parapet. There is but one human habitation between Handek and the Hospice, the miserable chalet of the Räteraboden, or Roderichboden, where the ravine expands once more into a basin-shaped hollow, probably once a lake bed, with a marshy bottom, affording scanty herbage for a few goats. A little above this the path quits the Aar, which rises in the Aar-glacier, about a mile higher up on the rt., and ascending a glen, strewed with shattered rocks, reaches

3 The *Hospice of the Grindel*, an inn of the rudest kind, originally designed to shelter those who travel from necessity, and to afford a gratuitous aid to the poor; but now daily occupied during the summer months by travellers for pleasure, sometimes to the number of 80 or 100 at once, who pay for their accommodation as in any other inn, and sit down at a table-d'hôte usually about 7 o'clock in the evening: the fare is plain, and the bedrooms very small, but the charges are not high. It is a mean building of rough masonry, designed to resist a weight of snow, and with few windows to admit the cold. It contains about 40 beds, and affords tolerable fare, better than might be expected in a spot more than 6000 feet above the sea, and removed by many miles from any other human dwelling. It is occupied by the innkeeper, who rents it from March to November. One servant passes the winter in the house, with a sufficient provision to last out the time of his banishment, and two dogs, to detect the approach of wanderers, for even in the depth of winter the hospice is resorted to by traders from Hasli and the Vallais, who exchange the cheese of the one valley for the wine and spirits of the other. Its situation is as dreary as can be conceived, in a rocky hollow,

about 700 feet below the summit of the pass, surrounded by soaring peaks and steep precipices. The rocks around are bare and broken, scarcely varied by patches of snow, which never melt even in summer, and by strips of grass and green moss, which shoot up between the crevices, and are eagerly browsed by a flock of goats. A considerable supply of peat is dug from a bog within a few yards of the door. In the bottom of this naked basin, close to the house, is a black tarn, or lake, in which no fish live. Although entirely covered with deep snow in winter, it is said never to be frozen, as it is supplied from a warm spring. Beyond it lies a small pasturage, capable of supporting for a month or two, the cows belonging to the Hospice, and the servants cross the lake twice a-day, in a boat, to milk them. It is a landscape worthy of Spitzbergen or Nova Zembla. This wilderness is the haunt of the marmot, whose shrill whistle frequently breaks the solitude, and the chamois, become rare of late, still frequents the neighbouring glaciers, both animals contribute at times to replenish the larder of the Hospice.

On the 22nd March, 1838, the Hospice was overwhelmed and crushed by an avalanche, which broke through the roof and floor, and filled all the rooms but that occupied by the servant, who succeeded with difficulty in working his own way through the snow, along with his dog, and reached Meyringen in safety. The evening before, the man had heard a mysterious sound, known to the peasants of the Alps and believed by them to be the warning of some disaster; it appeared so like a human voice that the man supposed it might be some one in distress, and went out with his dog to search, but was stopped by the snow. The next morning the sound was again heard, and then came the crash of the falling avalanche. The Hospice has since been rebuilt and enlarged.

In August, 1799, the Grimsal became the scene of one of the most remarkable skirmishes in the campaign. The Austrians were encamped upon the Grimsal with the view of preventing the French from penetrating into the Valley of the Rhone by means of that pass. They had possession of the whole declivity from the summit of the pass to the Hospice, and also of the platform on which the Hospice stands. Their force consisted of rather less than 1500 men. The French troops under General Gudin, consisting of about 3600 men, were posted in the Oberhasli valley in the neighbourhood of Guttannen. The Austrian commander, Colonel Strueth, naturally relied upon the strength of his position, which had not only the advantage of a great declivity, but of the numerous narrow fissures in the rocks, which might be defended by a few men, protected by the upright masses of granite, against a large army. The French General also considered the position to be impregnable to an attack in front, and was therefore placed in a situation of great anxiety by receiving positive orders from Massena, who had then the chief command of the French army in Switzerland, to force the pass of the Grimsal on the 14th of August. He summoned his officers together in the night of the 13th; and as the consultations took place at the town of Guttannen, it was no secret to what point they were directed. While they were going on, the landlord, whose name was Fehrer, boasted to some guests in the outer room, that "if he chose, he could deliver Gudin from his perplexity, and show him a path by which he could get to the rear of the Austrian force, and "break its bank" (as he expressed it) without loss to the French. This language was reported to Gudin, who summoned the man before him, and partly by threats, and partly by the promise that he should have the Kurich'sboden (a small plot of ground termed

by the allusion of the Aar below the Grimsel) for his reward, induced him to undertake the guidance of a detachment of French troops by the path to which he had alluded.

The pass of the Grimsel consists of a depressed point of a mountain ridge. On the one side of it is a mountain called Nageli's Grätti, and on the other is the Sidelhorn. Between the shoulders of these two mountains, and communicating with them, is the Grimsel. In the military accounts of this skirmish the locale is not inaptly termed a saddle, of which the Grimsel forms the seat, the pommel being the Sidelhorn and the croape, the Nageli's Grätti. Fahnor's undertaking was to lead the French over and along the top of the Nageli's Grätti unseen by the Austrians, and to bring them to the summit of the Grimsel at a higher level than the Austrian position.

The next morning early Gudin confided about 400 men to the guidance of Fahnor; and at the same time he sent a smaller detachment over and round the Sidelhorn, who were also to descend from the higher parts of that mountain upon the Grimsel, and there meet the party guided by Fahnor over the mountain on the opposite side. Gudin himself advanced with the main body of his troops up the Oberhasli valley to the platform on which the Hospice now stands, and attacked the Austrian position in front—with the characteristic impetuosity of French soldiers. The Austrian commander was convinced that the attack could not succeed in this direction, but drew down the greater part of his force from the summit of the Grimsel in order to repel it with effect, and some sharp fighting ensued. Suddenly the Austrians were alarmed by firing on the heights to their rear: and its continuance, together with the appearance of French soldiers in that direction, convinced them that an important attack was commenced in a quarter from which they least expected it. The appearance of the

enemy in their rear, with numbers as unknown as the means by which they came there, induced the Austrians to waver, and the impetuous advance of Gudin produced a panic which ended in a disorderly flight up the Grimsel in the direction of Obergestelen, in the valley of the Rhone. On the summit of the Grimsel, however, they again met with the enemy, for by this time the troops despatched by Gudin over the Sidelhorn had nearly reached their destination, and had almost effected their junction with the party led by Fahnor, so that the two ends of the formidable serpent were nearly brought together just as the flying Austrians had reached the top of the pass. The soldiers, finding themselves surrounded, are said to have beaten their sabres and muskets to pieces upon the granite rocks; and this tradition is countenanced by the fact that fragments of arms, evidently broken by violence, are still occasionally found at this very spot. The number of the killed is supposed not to have exceeded 150, of which the French composed not more than a fifth part. The wounded Austrians were necessarily left to their fate, the nature of the ground rendering it impossible for such of their companions as escaped to remove them, and the French troops passing directly over into the valley of the Rhone. The landlord at the Hospice found a decayed musket lying by a skeleton under a rock about 12 months ago, at some distance from the scene of the skirmish.

"The way by which Fahnor led the detachment of 400 men was so wild and perilous, skirting the glaciers and surrounded by precipices, without affording a glimpse of a living enemy, that the soldiers became panic-struck; and suspecting Fahnor of treachery, threatened to shoot him unless he instantly led them back to Guttannen. With much difficulty they were restrained by their officers, who were convinced of Fahnor's fidelity: and

after another hour's march, the little army emerged from the rocks with the Austrian position in full view beneath them.

"Fahner wholly failed to derive the reward of his service for which he had stipulated; his own government refusing to ratify the engagement respecting the Räterich's-boden which General Gudin had made. He died in 1820; his son was for some years a servant in the Hospice at the Grimsel, but now lives at Guttanon."—J. D.

The source of the Aar lies in two enormous glaciers, the *Ober* and *Unter-Aar-Gletscher*, to the W. of the Hospice. The *Unter-Aar* glacier is the best worth visiting, and the lower extremity of the ice may be reached in 40 minutes from the Hospice. It is remarkable for the evenness of the surface of ice and the rareness of cavities on its surface. It is about 18 miles long, and from 2 to 4 broad. Out of the midst of it rises the *Finster-Aarhorn*; the *Schreckhorn* is also conspicuous. These Aar glaciers are among the most interesting in Switzerland for those who would study the natural history of those singular natural phenomena, their progression, moraines, &c. (§ 17.)

They are accessible by a bad path, but without danger and with little difficulty, and the scenery around is sublime in the extreme. The line of junction of the two glaciers of the *Upper* and *Lower Aar* is marked by a high and broad ridge of ice, covered with fragments of rocks, the combined moraine from the two glaciers. It rises in some places to a height of 80 ft., and resembles an artificial caseway or pier. The progressive annual march of the glacier is marked by the present situation of a huge block of white granite, which afforded shelter to a rude hut now in ruins, built by M. Hugl in 1827, at the foot of the rock *Im Aebchweg*, the last projecting promontory separating the two glaciers,

which, in 1840, had advanced 4000 ft. from that spot. It takes about 4½ hours, of which three are on the ice, to reach this, and three to return. On this glacier M. Agassiz of Neuchâtel erected a rude cabin of dry stones, under a block of mica schist, known as *Hôtel des Neuchâtelois*, and here he carried on a series of interesting investigations and experiments respecting the glaciers for several seasons in succession. This also is now upset, but a more permanent hut has been erected by the savants of Neuchâtel—in which they are not unwilling to receive gentlemen who are well behaved.

The best panorama of the Grimsel and the neighbouring peaks and glaciers may be seen from the top of the *Sedlhorn*, a mountain on the rt. of the path leading to Brien and the Furca, its summit may be reached in 3 hours from the Hospice: it is 8434 feet above the sea-level.

The summit of the pass of the Grimsel (8570 ft. above the sea, 700 ft. above the Hospice) is 2 miles from the Hospice, 1 hour's walk—a steep path, marked only by tall poles stuck into the rock to guide the wayfarer, leads up to it. On the crest lies another small lake, called *Töden See*, or *Lake of the Dead*, either from the dead sterility around, or because the bodies of those who perished on the pass were thrown into it by way of burial. Along the crest of the mountain runs the boundary-line between Berne and the Valais, and here the path divides—that on the l. side of the lake leads by the *Meyenwand* to the glacier of the Rhone (distant about 5 miles), and to the Pass of the Furca (Route 30); that on the rt. of it goes to *Ober-Gestelen*, but it would be worth the while of the traveller bound thither, to make a detour of about 6 miles by the l. hand path to visit the glacier and source of the Rhone. By the direct road it is a walk of 10 miles from the Hospice of the Grimsel to

3 Ober-Gestelen (Fr., Haut Châtillon). Inn, kept by Bertha, used to be decent. This is the highest village but one (Oberwald being the highest) in the Upper Vallais, and is 4360 feet above the sea-level. It is situated on the rt. bank of the Rhone, about 8 miles below its source in the glacier. It is the depôt for the cheese transported out of canton Berne into Italy, and is a place of some traffic, as it lies at the junction of the three bridle-roads over the Grimsel, the Furca, and the Gries (Route 29).

In 1730, 84 men were killed here by an avalanche, and lie buried in one grave in the churchyard.

The descent of the Upper Vallais to Brieg, a distance of 35 miles, is tame and uninteresting above Niederwald, below which, especially about Viesch, its scenery is singularly beautiful. The road runs along the rt. bank of the Rhone. For a part of the way it is practicable for charrs, and will be finished, it is said, *all the way*, in 2 or 3 years (?) Opposite the village of Utrichen, the valley of Eginen opens out—up it runs the path leading over the Gries and the Nufenen (Route 35).

The Upper Vallais (Ober-Wallis) is very populous, and numerous unimportant villages are passed in rapid succession. One of the largest is

1½ Münster, containing about 400 inhab., and a good Inn, La Croix. The natives of the Upper Vallais are a distinct and apparently superior race to those of the Lower. The language is German. The Romans never penetrated into the higher part of the Rhone valley.

4 Viesch lies at the entrance of a side valley, blocked up at its upper extremity by a glacier, above which rise the peaks called Viescher-Hörner. There exists a tradition that a path once led up this valley to Grindelwald. It is now entirely stopped by the glacier, and this circumstance is supposed to prove a great in-

crease of the mass of ice. "Either at Viesch or Lax, very decent accommodation may be had: and it is worth while to pass a night at one or other, to ascend the Aegghorn. This is an insulated point, commanding a superb view of the S. side of the Bernese Alps, and of the mountains of the Vallais, from the Furca to the Matterhorn, and I believe still farther, even to Mont Blanc. Immediately below, at the bottom of one branch of the great glacier of Aletsch, is a small lake, of deep cerulean blue, studded with floating icebergs—a most picturesque and singular feature in the scene. Horses are little used at Viesch, and the traveller must not depend on finding them. We were told that ours were the first which had mounted. The ascent is by a sledge-path, very steep, through pine forests, for 2 hours; another hour to the highest chalet, where we left the horses; then 1 hour 30 minutes to the ridge of the mountain, where we left the ladies; then 45 minutes stiff climbing to the summit of the *Horn*, a sharp pile of huge stones heaped together, it is hard to guess how. The Finsternhorn, though nearer, looks less imposing than from the Paalhorn. This is a new expedition, just beginning to be known, and is a fatiguing day for ladies: few would attempt to climb the horn; and, indeed, the view is not so greatly superior to that from the lower ridge as to make it essential to incur the additional fatigue. Those of our party were said to have been the first who ascended; they descended from the chalet on a cheese sledge, fitted up for the occasion, with a cushion, &c., with great ease, rapidity, and satisfaction. Descent from Horn to chalet, 50 minutes, quick; thence to Viesch, near 2 hours 30 minutes. About 8½ hours going; it would be done quicker on foot."—A. T. M.

Opposite to Viesch, a pass, apparently of no particular beauty, leads into the Val Formazza.

From Lax to Brieg the char-road is completed.

1½ Moerili—(Inn: Venale.)

The stream of the Massa, descending from the W., is supplied by the great glacier of Aletsch, a branch of that vast expanse of ice which extends to Grindelwald in canton Berne (§ 17).

1½ Naters, a village of 600 inhab., lies in a beautiful situation and in a milder climate, where the chestnut begins to flourish. Above it rises the ruined castle of Auf der Flüh, or *Superax*.

A wooden bridge leads across the Rhone to

4 Brieg, at the foot of the Simplon (Route 59).

ROUTE 29.

PASS OF THE GRIS, OBER-GESTELLEN TO DOMO D'OSSOLA, BY THE VAL FORMAZZA (FORMAT), AND THE FALLS OF THE TOSA.

About 18 or 20 Stunden = 52 to 56 Eng. miles. It is a walk of 6 hours over the Gries to Kehrbaehi, and a long day's journey thence to Domo d'Ossola. A guide should be taken over the Col as far as Fratval.

A mule-path, not dangerous, though it crosses a glacier, but difficult and very fatiguing. The traveller who follows it will be rewarded by the scenes of wildness and grandeur of the Val Antigorio and Formazza, which "are nowhere exceeded among the Alps."

On the Italian side of the Pass at Crodo and Premia there are tolerable inns, and from either of these places it is easy to go in one day across the pass of the Val Tosa into canton Tessin. The passage of the Gries requires a long summer's day, as, notwithstanding the apparently short distance on the map, the walk up the valley from Crodo to Formazza (Wald) requires full 6 hours, and thence to Ober-Gestellen 8 hours.

Swiss.

In crossing the Nûtschen from Brieg it is useless to go to Ober-Gestellen. The traveller ascending the Vallais can cross the Rhone by a bridge a little above Münster (Inn, good), and reach the Eginenthal in an hour.

Below Ober-Gestellen (page 96) a bridge leads across the Rhone, and the path follows the l. bank as far as the village Im Loch, where it turns to the l., and begins to ascend the Eginenthal, crossing the stream of the Eginen above a pretty cascade 80 feet high, which it forms. A hard climb of about 2 hours, first through larch-wood, then across a steril, stony tract, and finally over a little plain of green meadow, dotted with the chalets of Egina, brings the traveller to the foot of the final and most difficult ascent. Near this point a path, striking off on the l., leads over the pass of the Nûtschen (Route 35) to Airolo. Here vegetation ceases, snow appears first in patches, and at last the glacier blocks up the termination of the valley. It takes about 30 minutes to cross it. The direction of the path over it is marked by poles stuck upright in the ice. Along the crest of the mountain runs the frontier line separating Switzerland from Sardinia. The summit of the pass is 7900 feet above the sea.

"Bare and scathed rocks rose on either side in terrible grandeur out of the glaciers to an immense height. The silence of the place added greatly to its sublimity; and I saw, in this most appropriate spot, one of the large eagles of the Alps, the Lämmergeyer, which was whirling its flight round a mountain-peak, and increased the deep emotion excited by the solitude of the scene."—*Broctedon*.

In clear weather a magnificent view presents itself from this point of the chain of Bernese Alps. The descent on the Sardinian side of the pass (as usual among the Alps) is steeper than on the N.; it is also more difficult. The upper part of the Piedmontese

valley of Formazza, or Fretval, presents four distinct stages or platforms, separated by steep steps, or dips, from each other. The first is called Botol-matt; the second, Morast (moor), on which the miserable group of chalets, called Kehrbaehi (the highest winter habitations), are situated; the third, is Auf der Prutt, with another hamlet of chalets, and a small chapel. Before reaching it, the traveller falls in with the river Toxa, or Toza, which rises in the upper extremity of the valley, and terminates in the Lago Maggiore. Beyond the hamlet the path crosses to the l. bank of the stream, and, descending the fourth steep declivity, arrives at the *Falls of the Toxa*, the approach to which has for some time previously been proclaimed by the increasing roar of the water. It is one of the most remarkable cataracts among the Alps, less on account of its form than for its vast volume of water, in which it is surpassed only by that of the Schaffhausen. It does not descend in one leap, but is a succession of steps, forming an uninter-rupted mass of white foam for a length of perhaps 1000 feet, while the entire perpendicular descent is not much less than 800. Seen from below, it has a triangular appearance; above, not more than 80 feet wide, and expanding gradually towards the bottom. It is the only Swiss fall combining great height with a large body of water.

2 miles below the Falls is the village of Fretval, situated on the 4th plateau, where there is a comfortable little inn: the master speaks Italian. Two miles farther is the village of Formazza (Pommat or Wald) where there is a poor but dear inn.—*B.* The inhabitants of the upper part of the valley, as far as Foppiano, are of German descent, speaking that language; and, according to tradition (*?*), descendants of a colony from the Entlebuch. Owing to this intermixture of languages, almost all the villages have a German as well as Italian

name. Formazza is about 23 miles from Ober-Gestelen.

The lower part of the vale of the Toxa abounds in exquisite scenery. The Gorge of Foppiano (Gorm. Unter-Stalden), 5 miles below Formazza, is particularly grand. Lower down it expands, and displays all the softer beauties of high cultivation, luxuriant vegetation, and thick population. Below the village called Premia, where there is a tolerable inn, a stream descending from the W. joins the Toxa, and the valley changes its name into Val Antigorio.

"The savage grandeur of the Val Formazza, down which the river takes its passage, and the delicious region through which it rolls in the Val Antigorio, cannot be painted in too glowing colours. In these high valleys, fully exposed to the power of the summer sun, there is truly a 'blending of all beauties.' The vine, the fig, and the broad-leaved chestnut, and other proofs of the luxuriance of the soil of Italy, present themselves everywhere to the eye, intermixed with the grey blocks resting on the flanks and at the feet of the high granite ridge, out of whose recesses you have not as yet escaped. Instead of the weather-stained and simple habitation of the hardy Vallaisans, sheltered by the black belt of forest, upon which alone I had glanced yesterday, I now saw, on the southern declivity of the same range, the substantial Italian structure, with its regular outline, and simple yet beautiful proportion, and the villa, the handsome church, or the stone cottage, surrounded by its girdle of vines—the vine not in its stiff and unpicturesque Swiss or Rhodanish dress, but the true vine of Italy and of poetry, flinging its pliant and luxuriant branches over the rustic veranda, or twining its long garland from tree to tree."—*Latruba.*

This charming valley is the chosen retreat of numerous retired citizens, such as bankers, jewellers, &c., who have built themselves villas in it.

The mica-slate rocks occurring near Premia and San Michele are stuck as full of red garnets as a pudding is with plums.

At Crodo there is an inn, large, but not better than that at Prutval; these are the only two in the valley: at Crodo is a Sardinian Custom-house.

From Crodo or Premia a pass leads into the Val Badetto; it presents no great difficulties in fine weather, except that the path is so faintly marked as to be scarcely distinguished from the numerous tracks of cattle. It descends on Hospital al Acqua (see R. 36), 3 hours' walk above Airolo, where a chalet affords a bed and tolerable minestra.—*J. B.*

The road below Crodo crosses the river twice before it reaches San Marco, and about two miles farther enters the *Simplon* road, at the lofty and beautiful bridge of Crevola, near the junction of the Vedro with the Tona (Route 59).

3 miles farther on lies *Domo d'Osola*.

ROUTE 30.

PASS OF THE FURCA, FROM THE GRIMSEL, TO HOSPITAL ON THE ST. GOTTHARD BY THE GLACIER OF THE RHONE.

About 7 stades = 23 Eng. miles.

A bridle path, by no means dangerous, and not very difficult, excepting the part between the summit of the Grimsel and the glacier of the Rhone, which it is better to cross on foot than on horseback. The distance from the Hospice of the Grimsel to the glacier of the Rhone is about 5 miles (2 hours). On reaching the summit of the pass (p. 95), the path leaves on the rt. hand the gloomy little Lake of the Dead, and skirting along the brink of a precipitous slope, called the *Meyenwand*, descends very rapidly. This portion of the road is the worst of the whole, being very steep, slippery, and muddy, in conse-

quence of the melting snow, which generally lies near the summit. However, it soon brings the traveller in sight of the Glacier, though at a considerable depth below him. On attaining the bottom of the valley, he will find a rustic *Iam*, affording accommodation both for eating and sleeping, but where he will be subject to extortion—let him be on his guard. About $\frac{1}{2}$ mile above it the Rhone issues out to day at the foot of the *Rhone Glacier*, one of the grandest in Switzerland, its cradle for so mighty a stream. It fills the head of the valley from side to side, and appears piled up against the shoulder of the *Gallenstock*, whose tall peak overhangs it. The source of the Rhone, in a cavern of ice, is about 5400 ft. above the sea. If you pursue a track up the W. side, or rt. bank of the glacier, you come suddenly upon a very fine waterfall, rushing forth from the summit of the glacier, and dashing without a break into an icy cavern about 150 ft. below, sending forth clouds of freezing spray. This large body of water, after forming a passage for itself under the glacier, issues forth from the cavern at its foot.

The path leading to the Furca ascends along the E. side of the valley, having the glacier on the l. for a considerable distance. From this point the best view is obtained of this magnificent sea of ice, and a correct idea may be formed of its extent and thickness as the traveller passes within stone's throw of its yawning crevices. The path then turns off to the rt., mounting upwards through a valley of green pastures to the summit of the pass, or *Fork*, between two mountain peaks, from which it receives its name. From this point, 8500 feet above the sea, near the Cross which marks the boundary of the cantons of the Valais and of Uri, there is a beautiful view of the Bernese Chain, the *Finster-Aar-Horn* being pre-eminent among its peaks. The top of the

Furca is never altogether free from snow: there is no plain or level surface on it. The descent commences as soon as the crest is crossed into the valley of the Sadli Alp, which is covered with pastures, but monotonous and uninteresting in its scenery, and destitute of trees. The traveller must pick his way, as he best may, among a multitude of deep holes, cut by the feet of mules and cattle. Except a few scattered chalets, no human habitation occurs between the chalet of the Rhone Glacier and the small hamlet of Realp, where refreshments may be obtained from the Capuchin monks, who have a small chapel and convent of ease here, in which they receive strangers. It is about 4 miles from hence to Hospenthal, on the St. Gothard (Route 84).

ROUTE 81.

PASS OF THE SURENNA, FROM STANS-STADT, AND BUCHER, TO ALTORF, BY THE CONVENT OF ENGELBERG AND THE PASS OF THE TITLIS.

13½ Stunden — about 30 Eng. miles, a walk of 10½ hours.

There is a good char-road as far as Engelberg; thence to Altorf, across the pass, a horse path.

Stansstadt, the landing-place for those coming in row-boats from Lucerne, is a small village on the margin of the lake, immediately opposite Winkel, under the Rotsberg, whose ruined castle is an historical monument (see Route 19). Stansstadt is distinguished by its tall watch-tower, 5 centuries old. In 1315, a little before the battle of Morgarten, a vessel laden with Austrian partisans was crushed and swamped by a millstone hurled from the top of this tower. An avenue of walnut trees leads, in 3 miles, to Stanz.

The Steamers from Lucerne and Pfäfers land passengers at Beckenried, a village of 1400 inhab., beautifully situated, where the Seel is a

good and clean Inn. It can furnish chaise or horses.

A road runs hence to Stanz, consisting at first round the bay of Buchs, and thence to Langera, 7 hours' drive: a carriage with 2 horses, from Beckenried thither, costs 30 fr. There are pleasant walks around Beckenried. The steamer touches there 4 times a day. Beckenried is 6 miles from

Stanz. *Inns:* Krone (Crown); Engel (Angel). Capital of the lower division (Nidwalden) of canton Unterwalden, contains 1200 inhab. It was in the *Rathhaus* of Stanz that the venerable Swiss worthy Nicolas Von der Flue appeased the burning dimensions of the confederates, in 1481, by his wise and soothing counsels. In the existing building there is a picture (? dandy) representing him taking leave of his family. In the market-place is a statue of Arnold of Winkelried, a native of Stanz (see page 14), with the "sheaf of spears" in his arms. His house is also shown here, but it seems modern, or, at least, is modernised. The field on which it stands is called in old records "the meadow of Winkelried's children." On the outer walls of the bonehouse, attached to the handsome Parish Church, is a tablet to the memory of the unfortunate people of Nidwalden (306 in number, including 102 women and 28 children) who were massacred in defending their homes by the French, in September, 1798. In that year this division of the canton was the only part of Switzerland which refused the new constitution tyrannically imposed on it by the French republic. The ancient spirit of Swiss independence, fanned and excited by the exhortations of the priests (which in this instance must be termed fanatic,—as all resistance was hopeless and useless), stirred up this ill-fated community to engage an army ten times greater than any force they could oppose to it, and consisting of veteran troops. At a time when the larger

and more powerful cantons had yielded, almost without a struggle, the brave but misguided men of Unterwalden and Schwytz afforded the solitary proof that Swiss bravery and love of freedom was not extinct in the land of Tell. Their desperate resistance, however, served only to inflame the fury of their foes.

After a vain attempt made by the French to starve the Unterwalden into submission, * on the 3rd of September, 1798, General Schauenberg, the French commander, directed a general attack to be made, by means of boats from Lucerne, as well as by the Oberland. Repulsed with great spirit by the inhabitants, only 2000 strong, the attack was renewed every day from the 3rd to the 9th of September. On this last day, towards two in the afternoon, new reinforcements having penetrated by the land side, with field-pieces, the invaders forced their way into the very heart of the country. In their despair the people rushed on them with very inferior arms. Whole families perished together; no quarter was given on either side. 18 young women were found among the dead, side by side, with their fathers and brothers, near the chapel of Winkelried. 63 persons who had taken shelter in the church of Stans were slaughtered there, with the priest at the altar. Every house in the open country, in all 600, was burnt down; Stans itself excepted, which was saved by the humanity of a *chef de brigade*. The inhabitants who survived this day, wandering in the mountains without the means of subsistence, would have died during the ensuing winter if they had not received timely assistance from the other cantons, from Germany and England, and from the French army itself, after its first fury was abated. —Simond.

The attack upon Stansted was conducted by the celebrated General Foy, afterwards so prominent a leader of the liberal party in France. That

unfortunate village was totally consumed.

The distance from Stans to Engelberg is about 11 miles. The road follows the course of the Aar upwards, gradually ascending, and passing Wolfenschiess with its ruined castle, and Gräsmort, where there is a small inn. Beyond this the valley contracts. The road is carried up a steep ascent nearly 6 miles long, traversing thick woods, amidst scenery of the highest sublimity. In the midst of it, in the depth of the valley, lie the village and Abbey of Engelberg—(Ans: Engul, good and clean; Römli)—3320 feet above the sea. It is hemmed in on all sides by lofty mountains topped with snow, and bordered by precipices, from which, in winter time, and in spring, numerous avalanches are precipitated. At their base, upon a verdant slope, contrasting agreeably with rock and snow, the Benedictine Abbey rises conspicuous among the ordinary habitations of the village. It was founded in 1120, and received from Pope Calixtus II. the name of *Mons Angelorum*, from a tradition that the site of the building was fixed by angels—

" Whose authentic lay,
Sung from that heavenly ground, in middle
Made known the spot where Piety should
rise
A holy structure to th' Almighty's praise."
Wordsworth.

Having been three times destroyed by fire, the existing edifice is not older than the middle of the last century. "The architecture is unimpressive, but the situation is worthy of the honours which the imagination of the mountaineers has conferred upon it." The convent is independent of any bishop or sovereign but the Pope himself, or his legate: its revenues, once more considerable, were seriously diminished by the French, but it still possesses valuable alpine pastures, and the cheeses produced on them are stored in an adjacent warehouse. It con-

mins, at present, only 19 brothers: it has a large Church and a Library of some value; the roof of the apartment in which it is placed has been cracked by an earthquake. Travellers are received and entertained in the convent—those of the poorer classes gratuitously.

The Titlis, the chief of the mountains which overhang this romantic solitude, rises on the S. of the convent to a height of 7530 ft. above the valley, and 11,414 ft. above the sea-level. Its principal peak, the Nollen, composed of limestone, is said to be visible (?) from Strasburg: it is frequently ascended, and without danger. It is covered with glaciers, 175 feet thick, from which numerous avalanches fall, in spring, with a roar like thunder.

The *Pass of the Jack* (see Route 23) leads from Engelberg to Meyringen in 8½ to 9 hours.

"Two passes lead from Engelberg into the head of the Melchthal, the *Jochli*, somewhat difficult, and the *Storpy* shorter, less high, and more frequented. The path, however, is indifferent and ill-defined in places. It leaves the small lake, called *Luter See*, on the rt., and ascends the l. hand mountain; 6 hours are required from Engelberg to *Sachsen*."—*J. D.*

From Engelberg to Altorf, by the *Pass of the Surenen*, is a walk of 7 hours, about 16 miles. The foot-path reaches, after about 3 miles, the dairy belonging to the convent, called *Herrenrouti*, where good cheese is made: 50 cows are attached to it; the pastures are refreshed by more than 30 springs rising upon them. From the steep sides of the *Hahnenberg*, on the N.E., a beautiful waterfall bursts forth, called *Datschbach*. The path now winds round the base of a projecting mountain, beyond which the valley makes a bend in a N.E. direction, and, following the course of the *Aar* for about 6 miles, crosses it, and then turns nearly due

E. The *Stierbach*, the principal feeder of that stream, is now seen descending in a pretty cascade into the deep abyss. Half an hour's walk below the summit stand a few chalets, and beyond them the traveller has to make his way across a field of perpetual snow, to the summit of the pass, or *Surenen Eck*, a narrow ridge not more than 5 ft. wide, between the *Blakenstock* on the l. and the *Schlossberg* on the rt., 7486 ft. above the sea. During the greater part of the ascent the Titlis shines forth an object of the greatest magnificence, and a long line of peaks and glaciers extend from it uninterruptedly to the *Surenen*. Another view now opens out on the opposite side into the valleys of *Maderan* and *Schächen*, and is bounded in the extreme distance by the snowy top of the *Glärnisch* in canton *Glarus*. On the side of the *Surenen*, lying within the limits of canton *Uri*, the surface of snow to be crossed is greater, and the descent is steeper. Traversing the snow, and a desolate tract covered with broken rocks beyond, the chalets of *Waldnacht* are passed; and then, by the frightful gorge of *Boghy*, the path is conducted into the valley of the *Reuss*, forking off on the rt. to *Erstfeld*, for those who wish to ascend the *St. Gothard*—and on the l. to *Attinghausen*, for those who are bound to *Altorf*.

In 1799, a division of the French army, under *Lecourbe*, crossed this pass with cannon to attack the Austrians in the valley of the *Reuss*, but were soon driven back the same way by the impetuous descent of *Savarnow* from the *St. Gothard*.

Altorf. (See Route 34, p. 104.)

ROUTE 32.

PASS OF THE SUSTEN, FROM MEYRINGEN TO WASEN.

11 stunden = 39 English miles.

In 1811, when the *Vallais* was added by Napoleon to the French empire, a char-road was constructed

from Meyringen to Stein, and on the side of canton Uri, from Wassen to Farningen, to enable the inhabitants of canton Berne to convey their produce into Italy through the Swiss territory; but now that circumstances are altered, it has fallen out of repair in many places, and can only be regarded as a bridle-path. It is a fine pass; the Gadmenthal being very grand.—A. T. M. It is a much frequented path: no guide required. The word *Sust* means toll or custom-house, whence the name. The route of the Grimsel is followed from Meyringen as far as Im Hof (p. 89), where, quitting the side of the Aar, the path follows the course of the Gadmen, ascending the valley called, at its lower extremity, Muhlthal, higher up Nesselthal; and beyond the village of

4½ Gadmen, Gadmenthal. This village contains 550 inhab. The *Aar*, a very sorry one, is at Obermatt, ½ of a mile higher up, 11 m. from Meyringen. The char-road was not carried farther than the chalets of Stein, and a portion of it was destroyed a few years ago by the sudden advance of the glacier of Stein, which was originally a mile distant from it, descending from a valley on the S. The appearance of the glacier is remarkable, as it assumes a fan shape at its termination. At the foot of the Stein glacier is a very comfortable chalet serving as an inn. A steep ascent of 1 hour brings the traveller to the top of the Susten Pass, 6980 feet above the level of the Mediterranean, 16 m. from Meyringen, and 10 or 11 from Wassen. The view is very fine; the serrated ridges and the many-pointed peaks of the mountains bounding the Mayenthal, through which the descent lies, especially arrest the attention. There is always some snow on the east declivity of the pass. The first chalets are met with on the Hundsalp. The stream is crossed several times, until at the Hanserbrücke, a considerable

distance below Farningen, the unfinished char-road again commences. Lower down is the village of Meyen, where there is an inn. Most of the houses of this valley, which numbers but 400 inhabitants, are protected from the descending avalanches by a stone dyke, or well-propped palisade of wood raised on the hill side behind them, to turn away the falling snow from their roofs. Near the junction of the valleys of the Mayen and the Reuss are shattered remains of an hexagonal redoubt (*schanze*), which was fortified by the Austrians in 1799, and stormed and taken from them by the French, under Loison, who forced the enemy back up the vale of the Reuss, and, after five assaults, made himself master of Wassen, an important point. A very steep and rough road leads down from this into the village.

Wassen, on the St. Gothard (p. 106), 9 m. from the pass.

Hours walking from Wassen—to the Pass (8 m.), 4½—Stein (2 m.), ½—Gadmen (5 m.), 1½—Im Hof (8 m.), 3—Meyringen (2½ m.) = total, 10½ hours.

ROUTE 33.

THE JOCH PASS, FROM MEYRINGEN TO ENGELBERG.

Distance about 18 Eng. miles, 13 from Meyringen to the top of the pass, 5 thence by the path to Engelberg. Time occupied in walking is 7½ hours. It is practicable for horses in 8½ to 9 hours. This pass is a good deal used: as far as Im Hof it is the same as Route 25.

* The village of Wyler, on the summit of the rise above Im Hof, is reached in 1 hour from Meyringen. The Gadmen Torrent is there crossed, and the path ascends rapidly for another hour, when the pastures at the lower extremity of the Gentil Thal are reached, in which is a pure spring, very grateful after the hot

ascend from Wyler. From this point the path continues on a very gradual rise up the pastures for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour; it then enters the forests, and after another hour, reaches the best chalets, near a considerable lake, which is, however, not visible from them. Before entering the forest the path crosses a stream, which it recrosses some way higher up. This is not noticed in Keller. After leaving the chalets, the path descends a very little towards the lake, and keeping for a few minutes along the brink, rises in about $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour to the summit of the pass. The Wenden Stock and glaciers and the Titlis are fine objects from here. There are two paths down to Engelberg, the horse path leading to the l. of the Trüb See, the other and shorter one, only practicable on foot, continuing along a ridge in the direction of Engelberg for a short distance, and then descending on the rt. to a plain, on which, at $\frac{1}{2}$ mile on the left, is situated the Trüb See. It is necessary to bear away to the rt. hand extremity of this plain, where there is a gap, from which a rough path descends for 20 minutes over grass, and afterwards debris to the pastures, crossing which it enters the forest for $\frac{1}{2}$ hour, and shortly reaches

Engelberg."—*J. D.* (p. 101.) The ascent of the Titlis is made from the Trüb See.

ROUTE 34.

THE PASS OF ST. GOTHARD, FROM FLÜELLEN, ON THE LAKE OF LUCERNE, TO BELLINZONA.

22 stunden= $72\frac{1}{2}$ Eng. miles, or 15 posts, each of $1\frac{1}{2}$ stunde.

Expresses daily from Flüelen to Milan in 28 or 30 hours, corresponding with the Steamer from Lucerne. Fare to Milan, 35 Fr. fr. A well-regulated and punctual conveyance. This road is likely to become the most frequented approach from Swit-

zerland to Italy, as being the shortest; it is well supplied with Post horses, by a private company. Their tariff is 3 Fr. francs for each horse per post, and 50 centimes to the postilion. "Chevaux de renfort, barriers, &c., at the cost of the employer. At the following rates every thing is included except *bonnemains* to the postilion:—

	3 hor.	2 hor.	1 hor.
From Flüelen to	Fr.	Fr.	Fr.
Bellinzona (16 posts)	100	160	200
Milan	160	270	300

A voiturier will take a carriage from Lucerne to Bellinzona for 24 fr. a horse; hirer to pay all extras, the first of which is conveyance to Flüelen by steamboat, 2 fr. a horse."—*H. P.* Voitures à volonté and horses may be hired at Flüelen, Andermatt, Alrolo, Bellinzona. The cost of a carriage from Flüelen to Hospental 15 Fr. fr. with one horse, 20 to 24 with 2 horses, —a journey of 6 or 7 hours. Pedestrians should drive as far as Amsog, where the ascent properly begins.

This was anciently perhaps the most frequented passage over the Alps, as it offered the most direct and practicable line of communication between Basle and Zurich, from Northern Switzerland and W. Germany, to Lombardy, and the important cities of Milan and Genoa. Not less than 16,000 travellers and 9000 horses crossed it annually on an average, down to the commencement of the present century; but being only a bridle-path, it was almost entirely abandoned after the construction of the carriage-roads over the Simplon and Bernardin. Deprived of the traffic across it, the inhabitants of the villages traversed by the road, chiefly innkeepers and muleteers, were reduced to ruin, and the revenues of the canton, which before drew 20,000 florins annually from the tolls upon it, were seriously diminished. The cantons of Uri and Tesin, through which this road runs, at length became sufficiently alive to their own interests to perceive the necessity of

converting it into a carriage-road, and thus rendering it fit to compete with the rival routes as a channel of communication and of transport for merchandise. In consequence, in 1820, the work was begun, and in 1823 finally completed and opened. The expenses were defrayed by a joint-stock company, formed in Uri and the neighbouring cantons. The construction of the road was intrusted to an engineer of Altorf, named Müller.

The poverty-stricken canton of Uri had scraped together, with great difficulty, funds sufficient to execute her portion of the undertaking, but a storm, such as had not been known in the memory of man, bursting on the summit of the pass, in August, 1834, in the course of a few hours swept away nearly one-third of the road, together with bridges and terraces without number, which had been constructed with so much labour, cost, and difficulty. A similar tempest in 1839, affected nearly equal destruction. Considering the previous drain upon the resources of the canton, it is surprising how soon the mischief was repaired.

At present the road is excellent, not inferior in its construction to any other of the great Alpine highways, and certainly not surpassed by any in the interest and grandeur of its scenery.—*H. T.*

The journey between the lake of Lucerne and the Lago Maggiore, that is to say, from Flüelen to Bellinzona, may be performed in Diligence in one day, or 16 hours, and Posting in 19 hours.—*H. T.*

Time and charges posting with 2 horses from Flüelen to

Amsteg	1½ to 2 hours	} 36 fr.
Hospital 4½ to 5 or 6 "	"	
Summit of Pass, 2½ "	"	} 72 fr.
Airolo	1½ "	
Faldo	2 "	
Bellinzona	4 "	

* If the number of the party, the weight of the luggage, or the state of

the road, give the slightest excuse, the traveller will probably be required to take at least one 'cheval de renfort' between Amsteg and the summit of St. Gothard, for which he will be charged 16 fr. Bonnemain to post-boys 9 fr., and tolls 16½ fr.—*H. T.* You may stop for the night at Amsteg (Hirsch) without any extra charge. The passage is usually free from snow for 4 or 5 months of the year; but in the depth of winter carriages are safely transported across on open sledges, except immediately after a snow-storm, when the road is sometimes blocked up for a week.

The canton of Uri and the valley of the Reuss possess an historical celebrity, as the theatre of the memorable campaign of 1799, when the armies of the three nations of France, Austria, and Russia, dispossessing each other in turn, marched, fought, and manœuvred, on heights where the snow never melts, and which were previously deemed accessible only to goatherds and hunters. In the month of June, in the above-named year, the Austrians, aided by the natives of Uri, had expelled the French from the valley. Satisfied with the possession of it, they passed nearly 3 months in entire inactivity, when, by a combined movement, planned by Massena, they were attacked at all points by French corps, poured in upon them from the lake of Lucerne, which was crossed by a flotilla of boats, and from every western passage leading over the Alps and into the valley of the Reuss. Lecourbe crossed the Surrenen, Loison the Susten, and Gudin, with a large force, fought his way over the Grimsel and Furca, threatening the Austrians in front, in flank, and in the rear. In an engagement which took place on the 14th of August, and which lasted 6 hours, they were driven step by step up the valley, as far as Andermatt. On the two following days the French pursued them out of the valley of the Reuss into the Grisons by the Ober-

alp, where a bloody encounter took place. A little more than a month after this, intelligence was brought to Lecourbe, the French commander, that another large army had appeared at the S. foot of the St. Gothard. While still at a loss to imagine to what European power it might belong, fresh tidings announced that it was the veteran Suwarrow, who, at the head of a Russian army of 18,000 foot and 8000 Cossack horse, had broken up from his encampment in the plains of Lombardy, and now began to force the passage of the St. Gothard. The French retired slowly but steadily before him as far as the lake of Lucerne, where Lecourbe, after removing all the boats from Flüelen, entrenched himself in a strong position at Seedorf, on the E. bank of the Reuss. Suwarrow, whose object was to unite himself with the Russian army before Zurich, of the defeat of which by Massena he had not yet heard, here found himself without the means of transporting his army, threatened on all sides by enemies. He took little time to consider, but immediately planned and executed his wonderful and almost incredible retreat over the Kinzig Culin and into the valley of Muotta; and though constantly annoyed by the French in his rear, finally conducted his army into the valley of the Rhine, with a loss of 3000 men, of whom more perished from cold, fatigue, and hunger, than from the enemies' bullets. (See Routes 72, 75, and 76.)

Flüelen (in Italian *Fiore*)—*In*: *Croix Blanche*.—Flüelen, the port of the Canton Uri, at the S. extremity of the lake of the Four Cantons, is a small village in a most unhealthy situation, as is proved by the pale faces, crippled limbs, and gutted necks of its inhabitants; and by the number of cretins among them. The malaria, from the marshy ground, produced by the deposits of the Reuss at its entrance into the lake, is the cause of this.

A *Stamer* touches here twice a day from Lucerne, and returns after a short stay; it takes carriages. (See Route 18, p. 54.) A new pier, alongside of which the steamers are moored, offers a convenient landing-place. About 2 miles off lies

Altorf—*In*: Adler (*Aigle noir*), very fair and cheap; *Aigle d'Or*; Löwe (*Lion*); *Clef d'Or*, good, and civil people—the capital of the canton of Uri, the poorest and least populous in the confederation, numbering altogether only 12,500 souls, is a dull lifeless village of 1644 inhab., without trade or manufactures, and still exhibiting signs of the conflagration of 1799, which reduced the larger part of it to ashes. Its only claim to interest the traveller is its connexion with William Tell. If credit is to be given to tradition, it was on the open square in the centre of Altorf that he shot the apple from off his son's head. The place where he stood to take aim is marked by a stone *Fountain*, surmounted with statue of the dauntless cross-bowman and his child. The lime-tree, upon which Gessler's cap was stuck, for all men to do obeisance to it as they passed, and to which the child was bound, to serve as a mark for his father's bolt, existed a withered trunk, down to 1867, when it was cut down and replaced by the other fountain.

The tall *Tower*, ornamented with rude frescoes, representing Tell and Gessler, has been stated erroneously by some writers to occupy the site of the lime tree; but it is proved by records still in existence to have been built before the time of Tell.

On quitting Altorf the road crosses the mouth of the vale of Schächen, traversing, by a bridge, the stream in which, according to tradition, William Tell lost his life (1350) in endeavouring to rescue a child from its waters swollen by an inundation. Tell was a native of the *Schächenthäl*, having been born in the village of

Bürkli, a little to the l. of our road. A small Chapel, still standing, rudely painted with the events of his life, was built in 1533 on the spot where his house stood, near the churchyard. The inhabitants of this valley are considered the finest race of men in Switzerland. A path runs up it, and across the Klausen Pass (Route 72) to the baths of St. Gallen, in canton Glarus, and another over the Kinnig Culin, into the Murtal Thal.

On the l. bank of the Rhoda, opposite its junction with the Schächen, stands Atinghausen, the birth-place of Walter Fürst, one of the three liberators of Switzerland: his house is still pointed out. Above it rise the ruins of a castle, whose baronial owners became extinct in 1367, when the last of the race was buried in his helmet and hauberk. At Ebnetingen, 3 miles above Altorf, the parliament (*Landsgemeinde*) of the canton Uri is held every year, on the first Sunday in May, to settle the affairs of the state. Every male citizen above the age of 20, except a priest, has a vote. The authorities of the canton, on horseback, with the *Landammann* at their head, preceded by a detachment of militia, with military music, and the standard of the canton attended by the band in their costume of yellow and black, and by two men in the ancient Swiss garb of the same colour, bearing aloft the two celebrated buffalo horns of Uri, march to the spot in procession. From a semicircular hustings, erected for the purpose, the business of the day is proclaimed to the assembled crowd, and the different speakers deliver their harangues, after which the question is put to the vote by show of hands. When all affairs of state are despatched, the *Landammann* and other public officers resign, and are either re-elected or others are chosen in their place.

* The first part of the way, towards the St. Gothard, lies through agreeable scenery, among rich meadows,

shaded by chestnut and walnut trees." —*L.* At Kins the road approaches the margin of the Rhoda, and beyond Hiltina, where it is partly cut through the rock, passes under the ruins of a tower, by some supposed to be the castle of Zwing Uri (Restraint of Uri), the construction of which by the tyrant Gessler, to overawe the peasants, roused the suspicion and indignation of the Swiss; so that it was demolished by them in 1306, on the first outbreak of the revolt against Austria. Further on, upon the high road, is situated the village of

Amsteg—(*Amsteg*: Hirsch, good; Stern. H. L.)—delightfully situated, and although not a post station, it is a convenient place for those to stop at who cross the lake by the 3 P.M. steamer from Lucerne. It stands at the mouth of the *Madruner Thal*, which stretches E. as far as the base of the Clariden Grät, a valley little visited, but well worth exploring; abounding in waterfalls and glaciers.

The road now first crosses the Rhoda and begins to ascend, having on the l. hand the gigantic mass of the Bristmatenk, and the river below, dashing from rock to rock in an almost uninterrupted cataract. A second bridge carries it back to the rt. bank; and, after traversing a wood, a third, of wood, called *Pfaffen-sprung* (priest's leap), from a fable of a monk having leaped across it with a maiden in his arms, brings the traveller to the wild torrent *Mayenbach*, descending from the *Susten Pass* (R. 32), joins the Rhoda immediately below.

Wassen, or Wöden—(*Wöden*: Ochs, indifferent—(A. T. M.))—a village of 660 inhab., on the l. bank of the Rhoda, at the mouth of the *Mayenthal*. Near this a toll of $\frac{1}{2}$ s. bats for each person, and 14 bats (14 fr.) for every carriage, and the same for every horse, is paid. Winding from side to side the road slowly coils upward to Göschenen, where the valley assumes a more savage character,

contracting into the narrow ravine of Schöllinen, bounded for nearly 3 miles by impending cliffs of granite. One vast fragment, skirted by the road, was dropped here, according to the popular legend, by the devil, and is thence called *Teufelsstein*. This defile is a scene of desolation and awful grandeur; the walls of rock seem almost to exclude the light of day, scarce a blade of grass is to be seen, and nothing heard but the wild dashing of the Rhone at the foot of the precipices below the road, from which hence sounds this part of the valley gets the name of *Krachenthal*. The road hereabouts is much exposed in spring to danger from avalanches. A new road is being (?) blasted in the rock on the rt. bank of the Rhone to avoid this. The difficulties of the ascent are next overcome by the skill of the engineer, who has constructed a series of complicated zigzag terraces, first on one side of the Rhone and then on the other, by means of which, and of numerous bridges, the traveller at length reaches

The *Devil's Bridge*, situated in the midst of the most stern but magnificent scenery of the whole pass. The Rhone leaps down into the head of this savage gorge, in a lofty cascade, and in the very midst of its din and spray 3 bridges have been thrown across. Very precipitous rocks of granite, remarkable for the stern nakedness of their surface, hem in the bed of the river on both sides; those on the left bank leaving not an inch of space for the sole of a foot at their base, except what has been hewn out of it by human art. For ages this must have been an impassable den, a complete *cul-de-sac*, until, by human ingenuity, the torrent was bridged and the rock bored through. The old bridge, a thin segment of a circle, spanning a terrific abyss, had originally an air at once of boldness and fragility, much of which it has lost by the contrast with the towering and more solid structure that has now entirely su-

perceded it, and seems, as it were, to dominate over it, like the horse over the ass in *Aesop's fable*. The single arch of slight masonry, suspended in the air at a height of 70 feet above the Rhone, with scarce a parapet at the side, and with barely breadth to allow two persons to pass, almost seemed to tremble with the rushing of the torrent under the feet of the traveller. Modern improvements have deprived the bridge and its vicinity of much of its terror and sublimity. A commodious and gradually sloping terrace, hewn out of the solid rock at the foot of the precipice, leads to the broad and massive new bridge of 3 arches, which, though newer to the fall than the old, may be passed without the slightest emotion of the nerves, thanks to its solidity and high parapets. The construction of this part of the road presented great difficulties to the engineer from the hardness and smoothness of the precipitous rocks and the want of easy access to them: indeed, the mines necessary for blasting the granite could only be formed by workmen suspended by ropes from above, and dangling in the air like spiders at the end of their threads. The ancient bridge was first founded by Abbot Gerald, of Einsiedeln, in 1118, so that, in the naming of it, the devil has received more than his due: it has been allowed to remain beneath the new bridge, though no longer of any use. During the extraordinary campaign of 1799, the Devil's Bridge and the defile of the Schöllinen were twice obstinately contested within the space of little more than a month. On the 14th of August the united French column, under Lecourbe and Loison, having surprised the Austrians, drove them up the valley of the Rhone, as far as this bridge, which, having been converted into an entrenched position, was defended by them for some time. The ancient Devil's Bridge was approached from the lower part of the valley by a terrace abutting against the precipice, interrupted in one place

by a chasm. The road was continued over this upon an arch of masonry which supported a sort of caserway. —*F. L.* At last even this was carried by the French, who, in their impetuous pursuit, followed their enemies across the arch. In a moment, while a crowd of combatants were upon it, it was blown into the air, and hundreds were precipitated into the abyss below. During the night the Austrians, alarmed by the appearance of another French force in their rear, evacuated altogether the valley of the Rhodan. On the 24th of the following September, the tide of war took an opposite turn; Surwarow, pouring down from the summit of the St. Gothard, at the head of 5000 horse and 18,000 foot, compelled the French, in their turn, to retire before him. The progress of the Russians was arrested here for a short time, as they found the road broken up, the Urserloch filled with rocks, and the passage down the valley interrupted by the gap in the caserway beyond the bridge, caused by the blowing up of the arch. A murderous fire from the French swept away all who approached the edge of the chasm; but the Russian columns, eager for advance, by their pressure, pushed the foremost ranks into the flaming Rhodan. The impediments in the road were soon removed; an extemporaneous bridge was constructed by binding together beams of wood with officers' scarfs; and over this the Russian army passed, pursuing the enemy as far as Atdorf.

Immediately above, after passing the Devil's Bridge, the road is carried through a tunnel, bored for 180 feet through the solid rock, called *Urserloch*, or *Hole of Uri*. It is 15 feet high and 16 ft. broad. Previous to its construction, in 1707, the only mode of passing the buttress of rock which here projects into the river, so as to deny all passage, was by a bridge, or shelf of boards, suspended on the outside by chains from above.

By means of this the traveller doubled, as it were, the shoulder of the mountain, enveloped in the spray of the torrent, within a few feet of which the frail structure was hung. The Gallery of Uri was originally constructed by a Swiss engineer, named Morosini; but was only passable for mules, until, in reconstructing the St. Gothard Road, it was enlarged to admit carriages.

Out of this gallery the traveller emerges into the wide basin-shaped pastoral valley of Urseren, which, in contrast with the savage gorge of Schöllenen, and from the suddenness of the transition, has obtained from most travellers the praise of beauty and fertility. Taken by itself, however, it has little but its verdure to recommend it; owing to its great height, 4366 feet above the sea, scarcely any trees grow in it, and the inhabitants supply themselves with corn for bread from more fortunate lands. It was probably once a lake, until a passage was opened for the Rhodan through the rocks of Schöllenen. It was originally colonised, it is supposed, by the Rhaetians. The usual entrance to it was by the pass of the Oberalp. Its inhabitants spoke the language of the Grisons, and the valley was a dependence of the abbot of Disentis. Down to the 14th century it remained closed up at its lower extremity, and had no direct communication with the lower valley of the Rhodan. About that time, however, a path seems to have been opened, and the men of Urseren, allying themselves with those of Uri, threw off the yoke of their former feudal lords. A mile from the gallery of Uri lies

4 Andermatt, or Urseren (Ital. Orsera)—(*Imo*. Drei Könige, Three Kings, very good; Sonne, Sun). It is a village of 600 inhab., and the chief place of the valley 4450 ft. above the sea-level. The honey and cheese made on the surrounding pastures are excellent, and the red trout of the

Oberalp Boe enjoy the reputation, with hungry travellers, of being the finest in the world. They are, at least, an excellent dish, either at breakfast or dinner. The Church of St. Columbanus is said to have been built by the Lombards. On the slope of the mountain of St. Anne, which is surmounted by a glacier, above the village, are the scanty remains of a forest, the last relic of that which perhaps at one time clothed the sides of the valley entirely. "It is of a triangular form, with one of its angles pointed upwards, and is so placed as not only to break the fall of heavy bodies of snow, but to divide the masses, throwing them off on its two sides. It is now a slight and seemingly a perishable defence." The improvidence of the inhabitants, at an early period, had reduced it to a small grove, which those of later times had learned to value for the protection it afforded to their dwellings from falling avalanches. They therefore guarded it with the utmost care, abstaining from cutting down a stem of it; but, in 1799, foreign invaders, reckless of the consequences, felled a great part of it, and consumed it for fire-wood, or to repair the Devil's Bridge.

This was but one of the evils which that calamitous year brought upon this remote and peaceful valley, when the armies of three nations chose it for the arena of their combats, letting loose the furies, fire, famine, and slaughter, upon its unfortunate inhabitants. Sewarow's hordes arrived at Andermatt in that year, famished with hunger. Like ravenous wolves, they seized and consumed everything they could lay hands on. They greedily devoured a store of soap which they found in the larder of the inn, and, cutting into pieces some skins which had been hung out to dry previously to being tanned, boiled and ate them also.

A bridle-path stretches up the steep lateral valley behind Andermatt,

across the Oberalp, and past its lake, to Disentis, in the Grisons (Route 77).

The vale of Urseren is about 9 miles long and nearly 1 broad. It contains 4 villages and 1300 inhabitants, who gain a subsistence by rearing cattle and keeping dairies, and by forwarding the transit of goods across the St. Gothard, for which purpose 300 horses are kept in it. At Andermatt, Hospital, and Airolo, are many mineral dealers, from whom specimens may be purchased of the numerous rare and valuable minerals with which the range of the St. Gothard abounds. The variety of species is surprising, and the cabinet of the mineralogist derives some of the rarest substances from these Alps.

On the l. of the road, in going to Hospital, two rude stone pillars may be seen; they are the paces of gallows, belonging to Andermatt, dating from the time when the valley of Urseren was an independent state, and Andermatt the chief place in it, enjoyed the right of criminal jurisdiction, now removed to Altdorf. It is curious to observe to what an extent the possession of a gallows and the right of hanging criminals thereon, was an object of pride in ancient times. Such relics as this may be found throughout Switzerland: they seem everywhere to have been preserved almost with veneration, and are kept in constant repair though destined never more to be used.

Hospital, or Hospenthal — *Inn*: Goldener Löwe (Golden Lion), tolerable.—*H. T.* Excellent honey here. Stout horses may be hired here.

Hospital receives its name from an hospice which no longer exists here. Above the village rises a venerable tower, said to be, like the church of Andermatt, a work of the Lombards. There is a fine collection of minerals here for sale, formed by two monks: the prices seem high.

The mule path over the Furca (Route 30) leads hence, in 5 hours, to

the glacier of the Rhone, and in 2 hours to the hospice of the Grimsel.

Our high road now quits the valley of Urseren, and following the course of the Rhone, begins to ascend by numerous zigzags to the summit of the St. Gothard, which may be reached in about 2½ hours from Hospital.

Under the name of St. Gothard are comprised, not merely the depression, or col, over which the road passes, but a group or clump of mountains, all exceeding in elevation the snow line, situated between the cantons of Uri, Valais, Ticino, and Grisons; and containing the sources of the Rhine, the Rhoda, the Reuss, and the Ticino, all of which, with innumerable tributaries, rise within a circle of 10 miles, described from the summit of the pass.

The river Reuss may be said to fall, rather than flow, into the lake of the Four Cantons. Between Urseren and Flims it descends 2000 feet, and between Urseren, and the top of the pass 2000 feet, forming a succession of cataracts. Near the summit of the pass the road crosses it for the last time by the bridge of Rodent, which marks the boundary of the cantons Uri and Ticino. The source of the Reuss is in the small lake of Luomedro, a short distance on the right of the road. The summit of the pass (6806 feet above the sea) is a valley, or saddle-shaped depression, in the great granite ridge of the central chain, overlooked by snow-capped peaks varying between 8000 and 10,000 feet in height. It is a scene of the most complete sterility and desolation: the road winds among several other small lakes or ponds, some of which flow N., but the greater part are feeders of the Ticino, on the S. side of the pass. They may, indeed, be regarded as the head-waters of that river, which gives its name to the canton Tessin, or Ticino.

The *Hospice* (11¼ stunden from Flimsen, 12 stunden from Bellinzona), a massive and roomy building, con-

structed at the expense of the canton Ticino, which has also caused several houses of refuge to be built, is designed for the accommodation of travellers, being fitted up roughly as an inn, containing 15 beds, and placed under the management of two Capuchin friars. Attached to it are warehouses for goods. A very handsome house of refuge and a chapel have existed on this spot ever since the 13th century, owing their origin to the Abbot of Disentis, who stationed a monk here to the spiritual as well as physical wants of distressed travellers. In the 17th century, St. Carlo Borromeo suggested the construction of a hospice on a larger scale, which, after his death, was executed by his brother. This building, however, was swept away in 1776, by an avalanche: another which succeeded it, was gutted by the French, while encamped on this spot in 1799-1800, and every particle of wood burnt as fuel. This older hospice, however, is still kept up; it is a miserable cabaret, fit only for carters and muleteers. It was until lately the only house for the reception of travellers on the summit.

The passage in winter and spring is by no means free from danger: the snow is sometimes heaped up in drifts 40 feet high on the summit, and the descent towards Airolo is much exposed at times to tourmentes and avalanches (§ 18). A year seldom passes without the loss of 3 or 4 lives, and at times melancholy catastrophes have occurred. The spot called *Baco del Calanchetti* is so named from a party of glaciers from the Val Calanca, who, persisting in pushing on from the hospice, in spite of the warnings of the inmates, were buried here beneath the snow. In 1478, an avalanche swept away a troop of 60 Swiss soldiers: in 1624 another, which fell from the Casandra, buried 300 persons; and one in 1814 overwhelmed 40 horses laden with goods. The new line of road is carried as much as possible out of the course of these

dangers, and though it is unprotected by any covered galleries, accidents of this kind are more rare.

The descent towards Italy displays much skilful engineering; and the difficulties of a slope, much steeper on this side than on the other, have been overcome by a series of zigzag terraces not exceeded in numbers and tortuous direction on any other Alpine pass. They begin a little beyond the old hospice, and continue nearly all the way to Airolo. The turnings are less sharp than on many other passes; and a carriage drawn by horses accustomed to the work may trot down at a quick pace. Near the uppermost zigzag the word *Suvarrow Victor*, in large letters on the face of the rock, record the success of the Russians in gaining the pass from the French in 1799. It was on this ascent that the Russian grenadiers were for some time arrested by the fire of the French riflemen posted behind rocks and trees. The aged Suvarrow, indignant at being foiled for the first time in his life, caused a grave to be dug, and lying down in it, declared his resolution to be buried on the spot where "his children" had been repulsed. This appeal was responded to by his soldiers with warmth, and, when he once more put himself at their head, they drove the republicans from their position. The upper part of the gully down which the road passes is called *Val Tremolo* (Germ. *Tremmeln Thal*), Trembling Valley, from its supposed effect on the nerves of those who passed it. Since the new road has been made, its terrors, whatever they were previously, have been much softened. It is, however, exposed to some danger from avalanches in spring; and one or two houses of refuge have been built to shelter travellers. A very pretty mineral, named from this locality, where it was first found, Tremolite, abounds in the rock of the valley, and specimens of it occur even in the walls and loose stones at the

road-side. The old road lay along the l. bank of the Ticino; the new keeps on the rt. side of it, and before reaching Airolo makes many wide sweeps along the flank of the mountain, up into the *Val Bedretto*, traversing the forest of *Pioteila*, where the slate rocks are full of crystals of garnet. The view up and down the vale of the Ticino, and over the snowy mountains on the opposite side of it, is extremely grand.

44 *Airolo* (Germ. *Ertsch*)—*Pass*: the best is the *Post*.—*H.* Airolo lies on the l. bank of the Ticino, near the junction of the branch flowing out of the *Val Bedretto* with that rising on the St. Gothard. It is 3794 feet above the sea-level, and its inhabitants, both in habit and language, are Italian. It possesses two relics of antiquity: an old house called *Il Castello*, and the stump of a tower (*Casa dei Pagani*), built, it is said, by *Dardurus*, king of the Lombards, A.D. 774. The Lombard kings constructed a line of similar forts from this all the way to *Como*, many of which will be passed by the traveller in descending the valley. The situation of Airolo, at the foot of St. Gothard, and the consequent transit of travellers and goods, are its chief sources of prosperity. The summit of the pass may be reached by a light carriage in 2½ hours; by the old road a pedestrian might reach it in less than 2. Several mule paths also concentrate here. 1. That leading up the *Val Bedretto* to the *Nöthlen* pass (Route 35), and to the *Gries* (Route 29). 2. Over the *Lukmanier* into the *Grisons* (Route 78). 3. A summer path, and difficult, up the *Val Canaria*, past the beautiful waterfall of *Calocchia* (?), and over the *Sella-Grat* to *Andermatt*, in 5 hours.*

The *Val Bedretto* terminates about 2 miles below Airolo, at the mouth of the picturesque glen of *Stalvedro*,

* Any personal information respecting these three passes will be acceptable to the Editor.

which is guarded on the rt. by another of the Lombard towers of King Desiderius, and by a third at its lower extremity, near Quinto. This pass was defended in September, 1799, by a body of 800 French against 5000 grenadiers of Szwarcow's army for 12 hours, after which they effected their retreat over the Nufenen into the Vallais. The part of the valley of the Ticino traversed by the road from this to Biasca is called Val Leventina—Levinen Thal in Germ. A few miles lower down the river threads another defile, named after a toll-house within it *Dasio Grande*. It is one of the most picturesque scenes on the whole route. It is a rent in the Monte Piettino (Piatifur), nearly a mile long, and so narrow that in ancient times the path down the valley found no access to it, but was carried over the mountain, high above the river on either side. The carriage-road threaded the depths of the gorge, supported for a great part of the way on arches and terraces, and crossing the river thrice on bridges. During the storms of 1824 and of 1839, the swollen Ticino swept away nearly the whole of these earthy constructions, the defile was rendered totally impassable, and travellers were compelled to find their way by the long abandoned footpath over the heights. A new line is now constructed at a higher level above the river to replace that which has been destroyed;—a proof of the immense difficulty of maintaining a road over the Alps. The descent is less rapid than the old line; it passes 3 tunnels.

Cheval de renforts, Dasio to Faido, 4 fr., and Faido to St. Gothard, 6 fr.

Chestnut trees first appear soon after quitting the defile of Dasio, and vines are cultivated at

3 Faido—(Imm. Angeln, very good, —Solo)—the principal place in the valley, a small town of 615 inhab. A revolt of the people of the Val Leventina, in 1756, against their tyrannical

lords and masters the cowherds of Uri, to whom they had been subject since the 15th century, was terminated on this spot by the execution of the ring-lenders, whose heads were fastened to the trunks of the vast chestnut trees, in the presence of 3000 men of the valley. The troops of the Confederation had previously surrounded and disarmed this ill-starred band of rebels, and afterwards compelled them, on banded knees, to sue for mercy. The revolt was, perhaps, not to be justified; but one thing at least is certain, that the freedom which had been the boast of the Swiss republicans was, down to the end of the last century, denied by them to the states dependent on them, who groined under a bondage more intolerable than that of any monarchical despotism! A footpath runs from Faido over the Lukmanier (R. 78) to Disentis.

Through a highly cultivated tract the road reaches

Giorasco (Germ. Irals: *Ira*, La Corona, dirty); a village of 700 inhab., containing the following objects of antiquity:—A high tower, the Church of Santa Maria di Castello, whose substructure is said to exhibit traces of a fort, attributed to the Gauls (?), and the church of San Nicholas di Afira, regarded by the vulgar as originally a heathen temple. Both these churches are certainly examples of the earliest form of Christian buildings, and highly deserve the attention of the architect and antiquary. "Service is not performed in St. Nicholas, though it is kept in repair. The architecture is of the rudest Romanesque style, and the E. end offers, perhaps, the most unaltered specimen of the choir raised upon substructions that can hardly be called a crypt, found in the ancient Lombard churches of Italy, distinguished by staircases, whereas it here subsists in its primitive form. The whole neighbourhood is exceedingly picturesque, and deserving at least of quite as much attention as many places which

enjoy much more extended reputation."—*P.* "The number and height of the church-towers on the side of the Alps, even on spots where wealth and population appear most scanty, are among the most striking features of this country. Instead of being surmounted by spires, as in the Roman Catholic valleys of the neighbouring Grisons, they are here piled story upon story in the Italian fashion, sometimes reaching even to an eighth tier, and ending in a ridge roof."—*J. P.*

Half way to

3 Bodio a heap of large rocks (*Sassi Grossi*) serves as a monument of the victory gained here in 1478 over the Milanese by the Swiss, who had made a stray across the St. Gothard as far as Bellinzona, under pretext of redressing the injury done by the Milanese, in having killed some trees belonging to canton Uri. The winter had set in with severity, and the main body of the Swiss had returned across the pass with their plunder, leaving behind only about 600 men under Captains Stranga of Giornico, and Troger of Uri. The Milanese, 15,000 strong, pressed forward to expel the highland invaders, who, resorting to stratagem to counteract the preponderance of numbers, laid the flat land in this part of the valley under water, and placing themselves behind it, awaited their enemies at the foot of some rocks. In the course of the night the water froze hard, and next morning, while the advance of the Italians across the ice was naturally slow and faltering, the Swiss, provided with crampons to cross their native glaciers, rushed down upon them in a furious charge, and at once put them to the rout. Their confusion was increased by vast masses of rock hurled from the cliffs above by parties stationed for the purpose, and the slaughter was enormous. According to some accounts 1400, according to others 4000, of the Milanese fell on this occasion.

The Val Leventina terminates a

little beyond Pollegio, at the junction of the Blugno. After crossing that river the traveller reaches Biason (*San Uison*, poor and slovenly), which also contains a very ancient church, situated on the slope of the hill. A chain of chapels, or *Via Crucis*, leads from it up to the Chapel of St. Petramilla, whence there is a pleasing view.

In 1512, an earthquake shook down from the mountain of Val Crevona, near the entrance of the Val Blugno, so vast a mass of earth and rock that it arrested the course of the river, and extended high up on the opposite side of the valley. For nearly two years, so great was the strength of this dam that the waters accumulated behind it into a lake many miles in extent, inundating numerous villages, and driving out the inhabitants by the rising flood. At length, in 1514, it began to flow over the barrier, which, being thus loosened and weakened, suddenly gave way about Easter. The deluge thus occasioned swept off everything before it—towns, villages, houses, and trees, as far as Bellinzona (a part of which was destroyed), and the Lago Maggiore. The accumulated debris of rocks and mud which it carried down with it covered the cultivated land with desolation, and marks of the ruin thus caused may be still traced along the valley. Various causes, conformable with the superstitious notions of the times, were assigned for this catastrophe. Some attributed it to the vengeance of God against the sins of the inhabitants of Biason, called forth by the power of a Papal Brief; others traced it to the influence of "certain magicians from Armenia." It is satisfactorily accounted for by the supposition of an earthquake, since at the same time a similar fall took place from the opposite side of the mountain, which buried the village of Campo Bagnina, in the Val Calanca. About 8 miles below Biason the Moesa is crossed, and our road falls into that from the

pass 'of the Bernardin' (Route 30), near the battle-field of Arbedo, which was as fatal to the Swiss as that of Giornico was to their opponents. An account of it, as well as a full description of

St. Bellinzona, is given in Route 30.

ROUTE 36.

PASS OF THE NÜPFEN (NOVENA) FROM
CHIESOZZATELLO TO AIROLO.

9 stadia = 25 Eng. miles. This is a rather difficult but wildly grand pass. Considerable local knowledge is required on the journey. It is a footpath, ascending the Vale of Eggen, as in Route 29, but before reaching the Gries Glacier, turns to the L, and crossing the ridge of the

St. Nufenen, 7260 feet above the sea-level, descends into the Val Bedretto. On the S. slope of the pass one of the branches of the river Ticino takes its rise. The path descends along its L. bank to the

1h. 40m Hospice al' Aquia, a house of refuge to accommodate travellers, 8000 feet above the sea. A path crosses the valley from this S. into the Val Formazza to the Falls of the Tosa (see p. 98). The Val Bedretto, from its elevation, has but an inhospitable climate; long winters, and frosts not uncommonly in the height of summer, morning and evening. It is clothed with forests and pastures, from which its 613 inhabitants derive support in summer; while in winter the males migrate to Italy, to seek employment as servants. It is flanked on either side with glaciers, and is dreadfully exposed to avalanches (§ 18). The masses of fallen snow often remain unmelted on the margin of the Ticino till the end of September. At

1½ Bedretto, the principal hamlet, the church-tower, which has been once swept away, along with the parsonage, is now protected by an angular buttress, directed toward the side from which the avalanches fall, so as to break and turn them away. In

the lower part of the valley a scanty crop of rye is grown.

3 Airolo, in Route 34, p. 112.

ROUTE 36.

PASS OF THE GOMNI, THUN TO THE
BATHS OF LEUK (LOCHER), AND TO
LEUK IN THE VALLEIN.

17 stadia = 56 Eng. miles.

The Gomni (pronounced Ghomni) is one of the most remarkable passes across the Alps. Its scenery is, perhaps, extraordinary rather than grand, and to be seen to advantage it ought to be approached from the Vallein. There is a good char-road as far as Kandersteg, at the N. foot of the pass: the pass itself, and the space between it and the Baths, can only be surmounted on foot or on horseback. There are inns at Frutigen, Kandersteg, and at the Baths.

N.B. Chars hired at Thun, to go to Kandersteg, return the same day: imposition is practised on travellers by stating the reverse of this, in order that those who let the carriages may exact improper charges. At Frutigen there is a competition of inns, and means of conveyance.

The first part of the route lies along the beautiful shores of the lake of Thun. Near the tall tower of Strättlingen it crosses the Kander by a lofty bridge. That river originally avoided the lake altogether, and, flowing for some distance parallel to it, behind the hill of Strättlingen, joined the Aar below Thun. Owing to the quantity of mud and gravel which it brought with it, and the slight inclination of its channel in this part of its course, it converted the surrounding district into an unhealthy marsh, and gave rise to a project, which was executed in 1714 at the expense of the canton, of turning the river into the lake of Thun. This was effected by cutting a canal, 3000 ft. long and 272 ft. broad, into which the river was turned; and which, seen from the bridge in cross-

ing, has much the appearance of a natural ravine. By this change of course the land on the banks of the Aar has been drained and made profitable, while the deposit of sand and stones brought down by the river into the lake has so accumulated as to form a delta around its mouth, extending already nearly a mile from the shore, and annually increasing.

The road passes the mouth of the Simmenthal (Route 41), guarded on one side by the Stockhorn, and on the L. by the Niesen, two noble mountains, between which the valley opens out, a scene of exceeding beauty, with the castle of Wimmis standing as it were in its jaws. On the margin of the lake rises another picturesque castle, that of Spiez. Skirting the base of the pyramidal Niesen we enter the valley of Frutigen, which is remarkable for its verdure and fertility, and may be said to exhibit Swiss pastoral scenery in perfection. At Mühlinen (about $\frac{1}{2}$ way from Thun to Frutigen) is a nice little inn (The Bear), kept by an Englishwoman. At Reichenbach the Kienthal opens out to the S.E. (Route 26). The lower part is soft and beautiful, but after $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours' walk, it becomes thoroughly Alpine. Ascending by the side of the Kander we reach

$4\frac{1}{2}$ Frutigen (Inns: Ober, and Unter-Landhaus, good; mules and charrs may be hired here), a village of 900 inhab. its houses are for the most part not older than 1826-7, at which time nearly the whole of the buildings were destroyed in two consecutive conflagrations. Behind it the valley divides into two branches; that on the W. leads to the Adalboden; that on the E. (down which flows the Kander) to the Gemmi.

The road passes under the castle of Tellenburg, the residence of the amtmann, or bailiff, of the district, and, crossing the Kander, proceeds up its rt. bank to

$2\frac{1}{2}$ Kandersteg (Inns: Cheval Blanc; capital trout). Charrs may be

had here to Frutigen, a ride of about 2 hours, for 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ fr.; also good mules to cross the mountain to the baths of Leuk, at about 8 fr. each, and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ fr. to the driver—a journey of 6 hours. Kandersteg is the last village in the valley: its scattered habitations contain about 700 individuals. It is beautifully situated 3280 ft. above the sea, at the N. base of the Gemmi. Wood cut in the mountain forests around is here set afloat in the Kander, and then conveyed into the lake of Thun, where the logs are collected and separated by the various proprietors.

Excursions.

a. Those who have time to spare should on no account omit to walk hence about 4 miles through a sublime gorge (see Route 27) into the remote Valley of Eckhorn, running directly E. from Kandersteg, where, hemmed in by precipices and glaciers, they will find a beautiful clear lake, which mirrors on its smooth surface the snowy peaks of the Blumalp, at whose base it lies. b. From the Eckhorn lake, there is a path over the Dändengrat into the Kienthal, descending which you may reach the road to Thun between Reichenbach and Mühlinen; c. Another leads over the Firas into the Seefenthal, and thence to Lauterbrunnen (Route 27), but it is difficult, especially from the side of the Kienthal. The valleys of Eckhorn and Gasteren include scenery as grand and impressive as any to be met with in the central chain of the Alps. d. The excursion from Kandersteg into the Lösch Thal and to Tourtemagne is described R. 60. e. "A path of no great difficulty leads W. in 4 or 5 hours, over the Bender-Grat, to Adalboden. From the summit fine views of the Kanderthal, the Eckhorn-thal and lake, and the mountains above it. From Adalboden to Frutigen a walk of 2 or 3 hours, through a deep but rather monotonous valley. Above Adalboden is a fall of some magnitude."—E. W.

Above Kandersteg the char-road ceases, and is about 1½ mile from the inn, the ascent of the Pass of the Gemmi commences in earnest. The path lies at first through forests, soon passing the boundary-line of the cantons Berne and Wallis, and then emerges upon a tract of open pasture land, rendered desolate by the fall of an avalanche from the Kinder Horn, in 1763. The path winds, for a considerable distance, among the fragments of rock brought down by it. Farther on stands the

3 Solitary Inn of Schwarzenbach, originally a mere chalet, but improved; it affords tolerable refreshments and sleeping accommodations which, however humble, are doubtless often most acceptable in such a situation. The landlord is not well spoken of: he is exacting. A small toll is demanded here for the maintenance of the road. The German poet, Werner, has laid in this gloomy spot the scene of a still more gloomy tragedy, "The 24th of February." The extravagant and improbable plot has no foundation in any real event which happened here.

About 2 miles above this, the path reaches and winds along the E. margin of a small lake, called Dauben See, supplied by snow, not by springs, which often swell it so as to cover the path: for 3 months of the year it is frozen. Nothing can exceed the dreary aspect of the scared and naked limestone rocks which form the summit of the pass: they seem too barren for even the hardiest lichens. The culminating point traversed by the road is 7160 ft. above the sea-level. From a rocky eminence on the E. of the path a superb view is obtained of the Monte Rosa, and the chain of Alps beyond the Rhone, separating the Vallais from Piedmont, the Wanhorn (Corvin), and the Aro de Zan. It is one of the most striking views in Switzerland.

Near the verge of the descent stands a small shed, capable of

affording only a partial shelter in a storm. A little lower down, the traveller finds himself on the brink of a precipice, from which a plumb-line might be thrown into the valley below, nearly 1600 ft., almost without touching the rock, so vertical are its sides. It is along the face of this vast wall, that one of the most extraordinary of all the alpine roads, constructed in 1736-41, by a party of Tyrolese, has been carried. Its signs have been very ingeniously contrived, for in many places the rocks overhang the path, and an upper terrace projects farther out than the one immediately below it.* It varies in width from 3 ft. to 5 ft., is bordered at the side by a dry wall, and is practicable for mules. There is no danger in it, but its proximity to the abyss must be a trial for some nerves.

The wonders of this pass are greatly increased to those who approach it from the side of Leuk.

"The upper end of the valley, as you look towards the Gemmi, has all the appearance of a cul-de-sac, shut in by a mountain wall. Up to the very last moment, and until you reach the foot of the precipice, it is impossible to discover the way out, or to tell whither the road goes, or how it can be carried up a vertical surface of rock. It is a mere shaft—in some parts a mere groove cut in the face of the huge cliff, just wide enough for a mule to pass; and at the turns of the signage you constantly overhang a depth of nearly 500 ft. Down this difficult road invalids are carried to the baths: it is the only way of approaching them from the N., unless you were to make a slight detour of 200 miles by Bern, Friburg, Vevay, and Martigny. Persons who are very infirm, proceeding to the baths, are borne on men's shoulders, in a sort of litter, and, it is

* The best and only good representation of this extraordinary path, which the editor has ever seen, is in a masterly view by the artist George Durrer.

said, often have their eyes bandaged to prevent the shock which might be given to weak nerves by the sight of the terrors of the pathway.

While at Leuk, I copied the following clause, relative to the transport of invalids, from the printed regulations issued by the director of the baths:—'Pour une personne adoussée de 10 ans il faudra 4 porteurs; si elle est d'un poids adoussé commun, 6 porteurs; si cependant elle est d'un poids extraordinaire, et que le commissaire le juge adoussé, il pourra ajouter 2 porteurs, et jamais plus.' I was amused by this provision for excessive corpulence. The ascent from the baths to the summit takes up nearly two hours.

34 Baths of Leuk (Leukerbad, Fr.—Lötsche). Inns: Maison Blanche, good;—H. de Bellevue; H. de France; Hôtel des Alpes. The accommodation is as good as can be expected, considering that most of the houses are of wood, not very well built, shut up and abandoned from October to May. The fare is tolerable, everything but milk and cheese being brought from the valley below.

The baths consist of 3 or 4 lodging-houses, attached to a hamlet of about 300 inhabitants, situated more than 4500 ft. above the level of the sea, i.e. higher than the highest mountain in Great Britain. The hot springs annually attract a number of visitors, chiefly Swiss and French, during the season, viz., in the months of July and August, though the inns are open from May to October. From the dreariness of the situation, the coldness of the climate, and the defects of the lodging, few English would desire to prolong their stay here, after satisfying their curiosity by a sight of the place. The baths and adjacent buildings have been three times swept away by avalanches since their establishment in the 16th century; and, to guard against a recurrence of the calamity, a very strong dyke is now built behind the village to ward off

the snow. Such danger, however, is passed before the bathing season begins. One of the first patrons of the baths was the celebrated Cardinal and Archbishop of Sens, Matthew Schinner.

The springs, to the number of 10 or 12, rise in and around the village, and nine-tenths of them run off into the Dale torrent without being used. The chief spring of St. Lawrence bursts forth out of the ground between the inn and the bath-house; a rivulet in volume at its source, with a temperature of 124° Fahr. It is used for the baths after being slightly cooled. The other springs vary somewhat in temperature, but little in contents. They contain only a small portion of saline matter, and seem to owe their beneficial effects less to their mineral qualities than to their temperature and the mode of using them. The patient begins with a bath of an hour's duration, but goes on increasing it daily, until at length he remains in the water 8 hours a day—4 before breakfast, and 4 after dinner. The usual cure time (kur) is about 3 weeks. The want of the accommodation of private baths, and the necessity of preventing the ennui of such an amphibious existence, if passed in solitude, has led to the practice of bathing in common. The principal bath-house is a large shed divided into 4 compartments or baths, each about 20 ft. square, and capable of holding 15 or 20 persons. To each of these baths there are two entrances, communicating with dressing-rooms, one for the ladies, the other for the gentlemen. Along the partitions dividing the baths runs a slight gallery, into which any one is admitted, either to look on or converse with the bathers below. The stranger will be amazed, on entering, to perceive a group of some 12 or 15 heads emerging from the water, on the surface of which float wooden tables, holding coffee-cups, newspapers, snuff-boxes, books,

and other aids, to enable the bathers to pass away their allotted hours with as small a trial to their patience as possible. The patients, a motley company, of all ages, both sexes, and various ranks, delicate young ladies, burly friars, invalid officers, and ancient dames, are ranged around the sides on benches, below the water, all clad in long woollen mantles, with a tippet over their shoulders. It is not a little amusing to a bystander to see people sipping their breakfasts, or reading the newspapers, up to their chins in water—in one corner a party at chess, in another an apparently interesting *séance*, is going on; while a solitary sinner may be seen reviving in the hot water a moragay of withered flowers. The temperature of the bath is preserved by a supply of fresh water constantly flowing into it, from which the patients drink at times. Against the walls are hung a set of regulations and summary laws for the preservation of order and decorum in the baths, signed by the burgo-master, who enforces his authority by the threat of a fine of 20 fr. for the highest offence against his code.

"Art. 7. Personne ne peut entrer dans ces bains sans être revêtu d'une chemise longue, et simple, d'une staffe grande, sans peine de 2 fr. d'amende."

"Art. 9. La même peine sera encourue par ceux qui n'en entreraient pas, ou n'en sortiraient pas, d'une manière décente."

Four hours of subsequent penance are, by the doctor's decree, succeeded by one hour in bed; and many a fair nymph in extreme *œdipé*, with stockings wet and uncoiled hair, may be encountered crossing the open space between the bath and the hotels. From their condition, one might suppose they had been driven out of doors by an alarm of fire, or some such threatening calamity.

The principal curiosity of the neighbourhood is the *Ladders* (*Les-tes*). A rough path through the

woods, on the L. or R. side of the Dale, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile long, leads to the foot of the precipice, which, as before observed, hangs in the valley of Leuk on all sides, as with a colossal wall. Upon the summit of this precipice, however, stands a village called *Albin*; and the only mode by which its inhabitants can communicate directly with the baths, is by a series of 8 or 10 ladders placed perpendicularly against the face of the cliff. It can hardly be called difficult to climb to the top, but it would not do for any of weak nerves and a dizzy head, as many rounds of the ladder are loose, others broken; and the ladders themselves, which are pinned to the crevices of the rock by hooked sticks, are often awry, and very unsteady: yet they are traversed at all seasons, day and night, by the inhabitants of the village above—by children, as well as men and women, often with heavy burdens. The use of the ladders, which the nature of the sides of the valley render indispensable, has given rise to a singular modification of the dress of the female peasants, which here includes those rather habiliments confined in other parts of the world to men and shrews. Nor are they ashamed of this portion of their attire, as, in climbing the mountains, the petticoat is tucked up, and the wearers do not differ in appearance from boys.

The rocky pass, called *Felsen Gallerie*, on the opposite side of the Dale, on the way to *Sidura*, near *Laden*, is a very striking scene.

Mules are kept at the baths, under the direction of a commissaire, to transport travellers: the prices are fixed by a printed tariff. (§ 10.)

There are two ways from the baths to the valley of the Rhena, and the road of the Simplon.

a. The one follows the course of the Dale torrent through the centre of the valley, and conducts, in about 3 miles, to the village of Leuk. A car-

riage road is nearly completed (1846) from the Baths to the Simplon road.—E. W. At

3½ Leuk (*Jana; Kreutz; Stern*), a village of 620 inhab., on the rt. bank of the Rhone, near its junction with the Dala. A covered bridge over the Rhone connects it with the Simplon road (*Route 59*). Above it are ruins of two castles, destroyed by the Valaisans in 1414.

4. The other way, a mule-path carried along the W. side of the valley of the Dala, but high above that river, conducts at once to the town of Sierre (*Siders*), 12 miles distant, and is a short cut for those who wish to descend the valley of the Rhone towards Martigny and Geneva. It traverses the high pastures, and beyond them a forest of larch; and passes the village of Imboden, near which a most extensive view is gained over the valley of the Rhone, its towns, villages, farms, and old castles. The unsightly debris brought down by the furious torrents issuing from the opposite valley, and the wide expanse of bare gravel overflowed by the Rhone in spring, and converted into a river-channel—but in summer left bare and arid—give a desolate character to the scene.

Between Imboden and another village, called Varen, the road makes an abrupt turn, and the traveller finds himself beneath the shadow of a most tremendous and overhanging precipice. The effect of approaching it from the side of Sierre is grand in the extreme, and totally unexpected, after turning a corner of the rock. The path is carried along a narrow ledge in front of the cliff; beneath it is a gaping abyss, extending nearly down to the bed of the Dala, and above, the rocks lean so far forward that stones falling from their tops would descend upon the road, and it is therefore partly protected by a roof. This spot is called the *Galleria*, and was the scene of a bloody combat in 1798, when the Valaisans defended

this spot for several weeks against the French, effectually checking all attempts to pass, by rolling down stones and logs from above.

A rough and steep descent leads from this, in about 1½ hour, to Sierre, upon the Simplon road (*Route 59*).

ROUTE 89.

PASS OF THE RAWYL.—THUN, OR INTERLACHEN TO SIEN, OR SIERRE, CROSSING THE GRIMMEL.

22 stunden = 72 English miles.

The pass of the Rawyl begins at An der Leuk, at the N. foot of the pass, a good halting-place; thence to Sion, over the mountain, forms a day's journey of about 10 hours. It is difficult, but scarcely deserves to be called dangerous; it is traversed sometimes on horseback, but is better calculated for the pedestrian. Indeed, there must be considerable hardihood in attempting to ride up on the N. side from An der Leuk. From Sion to the top of the pass there is a good mule-path, recently much improved. Nothing but a little milk is to be had between An der Leuk and Sion, therefore provisions ought to be taken. The scenery on both sides of the pass resembles that on the S. side of the Gemmi.

It is about 12 miles from Thun, along the margin of the lake (see *Route 38*, p. 115), to Lattenbach, and

3½ Erlenbach, at the entrance of the Simmenthal. As that valley (described in *Route 41*) makes a considerable curve, the shortest way to the Rawyl is to strike up the Diemtigen Thal, running nearly due S. from Lattenbach. The path crosses the stream of the Chivel, and follows its l. bank through Diemtigen and Narnbach, then recrosses it to

3½ Thiermaten, where there is an inn. About a mile beyond this it again passes the stream, and, leaving it on the l., gradually ascends to the pass of the Grimm (5500 ft.).

Descending through the Fermal Thal (a fertile valley, only 6 miles long), it reaches

4½ Matten, in the Upper Simmenthal, on the char-road leading from Zweisimmen to An der Lenk. About 4 miles above this, on the l. bank of the Simmen, lies the village of

1½ An der Lenk—(Inns: Crown, good (?); Hår, the inn on the l. of the river is comfortable and moderate, but humble:)—beautifully situated, surrounded by high peaks and glaciers. "The Wildstrubel (11,000 feet), with the waste of snowy glaciers beneath it, forms the most striking and prominent feature, rising into the air above an unusually long line of grey precipices, down which 10 or 12 cascades are seen rolling into the country at the base."—*Lotz*.

An der Lenk is 3 stunden distant from Zweisimmen—a drive of 3 hours by a good char-road.

The scenery of the Diemtigen Thal is far inferior to that of the Simmenthal, so that the traveller who has not seen it had better proceed up it from Erlenbach to Zweisimmen (Route 41), and thence by Blankenburg to Matten and An der Lenk. It is a char-road all the way, and not much longer than the path over the Grimsi.

"From Interlachen to Lenk I followed a path but little known, passing through Wimmis, and behind the rocky point that overhangs the Simmen, continuing on the rt. bank of that river till I reached the Diemtigen Thal, up which I proceeded by a well-defined but rather rough path until I joined the char-road to Thiermatten at Narrenbach. By this route the walk from Interlachen to Thiermatten (where there is an inn) will occupy a good walker 6 hours; from Thiermatten to the summit of the Grimsi 3 hours more; to Andermatten on the Simmen 1½ hour; and another hour to An der Lenk.

"The Diemtigen Thal does not possess any great degree of beauty, nor is the view commanded from the Swiss.

summit of the Grimsi, although extensive and fine, of that remarkable character that would make the pass worth visiting on its own account. I should say that the cattle of the Diemtigen Thal are the finest I have seen in the Oberland. The timber is also very fine. The Fermal Thal, by which one descends to the valley of the Simmen, is very pretty. By this route I reached An der Lenk from Interlachen in one day."—J. D.

The Simmen rises about 6 miles above An der Lenk, at the foot of the glacier of Rhaliberg, from a source called the Seven Fountains. In the source itself there is little to compensate for the trouble of the ascent to it, but the scenery around it is of great grandeur. Between it and An der Lenk, the Simmen forms several cascades.

It is a walk of 9 or 10 hours without stopping, from An der Lenk to Sion. The path, instead of proceeding towards the source of the Simmen, ascends the l. bank of its tributary the Illgenbach; and the gorge of that torrent, flanked by vast precipices, is in places very grand.

The solitary traveller should beware of losing time by crossing a tempting bridge about half-way to Illgen, a little below a very picturesque waterfall. Illgen, a group of farm-houses at the N. base of the Rawyl, near which the Illgenbach makes a very fine fall, is a good 3 hours' walk from Lenk. Another 2½ hours will bring you to the cross on the summit by proceeding leisurely. A series of signposts lead from Illgen up the mountain, over some patches of snow. The path in several parts of this distance is very narrow, and runs along the edge of the precipice: some people might call it dangerous; there is, however, no real danger to a pedestrian of ordinary firmness. In this part of the pass, two small falls or jets dash down the face of the rock across the path, threatening the traveller with a shower-bath when

they are increased by heavy rains. At the second fall the footpath is only 18 inches broad, but as it is constantly washed by the water no loose stones rest on it, and as it slopes inwards away from the abyss it is not dangerous. A somewhat difficult and fatiguing zigzag surmounts the steep part of the ascent. From the brow of the precipice, looking N., a fine view expands over the valley of Ander Lenk, and the mountains of the Binmenthal covered with fine pastures and farm-houses. By crossing a bed of snow lying on the W. side of a small lake, the Rawyl See, the path leads up to the summit of the pass, marked by a cross (7450 ft.).

4½ The summit of the Rawyl is probably 2 miles broad, the path across it is tedious from the number of gullies, and the alternately crumbling and slippery nature of the soil, consisting of clay slate, which gradually changes into clay. "Another small lake is reached before the traveller gains the brow of the S. declivity of the mountain, consisting of precipices similar to those on the side of Berne. The view hence of the mountains on the S. side of the vale of the Rhone, especially of the Matterhorn and its glaciers, is very sublime. A zigzag path conducts down the cliffs to the chalets of Rawin. The descent is good, the path having been recently reconstructed. Close to these chalets, two large bodies of water burst, one on either hand from the cliffs, forming fine falls. That on the rt. has an uncommonly fine and singular appearance, bursting out of a black cleft in the face of a broad and precipitous rock, in 5 or 6 distinct columns, and afterwards forming a fine wild tumble of foaming water.

"Though apparently clear when issuing from the rock, it has no sooner touched the ground than it becomes a river of liquid mud, a large portion of which is a short way below separated from the torrent, and conducted very ingeniously along the face of the

mountain, and at one part against a perpendicular cliff, till, after a course of several miles, it fertilises the meadows near Ayent. Two paths branch off at the chalets of Rawin; the one leading through the village of Lens, and in 5½ hours to Sierre; the other through Ayent to Sion in 4½ to 5 hours. For nearly half an hour from Rawin, the rt. hand path runs nearly on a level: it next rises for some distance to turn a rocky barrier, and then descends on Ayent. Foot passengers can, as I myself did, avoid this ascent by following the bank of the water-course before mentioned; the path is however in places so extremely narrow, the footing so insecure, and the height above the valley so great, that I should do wrong did I otherwise than strongly dissuade travellers from pursuing that line."—J. D.

"The short cut above mentioned along the watercourse saves about an hour. The most dangerous part takes 10 minutes or ¼ hour to traverse. The only way of passing is along trees supported on cross bars over the water. The scene here is very grand. The rock hangs over on the rt. side, and on the l. recedes beneath to a depth of 1000 ft. The trees are placed singly above the bed of the watercourse, and are not more than a few inches wide, and not very firmly secured, which increases the danger."—R. E.

"The rock in some places hangs so low over the path as to make it necessary to go in a creeping position. This path is altogether so dangerous, that although it may be worth going to see as a curiosity, the writer would recommend no one to traverse it." Yet men, women, and children, often heavily laden, take this short cut without accident.

The other and longer road is practicable for mules from Sion up to the top of the pass. For some distance it lies amidst forests of fir. It unites with the footpath before reaching

Ayent (no Inn), about 2 hours' walk, passing the hamelet Grimsau (in German Grimseln) to

Sion. (Route 59.)

At Sion, experienced guides and mules may be obtained for the ascent of the Rawyl.

"Having been aware of the existence of the path on the left of the torrent, and wishing to reach Sierre, I had to cross the valley just opposite Ayent to the little village of Ioogne, whence I reached Lens, from which point the path to Sierre is very straight."—J. D.

Sierre. (Inn: Soleil, good.)

ROUTE 40.

PASS OF THE SANETSCH.—SAANEN TO SION.

10½ stunden = 34½ English miles.

This is "a walk of 8 hours without interruption—a long, steep, and tedious pass, but not dangerous, except in very bad weather." The village of Saanen (or Gessenay) and the road between it and Thun is described in Route 41.

At Staad the path turns S. by the valley of the Saane, the upper end of which is called Gsteig-Thal, to

8 Gsteig—(Inn: Bär; Rabe)—the highest village in it, situated close under the lofty and precipitous Mittagshorn, and near the foot of the Sanetsch, the most westerly of the passes over the Bernese chain.* The direction of the path from Gsteig is S.E., still by the side of the Saane, through a confined and savage gorge until its source is passed. The summit may be reached in 1½ hour.

2½ The summit is 7500 feet above the sea, and presents a wild rocky solitude, unvaried by vegetation; but the view from the S. side over the chain of Alps and glaciers, from Mont Blanc to the Cervin, is very noble.

* Any personal information respecting it is now will be acceptable to the Editor.

After descending for some time, skirting along under the edge of the great glacier de Champ Fleuri, the path reaches the stream of the Morge, and crosses it to

3½ Champignol, thence descending upon

1½ Sion (Route 59).

ROUTE 41.

THUN TO VEYAY, BY THE SIMMENTHAL; BATHS OF WEISENBURG, SAANEN, CHATEAU D'OEZ, AND GRUYERES:—FOOTPATH OVER THE DENT DE JAMAN.

24½ stunden = 80½ English miles.

Diligence 3 times a week.—B. An excellent carriage road has been made through the Simmenthal as far as Saanen, beyond which it is practicable for light carriages.—E. W. It is a little longer than the highway by Bern and Freiburg (Route 42). The valley abounds in beautiful scenery, rich cultivation, fields, orchards, and gardens, meadows reaching to the tops of the hills, with houses and villages lying along the banks of the river, varied with fine bold rocky gorges and open basins covered with meadows, and entirely of a pastoral character.

The entrance to the Simmenthal lies between the Stockhorn on the rt. and the Niesen on the l., and is approached from Thun by the road along the margin of the lake, and the banks of the Kander, as far as its junction with the Simmen, a little below the picturesque castle of Wimmis, which our road passes on the l.

3½ About 2 miles farther on, "the house of the pastor of Erlenbach indicates, by its neatness, the extreme comfort of its internal arrangements. Large airy rooms, and a capital German library, with the society of the worthy pastor and his wife, offer many inducements to a lover of quiet and romantic scenery. The clergymen in this neighbourhood are all

willing to receive boarders at the very moderate rate of 4 or 5 louis a month. From this parsonage Latrobe started on those alpine expeditions which he has described in so admirable and interesting a manner in his *Alpenstock* (an excellent English guide with a foreign name). The Stockhorn rises almost immediately behind the village of Erlenbach."—(*Jour. Lowe, and Bar*). L.

1½ Weissenburg "has a good inn, where mules may be hired, and chairs, with bearers, to convey persons who do not choose to walk, to the Baths of Weissenburg, distant between 2 and 3 miles from this. There is an ascent immediately on leaving the village, but after that the path winds through the most beautiful and picturesque defile, narrowing at every step into a profound chasm, till suddenly the Bath-house, singularly situated in its recesses, bursts upon the view. This large building is placed in a little nook between the boiling torrent Buntschi and the rocks, leaving barely space sufficient for the house and baths. In this retired spot the traveller is surprised to find himself surrounded by a crowd of peasants. In July there were 75 of that class, and 30 of a higher class of visitors: later in the year the latter preponderate. It is difficult to imagine how they pass their time in this solitude. Three weeks is the "cure" or period allotted to the trial of the remedy of the waters, which are sulphureous, and are supposed to be most efficacious in removing all internal obstructions. Great must be their power to induce patients to remain in so melancholy a place; yet the scenery around is highly picturesque, but inaccessible to all but stout climbers, except along the road to Weissenburg. The source is situated about ½ a mile higher up in the gorge, and the water, which has a temperature of above 22° Reaum., is conveyed to the baths in wooden pipes carried along the face of the precipice.

"The bath-house is entirely of wood. The food is said to be coarse, but good; table-d'hôte at 12; salle à manger large, but low; bed-rooms small. The whole expense, baths included, 9 fr. a-day for the superior class, and about half for the peasants."—L.

Some way up the ravine the peasants have formed a pathway out of it to the upper pastures, by cutting notches or rude steps in the face of the rock, and partly by attaching ladders to it. By this means they scale a dizzy precipice between 200 and 300 feet high. The pedestrian bound for the upper Simmenthal need not retrace his steps to Weissenburg, as there is a short cut direct from the baths to Oberwyl, on the high road.

2 Boltigen—(*Jour: Bar*)—a village situated 2600 feet above the sea, a little to the S. of the old castle of Simmoneck. The ruined castle of Laubek overlooks the road, which is now carried round the eminence, avoiding a steep ascent. The gorge of Laubek is a scene of grandeur. The river is crossed three times before reaching

3½ Zweisimmen—(*Jour: Crown, a Swiss wooden house*)—a village of 1200 inhab., situated at the junction of the great and lesser Simmen. The *Castle of Blankenburg* crowns the height about a mile above it. Until the last democratic revolution in canton Berne, it was the residence of the landvoght, who now occupies his own humble farm-house beside it. It is still the seat of the government, and the prison. A char-road runs hence past St. Stephan (*Jour: Alter Schweitzer*), in 1½ hour, to Matten (see *Route 39*, p. 121).

The road to Bulle and Vevey now quits the Simmenthal, and, turning to the S.W., crosses an elevated track of pasture-land called the Saanen-Moor, till it descends upon

2½ Saanen (*Fr. Gazonay*)—*Jour: Landhaus*, not good; the *Beer*, no

better (H.)—the principal place in the pastoral valley of the upper Saane (Sarine), whose inhabitants are almost exclusively cattle-owners, or occupied in their dairies, and in manufacturing excellent cheese, exported to all parts of the world as Gruyères cheese. A kind peculiar to the valley, and which is too delicate to bear exportation, is called *Fötschär-käse*.

Here the new-made road ends: beyond this it is a hilly and very narrow cross-road. A mile below Saanen we pass out of Berne into canton Vaud. German, the language of the upper extremity of the valley, is soon exchanged for a French patois, in the lower portion, which is called *Pays d'en haut Romand*. The first Vaudois village is Rougemont (Germ. Rothberg—*Im Kreutz*). Its *château* was formerly a convent.

2 *Château d'Oex* (Oesch)—(*Ans: L'Oura*, clean and comfortable, *Maison de Ville*)—a village of 612 inhab., 3030 feet above the sea, rebuilt after a conflagration which almost entirely consumed it. The road next crosses the Saane, and traverses the narrow pass of La Tise, between the mountains. It is so precipitous and narrow as to be dangerous for carriages, especially so, for the greater part of the stage, it would be impossible for two to pass each other. In this part of the road it is necessary to send a person ahead to stop any carriages from advancing in the opposite direction. An interesting road diverges hence into the valley of the Rhodé by the valley des Ormonds (Route 414).

3 Montbovon—(*Hubenberg. Ans: Kreutz*)—which Byron calls "a pretty scrappy village, with a wild river and a wooden bridge" it is situated in canton Freiberg. A path, practicable for mules, over the pass of the *Dent de Jaman* (Jommen-Pass), 4500 feet above the sea-level, descending upon the Lake of Geneva above Montreux, will bring the traveller to Vevay in 6 Stunden = 16 miles, a ride

of 8 hours. Byron, who crossed it, describes the whole route as "beautiful as a dream." The view from the highest points (we had both sides of the Jura before us in one point of view, with alps in plenty) comprising, on one side, the greatest part of Lake Lemán; on the other, the valleys and mountains of the canton of Fribourg, and an immense plain, with the lakes of Neuchâtel and Morat, and all which the borders of the Lake of Geneva inherit.

"The music of the cows' bells (for their wealth, like the patriarch's, is cattle) in the pastures, which reach to a height far above any mountains in Britain, and the shepherds shouting to us from crag to crag, and playing on their reeds, where the steep appeared almost inaccessible, with the surrounding scenery, realized all that I have ever heard or imagined of a pastoral existence—much more so than Greece or Asia Minor, for there we have a little too much of the sabre and musket order, and if there is a crook in one hand, you are sure to see a gun in the other—but this was pure and unmixed—solitary, savage, and patriarchal. As we went they played the '*Rane de Vaches*,' and other airs, by way of farewell. I have lately repeople my mind with nature."—*Byron's Journal*.

The carriage-road from Montbovon to Vevay makes a very long detour, descending the valley of the Saane and passing at the base of the *Molèson* (6181 feet), the highest mountain in canton Fribourg, it skirts the walls of

4 Gruyères (German, Greyers)—*Ans: Stadthaus, Lilie*, said not to be good. This dirty little mouldering town of 375 inhabitants, is built on a hill, the top of which is crowned by the *Castle*, one of the most extensive and best preserved feudal monuments in Switzerland. Its owners, the Counts of Gruyères, were sovereigns of the surrounding district down to 1554, when the family became bankrupt, and thus forfeited

the lordship, so that their last descendants died in a strange land. It is now fast falling into decay, only one portion being occupied as a barracks. The gloomy antiquity of the interior corresponds with the picturesque character of its watch-towers, battlements, and loop-holes, as seen from without. These walls are 14 ft. thick, the halls vaulted, and dimly lighted by small windows. In one is a fireplace at which oxen were roasted whole. The torture chamber still contains (or did till within a few years contain) the rack which had been used since the beginning of the present century, to inflict punishment. If tradition be credited, the castle was founded in the fifth century, by the chief of a Vandal horde. The language spoken by the people of the district, a dialect of the Romansch (called, in German, *Grüverin-Welsch*), is thought to prove their descent from the Burgundians. It is a subject worthy the attention of travellers. The district is also famous for its cheese, and supplies from its rich pastures a great part of the 40,000 centners (cwt.) of cheese which canton Fribourg manufactures yearly, and which is chiefly exported under the name of *Gruyère*. The Church of St. Thomas is remarkable for its antiquity. The inhabitants of the town are a lazy set, many of them pensioners of a very rich *Hospital* here.

The watch-tower of *La Tour de Treme* was an outpost of the Counts of *Gruyères*.

1 *Rolle* (Boll).—(Inns: *Cheval Blanc*, good; *Maison de Ville*)—one of the most industrious towns in the canton. It contains nearly 1500 inhab., and is the chief dépôt for the *Gruyère* cheese made in the valleys of the *Emarine* and of *Charmey*. It is distant about 18 miles from *Fribourg*, and the same from *Vevay*. Our course now turns S. along the high road between these two places, skirting the W. base of the *Molésou* to

4½ *Châtel St. Denis* (Kastels)—

(Inn: *Maison de Ville*)—a picturesque village with an elevated castle on the l. bank of the *Vevayse*. Half a mile S. of it the road enters canton *Vaud*.

An excellent new road, admirably engineered, carried by an easy descent in zigzags down the steep hill towards the beautiful lake *Leman*, conducts the traveller to

1½ *Vevay* (Route 56). The view from this road is nearly as fine as from the *Jaman*, so that you have no reason to regret the enormous bends which it makes, though they lengthen the journey by several miles.

ROUTE 41A.

CHATEAU D'OEX TO AIGLE BY THE VALLEY DES OMMONDS.

6½ hours walk.

"A road, at present practicable only for mules and foot passengers, diverges to the l. from the grand route to *Thun*, at the entrance of *Château d'Oex*, and leads the tourist by the valley of the *Maume*, at an elevation of 3500 ft. above the level of the sea, a distance of 3 leagues to *Comballe*, a small village, or rather collection of chalets, which is never free from snow before the month of June. On one side of this mountain route rise in all their grandeur the *Molésou*, the *Dent de Jaman*, and all their train of frowning and fantastic satellites; and on the other the glaciers of the *Diablerets*, with the *Dent du Midi* and *Valaisan* alps in the distance. At *Comballe* there is a most picturesque and comfortable little inn, much frequented in summer by the inhabitants of the valleys, for the benefit of the pure mountain air and a sulphureous mineral spring of great celebrity which takes its source here. From hence by a rapid descent, and amidst the most splendid scenery, composed of pine forests, rushing cascades, and valleys and mountains of the most varied and magnificent description, the traveller arrives through the pic-

picturesque valley of Les Ormonds at Sapey, a distance of 1 league. Nothing can be more primitive and original than this little mountain town. The houses or rather chalets of a superior description entirely composed of wood, and most of them grotesquely, some beautifully carved, and in general covered with verses and texts from the Bible. The inhabitants of des Ormonds are a powerful and hardy race, celebrated as the best rifle-shots in Switzerland. In fact, their unerring aim at immense distances is truly astonishing. The pasturages in this valley are much celebrated, and the cheese, cream, and butter of des Ormonds equals any in the canton.

"There are no less than three *lons* or rather pensions in this village, which are generally filled by visitors from below, during the months of June, July, and August — the air being the finest in the world, and the excursions in the neighbourhood most varied and beautiful. All the necessaries and some of the luxuries of life may be had in these hotels for the very moderate sum of 15 batons, or a little more than 2 francs a day each person, wine and everything included — rather a striking contrast to the bills of our hosts at Vevey, or at Geneva.

"From Sapey to Aigle, a distance of 3 short leagues, the descent is made in any description of carriage in $\frac{1}{2}$ of an hour by a road which, perhaps, for beauty and grandeur of construction is not surpassed in Europe, 'not excepting the Simplon.' This magnificent road was commenced by the Vaudois Government in 1836, with the intention of connecting the high route of the Simplon with that to Thun, Interlachen, and the German cantons at Châtaun d'Oex, through the valley of Les Ormonds, but owing to the enormous expense which has attended its formation, and the continual repairs and 'entretiens' that are necessary in winter, from the snow and other causes, it has not been continued at present farther than

Sapey. The road is wide and equal to any in England, and its gradual and easy ascent around the sides of a seemingly impracticable mountain to a height of nearly 8000 feet, reflects the highest credit upon the engineer who superintended the work, M. Pichard, a Vaudois, since dead, it is said, owing to his unswerving exertions in this department. It is remarkable for the boldness of its construction upon the sides of and through enormous rocks. At the bottom of the valley, beneath the feet of the tourist, rush the 'Grandes Eaux' in a continual series of mighty torrents and cascades. The most frightful precipices frown above him, and the *Contour Bleu*, an immense work, composed of three long and high walls upon which the road passes on the edge of a precipice, adds to the grandeur of the scene. In the distance, near Aigle, the snowy tops of the Dent du Midi gladden in splendid contrast to the dark forests of the Ormonds, and the Dent du Chammoire rears its grey and lofty peak above the charming pasturages and beautiful chalets that are everywhere scattered as if a shower of them had descended on the mountain sides. On arriving at Aigle, the first stage from Villeneuve, on the Simplon road, and which is by far the best and most central place for exploring the beautiful valley des Ormonds, the comfortable little hotel of the Croix Blanche, and its obliging and civil landlord Mather, leave the most fastidious travellers scarcely anything to desire. The best wine of Ivorne is to be found in the house, and of the best vintages, at a (comparatively with other hotels) trifling price. I am now living there, with accommodations in every respect equal to, and in many respects better, than any hotel at Geneva, for 4 French francs a day, every expense included. The hotel is in a beautiful situation, commanding each side of the valley of the Rhone, the lake of Geneva," &c.—J. D.

ROUTE 42.

SHOWN TO LAUSANNE, BY PASTHARD.

17 standen = 36½ Eng. miles, reckoned as 13½ posts. Post-horses may be obtained on the road, all the way from Bern to Geneva. See *Introduction*, § 5.

A Diligence daily in 11 hours. The road is hilly, but an improved line to Freyburg has been completed.

Quitting Bern by the gate of Morat, flanked by its two bears, we traverse a fertile but not very interesting country. At Neuenack, where there is a good inn (the Hirsch), the stream of the Saane, which separates canton Bern from Freyburg, is crossed. About 4 miles lower down this stream is *Laupen*, famous for the battle in which the Swiss Confederates, under Rudolph of Erlach, defeated the mailed chivalry of Burgundy and Savoy, 1339.

At Neuenack a steep ascent commences, to surmount which vorspann are required. The goose wings and dark dress of the female peasantry of Bern is exchanged for broad-brimmed, flapping straw hats and red petticoats; while the numerous crosses at the road-side announce a Roman Catholic canton. "We were struck with the beauty of the road; the high ground after Neuenack commands the Alps from Sentis to Moléson in clear weather."—H. M.

The appearance of Freyburg from the Bern road is singularly striking and picturesque, as the road, winding round the shoulder of the steep hill overlooking the valley of the Saane, brings the traveller suddenly in view of its antique battlements and numerous towers, crowning the summit of a precipitous rock on the opposite side of the gorge. Near the top of the hill is seen the Jesuits' Pensionnat, a striking modern building, like a manufactory, with 3 stories and many windows, not far from it the Jesuits' college and convent; next, the Gothic

tower and church of St. Nicholas; beyond appears the suspension-bridge, hung by 4 ropes of iron across the river, and linking together the two sides of the valley. Previous to its construction the only way of reaching the town from Bern was by descending the steep hill on the one side, and following numerous circuitous zig-zags which led to the water side. The road then crossed the river 3 times by 3 different low bridges, after which it immediately ascended another slope equally steep. A diligence, or heavy carriage, performing this meandering and difficult route, required not much less than an hour to pass through the town, at present the traveller rolls luxuriantly over the beautiful bridge, and, without either ascending or descending, is transported in 2 minutes through a breach formed in the old houses, on the edge of the precipice, into the centre of the town. A moderate toll of ½ a batz for every person, and 1 batz for each horse and carriage, is paid on crossing.

6 PASTHARD. — (*Inns*: Zähringer Hof, close to the bridge, good: beds, 2 fr.; table-d'hôte at 12½, 3 fr., at 4½, 4 fr. The view from the platform behind of the two bridges is very striking; tea 1 fr. Hôtel des Marchands, near the church, also good.)

This town, the capital of canton Freyburg, is situated on a promontory formed by the windings of the Saane (Saane). Many of the houses stand on the very edge of the precipice overhanging the river, and their quaint architecture, the long line of embattled walls stretching up hill and down dale, varied by the chain of feudal watch-towers, and gateways of the ancient fortifications which still exist in a perfect state, together with the singular and romantic features of the gorge of the Saane, give the distant view of the town an aspect different from that of any other in Europe, which is at once imposing and highly picturesque. The narrow dirty streets and mean buildings of the interior do

not altogether correspond with those outward promises of interest.

Freyburg was founded in 1173, by Duke Berchtold of Zähringen. The number of inhabitants at present is about 9120.

The Suspension Bridge, the longest of a single curve in the world, was completed and thrown open in 1834. The engineer, who constructed it, is M. Chaley, of Lyons. Its dimensions, compared with those of the Menai bridge, are as follows :—

	Length.	Elevation	Breadth.
Freyburg.....	941 ft.	180 ft.	18 ft. 11 in.
Menai.....	1400	120	25

It is supported on 4 cables of iron wire, each containing 1056 wires, the united strength of which is capable of supporting 3 times the weight which the bridge will ever be likely to bear, or 3 times the weight of 2 rows of waggons, extending entirely across it. The cables enter the ground on each side obliquely for a considerable distance, and are then carried down vertical shafts cut in the rock, and filled with masonry, through which they pass, being attached at the extremity to enormous blocks of stone. The materials of which it is composed are almost exclusively Swiss, the iron came from Berna, the limestone masonry from the quarries of the Jura, the wood-work from the forests of Freyburg the workmen were, with the exception of one man, natives who had never seen such a bridge before. It was completed in 3 years, at an expense of about 600,000 £ (25,000 £ sterling), and in 1834, was subjected to various severe trials to prove its strength. First, 15 pieces of artillery, drawn by 50 horses, and accompanied by 300 people, passed over it at one time, and were collected in as close a body as possible, first on the centre, and then at the two extremities, to try the effect of their concentrated weight. A depression of a metre (39½ inches) was thus produced in the part most weighed upon, but no sensible oscil-

lation was occasioned. A few days after the bridge was opened by the bishop and authorities of the town, accompanied by about 2000 persons, who passed over it twice, in procession, preceded by a military band, and keeping step. On this occasion a slight horizontal vibration was produced, but it is very improbable that the bridge in its ordinary service will ever receive such a multitude at once. The passage of 2 or 3 heavy carriages or carts across it causes only the slightest perceptible oscillation, and nothing is more extraordinary in this beautiful structure than the combination of stability with such apparent fragility. The bridge is well seen from the platform of the Hôtel de Zähringen, from the old road below it, and from the singular gorge of Gotteron.

Another Wire Bridge, 640 feet long and 317 high, has been suspended across the gorge of Gotteron, on the opposite side of the river Saarine. It was finished in 1840. Though not of such large dimensions as that built in 1834, it is more curious, as the wire cables are attached immediately to the solid rock on each side, and the point of suspension is higher on one side than on the other, which gives it the appearance of half a bridge. The object of this mode of construction is economy, the expense of building piers of solid masonry from the bottom of the valley being saved. The new road to Vevey passes this bridge.

The principal Church of St. Nicholas is rather a handsome Gothic building (date 1185). The portal under the tower is surmounted by a curious bas-relief, representing the Last Judgment. In the centre stands St. Nicholas, and above him is seated the Saviour; on the l. hand an angel is weighing mankind in a huge pair of scales, not singly but by lots, and a pair of imps are maliciously endeavouring to pull down one scale, and make the other sink the beam; below

in St. Peter, ushering the good into Paradise. On the rt. hand is the reverse of this picture—a devil, with a pig's head, is dragging after him, by a chain, a crowd of wicked, and carries a basket on his back, also filled with figures, apparently about to precipitate them into a vast caldron suspended over a fire, which several otherimps are stirring. In the corner is Hell, represented by the jaws of a monster, filled up to the teeth with evil-doers, and above it is Satan, seated on his throne.

The *Orga*, built by the late Aloys Moser, a native of the town, is one of the finest instruments in Europe. The organist is allowed to play on it for the gratification of travellers only at hours when the mass is not going on—at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1 and $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 in the afternoon, and on fite days not at all. An arrangement is made with the organist by which strangers may have an opportunity of hearing the instrument after the table-d'hôte at the Zähringer Hof. His fee is 11 fr. for a party, and the valet de place will make an appointment with him. The performance terminates with the imitation of a storm, introducing the howling of the wind, and the roaring of the thunder, interspersed with a few flashes of lightning from "Der Freischütz." The instrument has 64 stops and 7800 pipes, some of them 32 ft. long.

Canton Freyburg presents a remarkable instance of a state with a constitution purely democratic, in which the chief influence is exercised by the hierarchy. The town of Freyburg is a stronghold of the Romish priesthood: it is the see of a bishop, who still styles himself Bishop of Lausanne, although, since the Reformation, the canton Vand is cut off from his diocese. It contains no less than 9 convents (5 for monks and 4 for nuns), 12 churches, and 10 chapels. The Jesuits, while interdicted from most other states of Europe were here openly tolerated, having

been recalled, in 1812, by a decree of the Grand Council of the canton. The *Jesuits' Convent*, or college, was founded in 1584 by Father Canisius, who died in the odour of sanctity at the age of 77, and is interred in the Jesuits' church, awaiting the honours of canonisation, which have been, it is said, long promised to his remains. Henry IV. of France subscribed towards the building of the church, and presented the high altar, little aware of his coming fate from the dagger of a Jesuit. The college supports 60 brothers, chiefly teachers and professors, who instruct the pupils of the *Pensionnat*, and lecture at the *Lyceum*, a college recently erected. The building of the convent is of very humble kind, rather mean than otherwise, and contains nothing remarkable. Its walls are lined with bad portraits of the generals of the order of Jesus, and of the rectors of the establishment.

The *Pensionnat*, or Jesuits' School, the most conspicuous building in the town, situated on a spot overlooking the other edifices, is destined for the reception of about 400 pupils, many of them children of the Roman Catholic nobles of France and Germany, who are sent hither for their education. The establishment is said to be very well conducted. In the summer holidays the boys, in little troops, headed by a tutor, make the tour of Switzerland.

Among the curiosities of Freyburg is the ancient trunk of a *Limetree*, planted, according to tradition, on the day of the battle of Murat, in 1476. The story relates that a young Freyburgois, who had fought in the battle, anxious to bring home the good news, ran the whole way, and arrived on this spot, bleeding, out of breath, and so exhausted by fatigue, that he fell down, and had barely time to cry "Victory!" when he expired. The branch of lime which he carried in his hand was immediately planted and grew into the

tree, of which this decayed trunk, 20 feet in circumference, is the remains. Its branches are supported by stone pillars.

Near to it is the ancient *Rathhaus*, a building of no consequence, but standing on the site of the Duke of Sâhringen's castle.

A long flight of steps leads from this down to the lower town, and river side: it is called the *Rue Court Chaux*, and the roofs of some of its houses serve as pavement for the street above it, called *Rue Grands Fontaines*.

The canton Freyburg is singularly divided between the German and French languages, and the line of separation, extending from the S.E. corner to the N.W., passes through the town of Freyburg—so that in the upper town French is spoken, and in the lower German. This distinction, however, is wearing out.

The walls and gates of the town are singularly perfect specimens of ancient fortification, and contribute, along with the general air of antiquity, to carry back the spectator to a remote state of society. One tower, near the *Préfecture* (thrown across the street, and now converted into a prison), has acquired the name of *La Merveilleuse Tour*, because it contains the rack. Though the torture had been disused in the canton for many years, it was not legally abolished until 1830!

The singularly romantic character of the winding gorge of the Saarine, on whose margin Freyburg is planted, has been before alluded to. Close to the old bridge of Berne, another gorge, deep sunk between rocks of sandstone, called *Gorge de Götteron*, opens into the Saarine. It is a singularly wild spot, and the wire bridge, spanning the ravine high over head with its web-like filaments, increases its picturesque character. The larger suspension bridge is also well seen from it.

About three miles lower down the

valley of the Saarine, is the *Grotto of St. Agdalene*, a hermitage and chapel cut out of the sandstone rock, by a native of Gruyères, named Dupré, between 1670 and 1680. Its wonders have been exaggerated by the guide-books, and it is scarce worth a visit.

Morat is about 10 miles from Freyburg (Route 43). Coaches run thither, and the steamer navigating the lake to Neuchâtel sometimes touches at Morat. There is a good road from Freyburg to Vevey by Bulle (Rte. 41).

The shortest way to Lausanne is by Romont, but the road is so bad that it is rarely followed. Instead of it, the circuitous route by Payerne, in canton Vaud, is usually taken: it is hilly and not very interesting.

4 Payerne—Germ. Peterlingen—(Fr.: *Élar*, is newer, but not better than the *Hôtel de Ville*). There are two churches in this walled town—the one, now turned into a warehouse, is in the round style, and very ancient. Bertha, Queen of Burgundy, the founder of it, and of the adjoining convent (suppressed since the Reformation, and now a school), was buried in it. The curiosity of the place is Queen Bertha's Saddle, a cumbersome machine kept in the parish church, from which it appears that, in her days, it was the fashion for ladies to ride *en cavalier*; but Bertha spun as she rode, having a distaff planted on the pommel. In the same church is Bertha's tomb, an antique sarcophagus discovered 1818, now covered with a slab of black marble.

A carriage road runs from Payerne by Estavayer to Yverdon, running partly near the lake of Neuchâtel. That to Lausanne ascends the valley of the Broye, past Lucens (Lobsingen), and its castle, to—

4 Moudon — Germ. Milden — (Fr.: the *Cerf* has changed its name, and is now H. Victoria.—B.) This town (1500 inhab.) was the Roman *Afinidurum*, hence its modern name.

At the village of Carouge a road turns off on the l. to Vevey.

The stage to Lausanne, about 18 miles, consists of nearly 7 of long and incessant ascent, and 5 of descent. Extra horses are required for the first. From the summit and S. slope of the Jorat (for that is the name of the hill) a beautiful view expands over the Leman Lake, and in clear weather the snows of Mont Blanc and the high Alps border the horizon.

It is a drive of 3 hours from Moudon to

4 LAUSANNE (Route 56).

ROUTE 43.

BERNE TO LAUSANNE, BY MORAT, AND
AVENCHES (AVENTICUM).

16½ stunden = 54½ Eng. miles.

Diligence daily, in 10 hours.

A distant view of the Alps is obtained on the l. The Saarine is crossed

III 2½ Allenluften, and a little farther on the road enters canton Freyburg. This part of it exhibits a more industrious and thriving aspect than the rest: it is Protestant.

2½ Morat—Germ. Murten—(Inns: Couronne; Croix Blanche)—a thriving town of 1853 inhabitants, situated on the E. shore of the lake of Morat, on the high road from Berne, Basle, and Soleure, to Lausanne. Its narrow and somewhat dismal streets are overlooked by an old Castle; and it is still partly surrounded by feudal fortifications—the same which, for 16 days, withstood the artillery of Charles the Bold.

"There is a spot should not be pass'd in vain—

Morat! the proud, the patriot field! Where man

May gaze on ghastly trophies of the slain,
Nor blush for those who conquered on that plain.

Here Burgundy bequeathed his tombless host,
A bony heap through ages to remain;
Themselves their monument." Byron.

The battle of 1476, which has rendered the name of this otherwise insignificant town famous all over the world, was fought under its walls.

The Swiss were drawn up along the heights a little to the S.W., and nothing could resist their impetuous charge. The loss of the Burgundians was immense: 15,000 dead bodies were left on the field, and thousands perished in the lake. The bodies of the slain were collected by the Swiss in an Ossuary, which, after standing 300 years, was destroyed in 1798 by the soldiers of the Burgundian Legion in the Revolutionary French army, anxious to efface this record of their ancestors' disgrace and defeat. The ringleaders were the band of the 75th half-brigade.

Byron, who visited the spot in 1816, says—"A few bones still remain, notwithstanding the pains taken by the Burgundians for ages (all who passed that way removing a bone to their own country), and the less justifiable larcenies of the Swiss postillions, who carried them off to sell for knife-handles—a purpose for which the whiteness, imbibed by the bleaching of years, had rendered them in great request. Of those relics I ventured to bring away as much as may have made a quarter of a hero, for which the sole excuse is, that, if I had not, the next passer-by might have perverted them to worse uses than the careful preservation which I intended for them."—Byron.

Since Byron visited the spot the scattered remains have been collected and buried, and an obelisk has been set up over them (in 1822), by the canton, at the road-side, about a quarter of a mile S. of Morat, on the site of the bone-house. The inscription belonging to it, and one or two cannon, made of iron hoops, used in the battle, are still preserved in the Town-house of Morat.

The best view of the battle-field and lake is from the hill of *Mittelschwyler*, near an enormous lime-tree, 36 ft. in circumference, and 90 ft. high, still in full vigour and luxuriant foliage: it is probably at least 600 years old, since, according to tradi-

tion, the Swiss held a council of war before the battle under its shade. According to Ebel, the tree is 36 ft. in diameter, and the American, Cooper, in consequence, took a long walk up the hill, under a hot sun, to see it. "There we went, dragging our weary limbs after us, to discover that for 'diamètre' we ought to have read 'circonférence.' I wish the erratum had been in his book instead of mine."

The lake of Morat is about 5 miles long and 3 broad: it is separated by a narrow flat tract of land from the lake of Neuchâtel, but empties itself into it through the river Broye.

The steamer from Neuchâtel proceeds, now and then, to Morat, up the Broye.

About 5 miles beyond Morat is 1½ Avenches—Germ. Wiflisburg—(Inns: Couronne; Hôtel de Ville) an ancient walled town of 1050 inhab., situated in the S.W. angle of the area once occupied by Aventicum, the Roman capital of Helvetia. It appears to have existed before the time of Cæsar: it attained the height of its prosperity, and a population of 60,000 souls, in the reign of Vespasian and Titus; and it was destroyed, first by the Alemanni, and afterwards by Attila. The ancient walls may be traced for nearly 4 miles, in some places 14 ft. thick and 15 ft. high; they extended down to the lake, where they formed a small mole and harbour. The modern town fills but one-tenth of the space they enclosed—the rest is meadow-land or corn-field. About a mile before reaching Avenches the road from Morat is carried through a breach in these ancient fortifications. On the left is seen a tower, which, though ruined, is the most perfect of the Roman edifices here. They owe their total destruction to their massy masonry having been for ages regarded as a quarry out of which the neighbouring houses and villages have been built. Close to the modern town, on the E. of the

road, a solitary Corinthian column, 37 ft. high, is still standing, and has, for a long time, served the storks as a pedestal to build their nests on, whence it is called the Cigognier.

"By a lone wall, a lonelier column rears
A grey and grief-worn aspect of old days:
'Tis the last remnant of the wreck of years,
And looks as with the wild bewildered gaze
Of one to stone converted by amazement
Yet still with consciousness; and there it stands,
Making a marvel that it not decays,
When the colossal pride of human hands,
Levell'd Aventicum, both strew'd her subject lands."

Other traces of fallen splendour, such as broken cornices, inscriptions, the remains of an amphitheatre, and fragments of an aqueduct, exist, and may be discovered by minute search.

Tacitus has recorded the history of a young Aventian priestess, named Julia Alpina, who, when her father (Julius Alpinus), the chief man of the city, had been condemned to death for aiding and abetting an insurrection against the Roman Emp. Vitellius, in ignorance of the murder of his rival Galba (A.D. 69), betook herself to the camp of the Roman General, Cæcina, and, throwing herself at his feet, besought him to spare her father's life.

He proved inexorable to her tears; her youth and innocence were alike unavailing; the sentence was fulfilled, and she died of a broken heart.

"... oh! sweet and sacred be the name!—
Julia—the daughter, the devoted—gave
Her youth to Heaven; her heart, beneath
a claim
Nearest to Heaven's, broke o'er a father's
grave.
Justice is sworn 'gainst tears, and here
would crave
The life she lived in; but the judge was
just,
And then she died on him she could not
save.
Their tomb was simple, and without a bust,
And held within one urn one mind, one
heart, one dust."

1500 years after this event an inscription was reported to have been found here, bearing these words:—
"Julia Alpina: Hic Jacet. In-

*fuliis patris infelix proles. Dem
Aventis Sacurdon. Exorare patris
noem non potui: Male mori in satis
illi erat. Vixi annos xxiii. (I, Julia
Alpinula, lie here—unfortunate child
of an unfortunate parent, priestess of
the Goddess Aventia. I failed in
averting, by my prayers, the death of
my father: the Fates had decreed
that he should die ignominiously. I
lived to the age of 23.)” Byron says
—“I know of no human composition
so affecting as this, nor a history of
deeper interest. These are the names
and actions which ought not to per-
ish, and to which we turn with a
true and healthy tenderness, from the
wretched and glittering detail of a
confused mass of conquests and bat-
tles, with which the mind is roused
for a time to a false and feverish
sympathy, from whence it recoils at
length with all the nausea conse-
quent on such intoxication.”—Byron.*

It is very disagreeable to learn
(but the fact is beyond dispute) that
the above pathetic epitaph, the cause
of such poetic sympathy, has been
proved to be an impudent modern for-
gery of the XVIIth century.*

The *feudal Castle* was built by a
Count Wivilo, in the 7th century,
whence Wiflisburg, the German name
of Avenches.

At Domdidier, 2 miles from Aven-
ches, a road strikes off on the right to
Freyburg, described, along with its
remarkable bridge, in Route 42.

3 Payerne. Here we fall into
Route 42, from Freyburg to

6 LAUSANNE (is described in
Route 36).

ROUTE 44.

BERNE TO NEUCHÂTEL.

9½ stunden = 31 English miles.

Diligences go daily in 6 hours.

The following road passes by See-
dorf, a village named from the pretty
little lake, to

* See 'Quarterly Review,' June, 1840.

4½ Aarberg (in Route 1, p. 8).
Here the roads from Basle, Soleure,
Neuchâtel, and Lausanne meet. Tra-
vellers desirous of visiting Rousseau's
island, on the lake of Bienné (Route
45,) may proceed from this by Wal-
derewyl and Teuffelen to Gerolfingen,
on the margin of the lake, about 4 m.
from Aarberg. The road to Neu-
châtel is carried through Sirelen and

2½ Anet, or Ins (*Ins*: Bar), a vil-
lage on an eminence, from which the
Alps are well seen in clear weather,
with the lake of Morat and Neu-
châtel near at hand. The lake of
Bienné lies about 3 miles to the N.
of this place. You overlook from
this the Aarburger moor, a tract of
mosses, 9 m. long by 6 m. wide,
which has never been drained, owing
to the great cost of 'embanking. An
excellent road has been made from
Anet to Morat, opening a ready com-
munication between Neuchâtel and
Freyburg. Skirting the hill of Joli-
mont we cross the river Thiel, or
Zihl, through which the waters of the
lake of Neuchâtel are discharged into
that of Bienné. It forms the bound-
ary line of cantons Berne and Neu-
châtel. The Castle, close to the
bridge, is now a prison. A road runs
from this to Erlach (Carlier), a town
of 1000 inhab., on a spur of the
Jolimont, which projects into the
lake like a wall or causeway, nearly
as far as Rousseau's Island. The
castle of Erlach was the cradle of the
noble family of that name: among
its members was Rudolph, the hero
of Laupen.

Near St. Blaise the road, macado-
mized and improved, reaches the mar-
gin of the lake of Neuchâtel, and
continues along it at the foot of the
Chaumont, as far as

2½ NEUCHÂTEL (German Neun-
burg) — *Ins*: Panoon, good; — H.
des Alpes at the water-side; make a
bargain.—E. W.

Neuchâtel, the chief town of the
canton, is built upon the steep slope
of the Jura mountains, and along a

narrow shelf of level ground between the hills and the lake, formed for the most part of alluvial deposits brought down by the river Seyon, partly gained by embankments from the water. Within a few years several new streets have been built on the land thus acquired. It has 6348 inhab. Except as the threshold of Switzerland, it has little to interest the passing traveller: it has but little trade, and not much activity, except on market-days. Its objects of curiosity are few and unimportant, and the scenery of its lake, though agreeable, is tame, compared with that of other Swiss lakes. On the other hand, to one newly arrived in the country, the first, and, under all circumstances, glorious view of the Alps from the heights of the Jura above the town, must appear magnificent; and should the sky be clear, and the traveller's temper even, the objects around will assume a different aspect, and Neuchâtel, with its picturesque old castle, its numerous white country-houses, its vine-clad hills, and its blue expanse of lake, will be pronounced beautiful.

The *Old Castle* on the height, now occupied by the Prussian Governor, and partly converted into government offices, was originally the residence of the French princes of Neuchâtel of the house of Chalons (Longueville), who were, at least nominally, the sovereigns of this little state: literally a principality, with republican institutions, yet retaining many feudal tenures. The subjects, indeed, of the Prince of Neuchâtel, maintained jealously their privileges and liberties, allowing him but very limited authority over them. When the house of Chalons became extinct in 1707, the King of Prussia was chosen as the nearest descendant by the female line, to be sovereign or stadtholder. The rule of the house of Brandenburg was interrupted by Napoleon, who made Marshal Berthier Prince

of Neuchâtel, but has been resumed since 1815. The king has the right of appointing a governor, and the council of 6 citizens and natives. The Legislative Assembly consists of 99 members, of whom the king names 10. Of these the governor alone is permitted to be a foreigner: 70,000 francs are paid out of the taxes annually to the king, which he expends on schools, roads, &c. for the good of the country. Though long an ally of the Swiss cantons, Neuchâtel was not formally incorporated as a member of the Confederation until 1814.

The Church, adjoining the castle, is a Gothic building of the 15th century; but the E. end, in the round style, is older. Within it is a curious monument of the French princes of Neuchâtel, decorated with their effigies. Farel, the reformer, was buried on the terrace in front of the building, but the situation of his grave is unknown. There is a pleasing view from this terrace.

The *Hôtel de Ville*, in the lower town, is a large modern edifice, faced with a Grecian portico. In it the meetings of the Grand Council of the canton are held.

The *Gymnasium*, a handsome new building near the lake, erected by the town, as a kind of public school, contains a very interesting *Museum of Natural History*, including good collections in zoology, conchology, and geology. The specimens of rocks and fossils illustrating the structure of the Jura mountains, are very complete and instructive. This institution owes much to the zeal and talents of Professor Agassiz, a native of Neuchâtel, whose interesting discoveries in the history of fossil fishes have thrown more light on that branch of the study than any one since Cuvier had done.

The charitable institutions of this town, for which it is indebted to its own citizens, are on a very splendid scale. In 1706 one David Pury left

his whole fortune of 4,000,000 of livres (144,000*l.*), to endow an hospital and poorhouse, and for other purposes connected with the improvement of his native town. He had quitted it a poor lad, without money or friends, had gradually, by industry and talent for business, increased his means, becoming, in turn, jeweller, owner of mines, banker, and, finally, millionaire, at Lisbon, where he died.

The *Hospital Pourtales* is a similar monument of the benevolence and public spirit of a townsman. It is open to people of all religions and countries alike.

Those who would enjoy one of the finest distant views of the Alps, with the lakes of Neuchâtel, Morat, and Bienne in the foreground, and the long range of the Jura on the N., should ascend to the summit of the *Châumont*, the hill immediately above Neuchâtel. It is but an hour's walk, and a good carriage road leads thither in 1½ hour. It is 5560 feet above the sea-level. The view comprehends the whole array of Alps, from the Titlis to Mont Blanc, and is said to be finer even than that from the Weissenstein. It must, however, be borne in mind, that the atmosphere is seldom perfectly clear; so that this magnificent view is, perhaps, seen to perfection not more than between 10 and 20 times in a summer.

On the slope of the hill, about a mile above the town, lies the largest boulder-stone known on the Jura; it is called *Pierre à Bot* (toad-stone), and is situated in a wood, near a farmhouse; it is 62 feet long by 48 broad, and is calculated to contain 14,000 cubic feet. It is of granite, similar to that of the Great St. Bernard, from which part of the Alps it probably came, as there is no similar rock nearer at hand; yet it exhibits no symptoms of attrition, all its angles being perfectly sharp. No satisfactory explanation has yet been given of the extraordinary multitude of

similar detached rocks, which strew the entire N. slope of the Jura, and which, from the nature of the stone, must have all been derived from the high Alps. Their presence in this spot is attributed by Prof. Agassiz to the existence of glaciers here at a former period of the world's existence.

The *Gorge of the Seyon* (the stream passing through the town), immediately behind Neuchâtel, is a singular scene, and those who find little to amuse them in the town will not regret a walk to explore it, though its recesses are only to be reached by scrambling and climbing. It is a deep narrow fissure, cleaving the centre of the chain of the Jura, and allowing the river Seyon to escape from the Val de Ruz, into the lake of Neuchâtel. The section it presents of the strata of the Jura limestone will prove particularly instructive to the geologist. In one spot they may be observed curved and fractured, probably by the upheaving force from below, which first broke this crevice in the mountain. Outside the town, near a singularly-placed water-mill, the rent, or gorge, makes a sudden bend at right angles to its former direction, and the rocks nearly close over the stream, which there sweeps round the eminence on which the castle stands, and flows into the lake after passing through the centre of the town. Though in winter a furious torrent sweeping everything before it, it is reduced in summer to a noisome dribble of water, exhaling unwholesome effluvia. A tunnel has, in consequence, been made through the rock at the bend before alluded to, for the purpose of carrying its waters entirely clear of the town into the lake, at a considerable distance S. of its former outlet. This public work was executed out of the Pury fund without levying any imposts on the townsfolk.

A new road to Vallengin has been

traced up this gorge, following nearly the line of the conduit which supplies Neuchâtel with water. It will require to be cut through the limestone rock for nearly 2 miles, but will avoid altogether the painful ascent and descent which the existing road makes.

The principal produce of the canton is wine, the best sorts resemble Burgundy, but are much inferior. The red wines of Cortailod and Derrière Moulins, and the white grown between Anverquier and St. Blaise, are most in repute; they are agreeable as sparkling wines. The chief manufacture is that of watches and clocks, of which 130,000 are exported annually: the central seat of it may be said to be the valley of Chaux de Fonds and Locle (Route 48); but much is done in the town of Neuchâtel. "Most of the watches sold at Geneva are made in the canton of Neuchâtel; the dealers at Geneva contracting for all the good ones, and leaving the bad. But the manufacturers of Neuchâtel are now beginning to cultivate for themselves this branch of industry, which is gradually leaving Geneva."—W. C. T.

The Steamer navigating the lake sets out from Neuchâtel at 6 A.M., reaches Yverdon at 9; sets out to return at 10; reaches Neuchâtel at 12 or 1. An omnibus starts from Yverdon, on the arrival of the steamer, for Lausanne in 4 hours. By means of this conveyance a traveller, leaving Neuchâtel in the morning, may reach Lausanne at 1½; in time for the Geneva steamer, so as to arrive at that place by 6½ P.M.

In the afternoon (at 1½) the steamer starts from Neuchâtel to Biel (Bienne) through the Zihl river, and along the lake returning in the evening.

Diligences go daily from Neuchâtel to Pontarlier, to Chaux de Fonds; Brenets and Besançon, to Bernes and Bâle, to Geneva in 13 hours, and Lausanne in 7 hours.

Omnibus to Biemme several times a day.

ROUTE 45.

BIENNE TO YVERDON AND LAUSANNE,
BY THE LAKE OF BIENNE AND
NEUCHÂTEL.

18½ stades = 60½ English miles.

Bienne is described in Route 1.

This excellent level road was finished in 1837, along the W. shore of the lake of Biemme, partly by cutting a passage through the rock.

Steamer plies every afternoon from Biemme to Neuchâtel.

The *Lake of Biemme* (German *Bielser See*) is about 10 miles long and nearly 3 broad. It is 8 feet lower than the lake of Neuchâtel, whose waters it receives at its S. extremity by the Thiel, discharging them again at the N.E. corner, through a continuation of the same river. Its banks are neither bold nor striking, but it possesses much quiet beauty of scenery, although it owes its celebrity chiefly to Rousseau's residence on it, and to his somewhat extravagant praises. The *Isle St. Pierre*, on which he took refuge for 2 months, in 1765, after his proscription at Paris, and his pretended stoning at Motiers (Route 49), is situated about 6 miles from Biemme. Boats may be hired at almost all the villages on the lake to row to it. There is now a steamer on this lake, and on that of Neuchâtel.

Carriages may be sent on from Biemme to Glerisac, a village opposite the island, to wait.

The island, a pretty object, is a ridge of sandstone, rising 12 feet above the lake, and prolonged southwards, under water, to the hill called Jolimont. It is crowned by a beautiful grove of magnificent old oaks, the shade of which in summer is most refreshing. The following description is given of it by Rousseau in his *Rêveries*—

"De toutes les habitations où j'ai demeuré (et j'en ai eu de charmantes), aucune ne m'a rendu si véritablement

heureux, et ne m'a laissé de si tendres regrets que l'île de St. Pierre au milieu du lac de Bièvre. Cette petite île, qu'on appelle à Neuchâtel *l'île de la motte*, est bien peu connue, même en Suisse. Cependant elle est très-agréable et singulièrement située pour le bonheur d'un homme qui aime à se circonscrivre; car quoique je sois peut-être le seul au monde à qui on destine en ait fait une loi, je ne puis croire être le seul qui ait un goût si naturel, quoique je ne l'aie trouvé jusqu'ici chez nul autre.

« Les rives du lac de Bièvre sont plus sauvages et plus romantiques que celles du lac de Genève, parce que les rochers et les bois y bordent l'eau de plus près; mais elles ne sont pas moins riantes: il y a moins de culture de champs et de vignes, moins de villes et de maisons, il y a aussi plus de verdure naturelle, plus de prairies, d'aulx ombragés de bocages, des contrastes plus fréquents et des accidens plus rapprochés. Comme il n'y a pas sur ces heureux bords de grandes routes commodes pour les voitures, le pays est peu fréquenté par les voyageurs* mais il est intéressant pour des contemplatifs solitaires, qui aiment à s'enivrer des charmes de la nature et à se recueillir dans un silence que ne trouble aucun bruit que le cri des aigles, le ramage entrecoupé de quelques oiseaux, et le roulement des torrents qui tombent de la montagne. Ce beau bassin, d'une forme presque ronde, renferme dans son milieu deux petites îles, l'une habitée et cultivée, d'environ demi-lieue de tour; l'autre, plus petite, déserte et en friche, et qui sera détruite à la fin par les transports de la terre qu'on en ôte sans cesse pour réparer les dégâts que les vagues et les orages font à la grande. C'est ainsi que la substance du faible

est toujours employée au profit du puissant.

« Il n'y a dans l'île qu'une seule maison, mais grande, agréable et commode, qui appartient à l'hôpital de Berna, ainsi que l'île, et où loge le receveur avec sa famille et ses domestiques. Il y entretient une nombreuse basse-cour, une volière et des réservoirs pour les poissons. L'île dans ses terrains et dans ses aspects, qu'elle offre toutes sortes de sites, et souffre toutes sortes de culture: on y trouve des champs, des vignes, des bois, des vergers, de gras pâturages ombragés de bosquets et bordés d'arbrisseaux de toute espèce, dont le bord des eaux entretient la fraîcheur, une haute terrasse plantée de deux rangs d'arbres enlace l'île dans toute sa longueur, et dans le milieu de cette terrasse on a bâti un joli salon, où les habitants des rives voisines se rassemblent et viennent danser les Dimanches durant les vendanges. Une de mes navigations les plus fréquentes était d'aller de la grande à la petite île, d'y débarquer et d'y passer l'après-dînée, tantôt à des promenades très-circonscrites au milieu des marécoux, des bourdaines, des perennettes, et des arbrisseaux de toute espèce; et tantôt m'établissant au sommet d'un tertre sablonneux, couvert de gazon, de serpolet, de fleurs, même d'espérinettes et de trèfles qu'on avait vraisemblablement semés autrefois.

« Quand le lac agité ne me permettant pas la navigation, je passais mon après-midi à parcourir l'île, m'asseyant tantôt dans les réduits les plus saints et les plus solitaires pour y rêver à mon aise, tantôt sur les terrasses et les tertres pour parcourir des yeux le superbe et ravissant coup d'œil du lac et de ses rivages, couronné d'un côté par des montagnes prochaines, et de l'autre élargi en riches et fertiles plaines dans lesquelles la vue s'étendait jusqu'aux montagnes bleues plus éloignées qui la bornaient. En sortant d'une

* Steamboats and the new road along the W. shore of the lake, within a short-shot of the island, have produced a great change on this head since Rousseau wrote.

longue et douce rêverie, me voyant entouré de verdure, de fleurs, d'oiseaux, et laissant errer mes yeux au loin sur les romantiques rivages qui bordaient une vaste étendue d'une eau claire et cristalline, j'assimilais à mes fictions tous ces aimables objets; et me trouvant enfin ramené par degrés à moi-même, et à tout ce qui m'entourait, je ne pouvais marquer le point de séparation des fictions aux réalités, tant tout concourait également à me rendre chère la vie recueillie et solitaire que je menais dans ce beau séjour. Que ne peut-elle renaitre encore! Que ne puis-je aller finir mes jours dans cette île chérie, sans en ressortir jamais, ni jamais y revoir aucun habitant du continent qui me rappelât le souvenir des calamités de toute espèce qu'ils se plaisent à rassembler sur moi depuis tant d'années!"

He has further recorded the mode of passing his time on the island, in botanizing, in music, in climbing the trees with a bag tied round him to gather the fruit, in carrying over a colony of rabbits to stock the neighbouring islet, and in allowing himself to drift for hours across the lake, stretched on his back in a little boat. The farm-house in which he dwelt now serves as an inn, but Rousseau's room is preserved nearly in the state in which he left it, except that its walls, doors, shutters, and windows are scribbled over with names of visitors of all nations. For some time after his arrival he remained almost unknown; but as soon as the presence of the author of the "*Contrat Social*" on the island became noised abroad, it was inundated with shoals of curious visitors. To escape their importunities he used to climb up by a stove, through a trap-door (still shown) into the garret, and frequently, when informed by his host that a party had come expressly to see him, refused to appear—"Je ne suis pas ici dans une ménagerie."

After having, by his own account,

made up his mind to end his days on his beloved island, he was at length expelled the canton of Berne, by a decree of the Grand Council, after in vain begging them, in preference, to commute his sentence into perpetual imprisonment, and to lock him up for life in some old castle.

"We rambled over this lovely island for a couple of hours. We left it with the greatest regret, and if ever we are in this country again we certainly shall spend a day here. The whole view is one of quiet loveliness, which gives one a feeling of repose after the grandeur of Alpine scenery"—*Ld. F.*

3 Neuchâtel (Germ. Neuenstadt), a little town of 1200 inhab., on the edge of the lake at the foot of the Châsseral, whose summit may be reached hence in 3½ hours, and a little to the S.W. of the two islands.

On the opposite side of the lake, near its S. extremity, stands Erlach (Cerlier), at the foot of the Jolimont, a hill of sandstone, which sends out the spur prolonged into the lake St. Pierre, producing shallows covered with reeds stretching into the lake.

The borders of the lake of Neuchâtel are reached at

1½ St. Blaise, and an improved road, skirting the edge of the vineyards, conducts thence to

1 NEUCHÂTEL (R. 44, p. 134).

A steam-boat (see p. 137) and diligences run daily between Neuchâtel and Yverdon.

Post-horses are provided on the road to Yverdon.

2½ posts Yverdon.

2½ posts Yverdon. §

A little more than a mile from the gates of Neuchâtel the road crosses the glen of Berrières by a handsome stone bridge, built by Marshal Berthier. The bottom of it is occupied by a little hamlet, composed of a group of water-mills, turned by a remarkable stream, rising in the head of the dell and falling into the lake, after a course of not more than half a

mile. Though it remains, as it were, but a few minutes above ground, it rises in sufficient force and volume to turn a wheel within 200 yards of its source, and subsequently sets in motion several others, both above and below the bridge. It is fed from secret reservoirs within the mountain, and is probably to be identified with some of those singular streams which bury themselves in various places among the cavernous range of the Jura.

About 3 miles farther is Columbiar, once the seat of the Scotch Marshal Keith, the friend and general of Frederick the Great: he was governor of Neuchâtel. Cortailod, by the water-side, produces one of the best wines in the canton. The village Boudry, on the Reusa, was the birth-place (1764) of the demagogue and monster of the French Revolution, Marat.

3½ St. Aubin—(Inns: Couronne;)—a village half-way to Yverdon. Near it are the castles of Gorgier and Vaumarcus. An excursion may be made from this over the hills to the Croix de Vent (Route 49) 4 m.

It was with the view of relieving the unimportant fort of Vaumarcus, in which some of his councillors and friends were besieged by the Swiss, that Charles the Bold of Burgundy abandoned his strongly fortified camp behind Grandson, and marched his forces down upon the narrow strip between the lake and the mountains, where there was not space to deploy a third part of them, and where his cavalry and artillery were useless. The advanced guard of the Swiss, who came from Neuchâtel, was posted near Concise (a village in canton Vaud), and their batteries on the heights did great execution upon the Burgundians. Here, falling on their knees in prayer, as was the custom of the Swiss at the opening of a battle, they received on their lances the charge of the Burgundian horse, who mistook their attitude for one of sub-

mission. From the hills above, later in the day, echoed the war-horns of Uri and Unterwalden, announcing the arrival of reinforcements from those cantons, and spreading dismay in the hearts of Charles and his forces. The scene of the battle lies between Concise—(Inns: L'Ecu de France, comfortable)—and Coreillon, near which 3 rough obelisks of granite 8 or 10 feet high were set up by the Swiss to mark their victory.

3½ Grandson—(Inns: Lion d'Or; Croix Rouge, not good;)—a town of 890 inhab., with a venerable Castle, now converted into a snuff manufactory, on an eminence above the lake. It is historically remarkable because before the battle of Grandson it resisted for 10 days the assaults and artillery of the Burgundian army. When at length the garrison, reduced by famine and invited by the offer of free pardon, by a spy or deserter who had entered the castle by stealth, surrendered it, Charles, with a ferocity peculiar to his character, caused them to be stripped and hung by hundreds on the surrounding trees, and as many more to be drowned in the lake. But two days after, on the 3rd of March, 1476, he expiated this atrocious crime, and experienced the vengeance of the Swiss in the memorable defeat of his host 50,000 strong, by the army of the confederates, amounting to not much more than ¼ of that number; and was himself compelled to fly for his life across the mountains, with only five followers. The spoil of his camp, which fell into the hands of the victors, included 120 pieces of cannon, 600 standards, all his jewels and regalia, costly hangings, and military chest; on that day gold and diamonds were dealt out to the Swiss by handfuls.

The Church of Grandson is very ancient; Farel preached the reformed doctrines from its pulpit. There is a path over the hills from Grandson to Motiers Travers.

1 Yverdon (German *Ifferten*)—

Inn: H. de Londres; Maison Rouge)—a town of 3461 inhab., at the S. extremity of the lake Neuchâtel, at the spot where the Orbe (thenceforth called Thiele) falls into it. It is built upon the site of the Roman *Ebrodunum*, whose name, with a little change, it still inherits.

The *Castle*, built in the 12th century by Conrad of Zähringen, became the school-house and residence of Pestalozzi, from 1805 to 1825. Although the founder of a system of education, and of many schools both in Europe and America, he was a very bad practical schoolmaster himself; and this establishment, the headquarters as it were of his system, turned out a signal failure.

A very delightful excursion may be made from this up the Val Orbe to the Lac de Joux (Route 50). The road hence to Geneva passes through Val Orbe.

Diligences go to Lausanne, and a steam-boat to Neuchâtel from Yverdon daily. (See p. 137.)

About a mile S. of the town, at the extremity of an avenue of poplars, a mineral bath is passed; the water is warm and sulphureous.

1½ Essertines; a rich country to Lausanne.

1½ Echallens, a village on the river Talent, with 714 inhabitants.

2½ LAUSANNE (in Route 50).

ROUTE 48.

NEUCHÂTEL TO LA CHAUX DE FONDS
AND LOCLE.

6 stunden = 19½ Eng. miles.

Diligences daily in 5 hours.

The high road to Vallengin is at present carried over the steep hill at the back of Neuchâtel; a new line is proposed, which will conduct it directly through the profound chasm of the Seyon (see p. 180).

1½ Vallengin—(*Inn*: Couronne)—is the principal place in the fertile Val de Ruz—130 inhab. Its *Castle* (now

a prison) is in part as old as the 13th century: its base is washed by the Seyon. The *Church*, a perfectly regular Gothic structure, was built by a Count of Vallengin, on his return from the crusades, in consequence of a vow made to the Virgin in a storm at sea that he would build a church upon the water; accordingly the stream of the valley is conducted under the building.

A steep and long ascent up the Tête de Rang leads by Les Loges, whence is a fine view over the Vouges, Jura, and Alps, to

3 La Chaux de Fonds — (*Inn*: Fleur de Lys)—a scattered village of 9000 inhab., in a bleak, upland, and desolate valley, bare of wood, and from its great elevation of 3070 ft. above the sea, capable of producing only a scanty crop of oats. The village covers an area not less than that of the city of Oxford, each cottage being an isolated cube, surrounded by a croft or garden half an acre or an acre in extent. Its inhabitants are reputed to be very rich. After Locle, it is the chief seat of the manufacture of clocks and watches. This is not carried on in large factories, but in the separate dwellings of the workmen. Each man usually makes only one particular piece of machinery, leaving even the finishing of it to others. The number of persons here and at Locle, and in the neighbouring district engaged in different branches of watchmaking is about 12,000; the wages vary from 4 fr. to 10 fr. a day. The number of gold and silver watches made in 1836 was 108,295; in 1774 the total number of watches made was 300. There are two *subterranean mills* here, turned by the stream of the valley previous to its sinking underground; the rocks have been blasted to afford space for the mills; but those at Locle are even more curious. *Diligences* 3 times a week to Besançon, by Brenets and Morteaux. *Courier* daily in 11 hours.

Instead of following the high road to Locle, the pedestrian may take a footpath (a walk of six hours) across the hills to the *Saut de Doubs*, or waterfalls of the Doubs—the river which separates Switzerland from France. It here traverses one of those singular gaps or rents in the rock, between 300 ft. and 400 ft. deep, which are common in the Jura. Numerous mills are turned by the force of the stream. Some large fragments of rock, which have fallen into the bed of the river, dam it up partly, and form what is called the *Lac des Brenets*. The scene is wild, and has been compared to a Welsh landscape, but its beauty has been exaggerated. Brenets is about 3 miles from Locle.

There is a carriage-road direct from Chaux de Fonds to

1½ Locle — *Jass*: (*Trois Rois*)—another scattered village, occupied by an industrious population of 6831 souls,—the men chiefly watchmakers, the women lace-makers; rebuilt since a fire which consumed it 1833.

The little stream of the *Bied*, which traverses the valley, loses itself, at a short distance from Locle, in a chasm in the rock. This outlet, however, proved insufficient to drain the valley; and the district around the town was, in consequence, inundated at the season of the melting of the snows—and not much better than a morass at any time. To remedy this evil, a tunnel, 950 ft. long, was pierced through the screen of solid limestone-rock which encompasses the valley in 1802-6, and this now effectually carries off into the Doubs the previously stagnant waters. At *Cul des Roches*, a short distance from this artificial drain or emissary, and about a mile from Locle, the river disappears in a natural opening, sinking into the heart of the mountain, through a vertical abyss, more than 100 ft. deep. This water-power, or privilege, as an American would call it, is not lost; but, in order to render

it available, 3 or 4 mills have been constructed, one below the other, in the cavernous cleft—each receiving, in turn, the stream, which puts its wheels in motion. "You go down flights of broken and slippery stairs, cut in the rock, to these mills, placed one under another, in very frightful situations undoubtedly, but rendered more so to the imagination of the beholder from the circumstances of darkness and ignorance of the means by which the works are secured, by the noise, the unfathomable depth below, &c."—*Simond*.

La Roche Fendue is an aperture bored in the rock, dividing Switzerland from France, admitting a singular view over the *Val de Doubs*.

There is another road from Locle to Neuchâtel, by Chaux de Milieu, Les Ponts, the heights of *La Tourne*, and *Corcelles*.

ROUTE 49.

PONTARLIER (IN FRANCE), TO NEUCHÂTEL, BY MOTIER'S TRAVERS.

10½ stunden = 35 Eng. miles.

A diligence daily. The road is supplied with post-horses (*See Handbook for France*) at

Pontarlier — (*Jass*: *La Poste*, good—*Lion d'Or*)—the last town in France.

The road first ascends by the side of the river Doubs, and through the pass of *La Cluse*, which may be called a mountain gateway between France and Switzerland, to *St. Pierre de Joux*. The defile is commanded by the *Château de Joux*, situated on the summit of a precipice, at the foot of which the roads from Pontarlier and Salins, and those from Neuchâtel and Geneva, by *Jougne*, unite. This frontier-fort was the prison of the unfortunate *Toussaint l'Ouverture*, when treacherously carried off from *St. Domingo* by command of Napoleon. He ended his days here, some say by violent means; but the sudden transi-

tion from the climate of the tropics to a dank dungeon on the heights of the Jura sufficiently explains the cause of his death, without the need of violence. Here also was confined, previously, another remarkable prisoner, *Mirabeau*, who was sent hither by virtue of a *lettre de cachet* obtained by his father "l'Ami des Hommes," as he called himself, and the tyrant of his own family, as he proved himself. *Mirabeau*, having by his insinuating manners obtained leave from the governor to visit the town of Pontarlier on parole, made love to Madame de Mouvra, the young wife of an old magistrate there, and eloped with her to Holland. She was the Sophie to whom he addressed some of his obscene writings.

Between the villages of Verrières de Joux and

St. Verrières de Suisse, the French frontier is crossed. The Custom-house regulations on this part of the French frontier are more than usually rigorous. In some places, there is a treble line of douaniers, which makes it advisable to have the luggage plombé at the first station. In some places the douaniers attend only during certain hours of the day, and persons arriving in their absence must await their return. Travellers should ascertain by previous inquiry what these hours are (?).

The country now becomes exceedingly romantic—the hills clothed with forests, the valleys carpeted with the richest verdure, and sprinkled with neat cottages in the picturesque style of architecture peculiar to the chain of the Jura and Alps. Cheese, nearly as good as that of Gruyère, and sold under that name, is made on the upland pastures of the Jura.

The descent from the summit of the ridge into the Val Travers is through another narrow gorge, called La Chaine, because the passage was at one time stopped by a massy chain drawn across the road, and fastened to staples in the rock. This

primitive fortification is said to have been a relic of the Burgundian wars, intended to arrest the artillery of Charles the Bold.

At the village of St. Salpice the river Reuse, which waters the Val Travers, rises out of the rock. This abundant source is said to be the outlet of the Lac d'Étalieron, situated about 10 miles off, among the hills.

3 Motiers Travers—(Maison de Commune)—is a village inhabited by watch and lace-makers, on the rt. bank of the Reuse, which has obtained some notoriety as the place of residence of Jean Jacques Rousseau after his banishment from Geneva. In the house occupied by him his desk is shown, at which he wrote his celebrated '*Lettres de la Montagne*,' and upstairs, in a wooden gallery, two peeping-holes, through which he could observe people out of doors without being seen himself. He quitted the place under the pretence of having been persecuted, and because the boys threw stones at his windows. During his residence here, Voltaire vented his bile against him in a satire, of which the following verses are a sample:—

" Dans un vallon fort bien nommé Travers,
S'élève un mont, vrai séjour des bœufs ;
Son front alité se perd dans les nuages,
Son fondement n'est au creux des enfers,
Au pied du mont sont des autres rochers,
Du Dieu du jour ignorés à jamais.
C'est de Rousseau le digne et noir palais ;
Là se tait ce nombre éternisé,
Cet ennemi de la nature humaine ;
Pétri d'orgueil et dévoré de fiel
Il fait le monde et craint de voir le ciel."

The Val Travers is highly picturesque. A few miles lower down it is bounded on the rt. by a remarkable mountain, called Cruz de Vent, 4800 ft. above the sea. "Its summit is hollowed out into a vast and profound cavity, 500 ft. deep, surrounded by an amphitheatre of limestone rock from the top to the bottom." It is more than two miles in diameter. "At times when a change of weather is impending, the crater of the

mountain is seen to become suddenly filled with a cloud of white vapour, working, and rising and falling with an easy but perceptible motion, until the whole hollow presents the appearance of an immense caldron of boiling vapour, which seldom rises above the edge. If any escape, it is by the opening towards the defile; and I have seen it repeatedly issue in a thin white line, and float gradually down the centre of the valley till imperceptibly diminished and dissipated."—*Latrobe*.

The echo produced by firing a gun within the Creux de Vent is like a scattered fire of musketry, or a succession of discharges from a battery; and the hollow may be called the very cradle of the winds, which appear to be perpetually blowing from it.

La Clusette, near Brod, is a very picturesque defile—the road hanging over the precipice. A steep ascent carries the road out of the Val Travers; and at the top of the ridge, near the site of what once was the robber castle of

2½ Rochefort, a beautiful view opens through the gap of the defile, over the lake of Neuchâtel, and the Alps along the horizon.

1½ NEUCHÂTEL (Route 44.)

ROUTE 50.

YVERDUN TO GENEVA, BY ORBE, WITH
EXCURSION TO THE LAC DE JOUX.

15½ stunden = 51½ Eng. miles.

The daily diligence performs the journey from Neuchâtel by Lausanne to Geneva in 16 hours. There is a new and direct road by Anbonne and Rolle.

2 Orbe — (*inn*: La Maison de Ville) — a picturesque and ancient town of 1927 inhabs, built on a hill nearly insulated by the Orbe, which is crossed by two bridges, each of a single arch, a lower one of great antiquity, and an upper and modern arch, 124 ft. span, in use at present.

It was the Roman station *Urbigenum*, and a place of importance in the middle ages, under the Burgundian Kings, who had a *Royal Castle* here. The fair but cruel Brunehilde, Queen of the Franks, took refuge here, with her grand-daughter, but was soon put to death. The three sons of Lothaire I. met here, in 855, to divide his kingdom. In 1475 the Swiss took Orbe by assault; but the *Castle*, whose venerable ruins, now reduced to two solitary towers of antique structure, are still a conspicuous object in the view of the town, made a lengthened resistance. The garrison, yielding step by step, disputed the possession of each chamber, stair, and passage. The last remnant were pursued into a tower, which the Swiss set fire to, and the few who fell into their hands alive were thrown over the battlements. "The circular tower of the Castle, not unlike the celebrated Irish round towers in construction, though of very different proportions, should be attentively examined."

There is a high-road into France from Orbe, along the l. bank of the Orbe, by Jougne and Salins.

About 2 m. above the town, near Mont Charand, is a cavern, with stalactites, called *Grotte aux Pées*; not far from it is a cascade of the Orbe.

An interesting excursion may be made from Orbe to the *Lac de Joux*.

12m. The carriage-road thither turns away from the river at once, and proceeds through Romainmotier, under the singular mountain called Dent de Vaulion, to Le Pont, on the Lac de Joux. The vale of the Orbe is one of the most beautiful in the Jura, and the pedestrian may find a footpath along its banks, up to its source, in the cliff below Pont.

Pont, a little village, named from a bridge across the channel, which connects the Lac de Joux with the small Lac des Brenet, is the best head-quarters, as it has a tolerable inn. It is prettily situated, at the S. base of the *Dent de Vaulion*, one side

of which is a sheer precipice of bare limestone 2000 ft. high—the other a steep slope, or inclined plane, covered with verdant turf. It requires a steady head to look from the top over the verge of the precipice.

About 3 miles N. of Pont, and the same distance above Vallorbe, is the source of the Orbe, which rises at once a copious stream, supplied, it is supposed, by subterranean conduits from the Lac de Joux.

The valley in which the Lac de Joux is situated contains two other lakes, Le Ter and Brenet, and is entirely shut in by high hills, so that, although these sheets of water are fed by all the streams of the valley, they have no visible outlet above ground. There are, however, large cavities and orifices in the beds of these lakes, called *entonnoirs*, through which the waters escape. These fissures are sometimes rendered incapable of carrying off the waters from internal obstructions, and thus inundations are caused in the valley. A tunnel, of no very great extent, might drain the lake entirely. The Lac de Joux is nearly 3500 ft. above the level of the sea. The source of the Orbe is about 700 ft. lower than the surface of the lake. The scenery of the Valley de Joux is very romantic, and will alone compensate for a visit. Along the S.E. side of the lake rises the imposing mass of the Mont Tendre, 5730 ft. high: its lower slopes are well wooded. The view from its summit, extending to Mont Blanc on the one side, and to Soleure on the other, will repay the trouble of the ascent. There is a path down the opposite side of the mountain, leading, in 2 hours, to the village of Mont Richer. An unfortunate English gentleman, named Herbert, who was drowned in a well near the chalets of the Mont Tendre, in 1837, is buried at Mont Richer. Henri Chena, fruster, is said to be a good guide for the Mont Tendre. There is a cross-road along the N.W. shore of

Swits.

the Lac de Joux, from Pont to Les Rousses, on the great post road from Dijon to Geneva. Another cross-road, winding round the shoulder of the Mont Tendre, runs direct from Pont to Aubonne, on the way to Geneva, rendering it unnecessary to return to Orbe.

The lake of Geneva is only about 100 ft. lower than that of Neuchâtel. The road from Orbe traverses the high ground, or water-shed, separating the two basins. An attempt was made, in 1639, to connect the two lakes, and through them unite the Rhine with the Rhone, by means of a canal cut between the rivers Orbe and Venoge. It was finished as far as Entre Roche, a distance of about 12 miles; but difficulties, either in the levelling, or occasioned by the interference of private interests, prevented its being carried farther. The plan of completing it has been revived. It lies about a mile and a half to the E. of the road.

1½ La Sarraz—(Inn: Stadthaus)—is an ancient town, romantically situated on the Venoge. About 4 miles farther is Comanex—(Inn: Hotel d'Angleterre)—from which town roads branch off to Lausanne and Morges.

4½ Aubonne—(Inn: Couronne)—an ancient town of 1667 inhab., with an Eastern-looking castle. Byron says of it:—"The entrance and bridge, something like that of Durham, it commands by far the fairest view of the lake of Geneva (and of Mont Blanc behind it); a grove, on the height, of very noble trees. Here Tavernier, the Eastern traveller, bought (or built) the *château*, because the site resembled and equalled that of Erivan, a frontier city of Persia. Here he finished his voyages." The Church contains the monument of the brave French Admiral Duquesne, the conqueror of De Ruyter,—the chastiser of the Turkish and Algerine corsairs,—whose services Louis XIV. refused to recompense, and whose body

that monarch for a long time denied to his son,—exiled to Aubonne by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, because Duquesne was a Protestant, and refused to adopt the king's religion. Aubonne is less than 3 miles distant from the lake. On the hills sloping down towards the lake, called *La Côte*, between Aubonne and Lyon, especially on the heights of Mont and Begnins, grows the best Swiss wine called *le Moulart*.—B.

The *Signal de Bougy*—above Aubonne, 2730 ft. above the sea-level, is a celebrated point of view.

1 Rolle, on the high road from Geneva to Lausanne (Route 56).

6½ GENEVA (See Route 53).

ROUTE 53.

DIJON TO GENEVA.

25 French posts = 121 Eng. miles. Diligences run daily in 22 hours.

DIJON. (*Inns*: Hotel du Parc, in a sort of park outside the town;—Hotel de la Cloche best.) For a detailed description of this road, see *Handbook for France*.

1½ Auxonne—(*Inn*: Grand Cerf).

2 Dôle. In clear weather, Mont Blanc may be seen from this neighbourhood.

2½ Mont Sous Vandrey. A delightful road leads from this to Neuchâtel, by Salins and the Val Travers (Route 49).

2½ Poligni (*Inn*: Hotel de Genève).

1½ Montrond.

1½ Champagnole has two small inns, Hotel de Genève and de Lyon.

1½ Maisonneuve.

1½ St. Laurent (*Inn*: La Poste).

1½ Morey (*Inn*: La Poste).

1½ Les Rousses. Here is the frontier Custom-house of France. Travellers arriving from Geneva undergo a strict search. Trinkets, musical boxes, and watches (more than one) must be declared. Watches may now be introduced by paying a duty of 5 fr. a piece.

1½ La Vattay. In descending the mountain a sublime view is disclosed of the Alps, Mont Blanc, the lake of Geneva, and the intervening plain. There is another road to Geneva by St. Cergues (instead of Gex), "it branches off a little beyond Les Rousses, and is very preferable in some respects. It has been made at a great expense by the canton de Vaud, and is one of the finest works of the kind.

"Les Rousses to St. Cergues, 1½ post; St. Cergues to Nyon.

"The traveller is recommended to mount the steep and picturesque streets of Nyon up to the fine old château, once the seat of the Bailie de Nyon, in order to see the view from the Terrasse des Marronniers.

"St. Cergues is the spot from which the Dôle, the highest summit of this part of the chain of the Jura, can be most easily ascended. Mules and guides can be procured at the small inn of St. Cergues, which affords tolerable accommodation for a night. The ascent of the Dôle from St. Cergues requires about 3 hours' march; but it is neither fatiguing nor dangerous. Perhaps there is no mountain in Switzerland which better repays the traveller for his fatigue, and no view more wonderfully extensive, and admirably diversified, than that which it commands."—R.

The descent of the Jura to Gex is made much more easy and convenient than before, by an excellent new road.

2 Gex. Ferney, Voltaire's residence (described in p. 155) is passed 5 miles before reaching.

2 GENEVA. Germ. Genf. Ital. Ginevra. *Inns*: Hôtel des Bergues, a grand establishment, facing the lake: Couronne, very good; also facing the lake; capital cuisine; a room on the second floor, fronting the lake; cost only 3 fr. a day: L'Ecu de Genève, rivaling in size and accommodation the Hôtel des Bergues; comfortable and well-managed: the

Hôtel des Etrangers, highly spoken of: La Balance.

Geneva, though the capital of the smallest of the Swiss cantons, except Zug, is the most populous town in the Confederation, since it contains 32,000 inhab. (7300 Rom. Catholics), or, including its suburbs, 36,592. It is well situated, at the W. extremity of the lake of Geneva, at the point where "the blue waters of the arrowy Rhone" issue out of it. The river divides the town into two parts; the smaller on the rt. bank being called Quartier St. Gervais. The intensely blue colour of the waters of the Rhone, alluded to by Byron, is certainly very remarkable, and resembles nothing so much as the discharge of indigo from a dyer's vat. The cause of it has not been satisfactorily explained. Sir Humphry Davy attributed it to the presence of iodine. The extreme purity lasts but for a short space, since a mile below the town, it is polluted by the admixture of the waters of the turbid Arve, and retains the same dingy hue all the way to the sea.

Geneva, if approached from the lake, now presents a very imposing appearance, in consequence of improvements recently completed, for which it is indebted, in no slight degree, to the circulation of the gold of English travellers among its inhabitants. An entirely new quarter has started up on the rt. bank of the Rhone, called Quartier des Bergues, and displays a handsome front of tall houses, among which is the Hôtel des Bergues lined with a broad quay, towards the lake. A spirit of emulation has been excited on the opposite bank by the sight of this modern rival. The unsightly houses which lined the margin of the lake have been refaced and beautified, while a broad belt of land has been gained from the water to form a Quai. This is connected with the Quai des Bergues by two handsome bridges, thrown across the lake, and united

with a small island, formerly a part of the fortifications, now occupied by a very inferior statue of Rousseau. A foot-bridge was thrown over the Rhone near the Bergues Baths, 1844. Geneva is still surrounded with ramparts and bastions, erected in the middle of the last century by the aristocratic magistracy of that period. It is divided into the upper and lower town; and this distinction, arising from the uneven nature of the ground, is perpetuated in the rank and condition of the inhabitants of the two divisions. The upper town consists almost entirely of the large and handsome mansions of the burgher aristocracy, heretofore the senators and magistrates of the republic. The lower town is the seat of trade and of democracy: its streets are narrow, its houses lofty, and it has something of the air of the old town of Edinburgh.

* The feuds arising between the high and low town were not few, nor void of interest, indeed, they would fill a long and amusing historical chapter: they often led to bloodshed; but the democrats below generally brought their exalted neighbours to reason by the simple expedient of cutting off the water-pipes, taking especial care to guard the hydraulic machine which furnished the supply to the upper town, and which is situated in their quarter.

Although Geneva is a great focus of attraction for travellers of all nations, 30,000 being the number which is calculated to pass through the town annually, it possesses few objects of interest to the passing stranger. As a town, it is not very prepossessing; it has no fine public buildings, and scarcely any sights. It is owing to its beautiful environs, to its vicinity to Chamouni, to the charming scenery of its lake, and to its position on the high road from Paris to Italy, that it has become a place of so much resort.

The Cathedral, or Church of St.

Pierre, is of an extreme simplicity of architecture. Its fine Corinthian portico added on the outside is a blemish where it is placed, but its interior possesses interest as a very early and uncorrupted specimen of the Gothic of the 11th century. It contains the tombs of Agrippa d'Aubigny, the friend of Henry IV., and grandfather of Mad. de Maintenon, and that of the Comte de Rohan, a leader of the French Protestants in the reign of Louis XIII.

The *Musée Rath*, so named after its founder, General Rath, who left the reversion of his fortune to it, is a neat building, close to the *Porte Neuve*; it contains a collection of pictures and other works of art, of no very great merit, the greater part by native artists. Among the Genevese painters, Calame, Diday, Hornung, and Töpfer, deserve to be mentioned.

The *Musée d'Histoire Naturelle*, in the *Grande Rue*, is chiefly interesting to the student as containing the geological collections of Saussure; the fossil plants of MM. Brongniart and Decandolle, and the collections of M. Necker. It is principally filled with the native productions of Switzerland, and contains specimens of the chamois, of the Houquetin, the dog of St. Bernard, of all the fishes of the rivers and lakes of this country; among them the *saumon*, the lotte, and a trout weighing 43 lbs. from the lake of Geneva.

There is the skin of an elephant, which lived a long time in a menagerie in the town, but at length becoming unruly was shot.

There is also a cabinet of antiquities; some of them found in the neighbourhood, such as a silver buckler, with fine bas-reliefs, discovered in the bed of the Arve, inscribed "*Largitas Valentiniani Augusti*," some instruments of sacrifice found near the rocks of Neptune in the lake, &c. &c. Also the lantern dropped in the town ditch by one of the Savoyard soldiers engaged in the unsuccessful

attempts to scale the walls in 1602 (see p. 180).

The *New Post-office* is a handsome edifice on the *Place Bel Air*, *Rue de la Corrairie* (a letter reaches London in 5, and arrives thence in 4 days).

The best and most respectable Club in Geneva is that called the *Cercle de la Rive*.

The *Public Library* attached to the College, a scholastic looking building, of no architectural pretensions, behind the cathedral, founded by Calvin, contains 40,000 volumes. The following curiosities are shown to all who desire to see them:—394 MS. letters of Calvin, almost illegible, but with fair transcripts (there is one addressed to Lady Jane Grey while a prisoner in the Tower); 44 vols. of his MS. sermons between 1549 and 1560; 12 vols. of letters addressed to him, and many important documents relating to the Council of Basle, several volumes of letters of Theodore Beza; the manuscript of the '*Noble Leçon*,' a work of the ancient Waldenses, part of the account-book of the household of Philip le Bel, for 1308, written with a style upon waxed tablets, but now almost effaced; a translation of Quintus Curtius, taken along with the baggage of Charles the Bold at Morat. The discourses of St. Augustine, a MS. on papyrus of the 7th century. The library is opened every day but Saturday and Sunday, from 11 to 4, and on Tuesday, to consult books, from 1 to 3.

Geneva, if looked at in an historical point of view, may be said to possess an interest, far greater than that to be derived from the individual objects of curiosity contained within its walls. The influence which she has exercised, not only over Europe but over the world, by means of her children, or those whom she has adopted as her citizens, is quite out of proportion to the limited extent of a territory which one may traverse from

and to end in a morning's ride. Voltaire ridiculed its diminutiveness by saying, "Quand je secoue ma per-ruque je poudre toute la république;" and the Emperor Paul called the disputes of its citizens a tempest in a tumbler of water; yet from Geneva emanated those religious doctrines whence Scotland, Holland, and a large part of France, Germany, and Switzerland, derive their form of faith, and which was transported by the Pilgrim Fathers to the opposite shores of the Atlantic. Here also were sown those political opinions which bore fruit in the English revolution under Charles I., in the American and the French revolutions.

Some few memorials still exist in the town serving to recall the events which have occurred in it, and the great names connected with it.

On the island, in the middle of the Rhone, not far from the Hydraulic Machine, traces may, it is said, be discovered of a Roman structure, supposed to be the foundations of one of the towers erected by Julius Cæsar, to prevent the Helvetians crossing the river. The earliest mention of Geneva occurs in his *Commentaries*, where it is described as "the last fortress of the Allobroges, and nearest to the Helvetian frontier."

The building of the *Old Prison*, still called the *Evêché*, near St. Peter's church, was originally the palace of the bishops, who governed the city as temporal rulers, elected by the citizens, for many ages; but at length became almost nominees of the Duke of Savoy. The citizens, from the very first, enjoyed a liberty above other great towns of the empire, and showed a bold and steady resistance to the encroachments of their rulers, maintaining, against force and persuasion, the municipal prerogatives derived from their ancestors, and from the Golden Bull of the Emperor Charles IV. Thus, by a cautious and well-conducted policy, they avoided being

swallowed up by their powerful neighbours, Savoy and France, or by their friends the Swiss Cantons, who, though called in as allies to protect them, were equally ambitious of incorporating Geneva in their own territory as a subject state.

John Calvin, the reformer, is supposed to have lived in the house No. 116, in the rue des Chanoines, and he probably died there. It was in the year 1536 that he passed through the town a fugitive, on his way from Italy to Basle. Two years had not elapsed since the Genevese had abolished Roman Catholicism, expelled their bishop, and adopted the Reformation. Farel, who was the means of introducing it, was then preaching at Geneva, and, aware of Calvin's talents and powerful eloquence, entreated him to remain. Calvin obeyed the call, and, in a short space, the itinerant preacher and foreigner was raised to be the dictator of the republic, ruling its turbulent democracy with a sway not more mild than that of the dukes of Savoy and bishops of Geneva, under which the citizens had groaned for ages, and from which the Reformation had at length released them. From the pulpit of St. Peter's Church, which became at once the tribune and judgment-seat of the reformer, he denounced the prevailing immorality of the town with such eloquence and force that profligacy was obliged to hide its head. His hearers, running into an opposite extreme, adopted a rigorous and puritanical austerity of manners, and every transgression of Calvin's code of morals was visited with punishment of the utmost severity.

But Calvin's influence was not confined to the pulpit; he was elected president of the Consistory, of which one third of the permanent members were ministers, and the remainder laymen holding office for a year only. This counsel assumed an authority far more despotic than that of the

bishops: it exercised the power of an inquisition, to examine into men's private lives, and into the affairs of families of whatever rank.

The sumptuary laws enacted by Calvin were severe, but were rigidly enforced by the Consistory. They contained such enactments as the following: a dinner for ten persons was limited to five dishes; plush breeches were laid under interdict; violations of the sabbath were followed by a public admonition from the pulpit; adultery was punished with death; and the gamester was exposed in the pillory, with a pack of cards tied round his neck.

Calvin was equally rigorous in the maintenance of orthodoxy. Servetus, condemned by him for holding anti-trinitarian doctrines, which, however, he did not attempt to disseminate in Geneva, was burnt at the stake in the *Champ de Bœurreu*, the ancient place of execution outside the walls. The hole in which it was planted is now filled up, and the destination of the spot is changed. The act of the stern lawgiver admits of no palliation, as his victim was not a subject of Geneva, and therefore not amenable to its laws. The execution of Servetus casts a stain upon Geneva and the cause of the Reformation as great as that with which the murder of Huss taints the Papist Council of Constance.

Geneva, thus become the metropolis of Calvinism, and "the Rome of Protestantism," was resorted to by many foreigners, who sought refuge here from religious persecutions in their own country. Among a number of English and Scotch exiled by the cruelties of the reign of Queen Mary, was John Knox. He was made a citizen of Geneva in 1558, and did not finally quit it till 1560. Calvin died in 1564, at the age of 55, after 23 years of uninterrupted power: he was buried in the old cemetery of the *Plain Palais*, now abandoned: but he forbade the Ge-

nevese to mark the spot where his remains were laid with a monument, and the very site of his grave is not known with certainty. A Genevese law now limits the period of property in a grave to 15 years, after which it may be opened for a fresh occupant.

The Duke of Savoy, whose authority within the town had been destroyed by the expulsion of the bishop, was unwilling, notwithstanding, to abandon his claim to the possession of it. For many years after that event, he was engaged in repeated open contests with the citizens; nor did he omit to maintain within the walls, spies, and secret partisans, in the hopes of gaining possession of it by surprise. The street called *Corraterie*, at the period in question, A. D. 1602, the town ditch, was the scene of the most memorable of these attempts, known in Swiss history as the *Escalade*. The inhabitants, lulled to security by a display of pacific intentions on the part of the reigning Duke Charles Emanuel, had neglected all precautions to guard against an attack, even though warnings had been given them of approaching danger. On the night of Dec. 20th, the townsfolk were aroused from sleep by the firing of musketry, and by an alarm that the enemy was already in possession. It appeared that a sentinel, in going his rounds with a lantern, had fallen among a party of armed men, who had quickly despatched him, but not before his cries and the report of his matchlock had aroused the rest of the guard. It was quickly discovered that a party of Savoyards, 300 strong, detached from a still larger force of 3000 men, who had approached the city in the darkness, and were posted on the *Plain Palais*, a little distance beyond the walls, had descended into the fosse of *Corraterie*, and by the aid of scaling-ladders, painted black, in order that they might not be seen, had surmounted the ramparts, were proceeding in

small parties to burst open the *Porte Neuve*, and thus admit their associates on the outside. The Savoyards had already despatched a messenger announcing to their commander the capture of the town; but the citizens, though completely taken by surprise, were by no means seized with the panic which such an occurrence was likely to produce. Every man, armed as he might be, issued out into the streets. the small body of Savoyards who had gained the ramparts were quickly overpowered; the first gun fired from the walls, by a chance shot, swept away three of the scaling-ladders; and the enemy on the outside, on approaching the *Porte Neuve*, found that, instead of being blown up, it was strongly guarded, with the portcullis down. Many anecdotes are told of the prowess of the townspeople on that night, and an iron macepan, with which an old woman knocked down a soldier, is still preserved in the arsenal along with a piece of the scaling-ladders. The storming party thus unexpectedly attacked, and at the same time cut off from their friends, were quickly killed or made prisoners. Those who fell alive into the hands of the Genevans were hung next day as house-breakers: 67 heads were planted along the ramparts, but many more than these fell in the ditch and outside the town. In the cemetery of *St. Gervais*, on the right bank of the *Rhone*, a monumental epitaph was set up to commemorate the names of 17 Genevans who were killed on the occasion; and the venerable Theodore Bess, at that time 80 years old, gave out from the pulpit next day the 124th Psalm, which has been sung ever since on the anniversary of the *Escalade*.

Jean Jacques Rousseau, son of a watchmaker of Geneva, first saw the light in a street of the *Quartier St. Gervais*, since named after him (*Rue de Rousseau*), and in the house No. 69. It is no longer in its original

condition, having been altered and partly rebuilt. His book, the *Emile*, was burnt, in conformity with an order of the Council of Geneva, by the common hangman, in front of the *Hôtel de Ville*, in 1762. The instigators of this act were Voltaire and the Council of the Sorbonne, who, by a singular coincidence, in this instance, acted in unison. The Council at the same time issued a warrant for the arrest of the author.

The Botanic Garden behind the theatre, and near the *Port Neuve*, deserves mention, as having been laid out under the direction of the eminent botanist Decandolle, but the funds are so limited that the collection of plants is of no great importance. The ground it occupies has also painful historical associations. Geneva, for ages the nursery of republicanism and democratic opinions, became "a principle of explosion to revolutionary France, placed at its extremity, as the fuse is on the surface of the bomb," but she likewise reaped the fruits of the seed sown by her in the establishment of a tribunal of blood, and the enactment of a reign of terror, a humble imitation of that of Paris, in 1794. On this spot took place fusillades and butcheries too horrible to be detailed, in which the blood of the most respectable citizens of the town was shed, condemned to execution by a band of wretches, most of whom were their fellow-citizens, though directed by a deputy from the *Comité du Salut Public*, at Paris. Here, as in other places, subjected to the madness of the reign of terror, the atrocities were committed by a mere handful of assassins, while thousands looked on, disapproving, but yet not raising a voice to condemn, nor an arm to resist. Another result of the connexion of Switzerland with France was the forfeiture of its independence. After resisting, for ages, the encroachments and attacks of the Dukes of Savoy, and the intrigues of despotic

France, even when under the rule of the all-powerful Louis XIV., the republic was destined to fall by the treachery of fellow republicans, with whom she had so recently fraternised. Geneva was taken by surprise, April 13, 1798, and arbitrarily annexed to France, forming a part of the department of the Léman.

Besides the names of Calvin and Rousseau, which are connected with Geneva — the one by adoption, the other by birth — it is the birth-place of many illustrious men, whose reputation may be styled European. The list includes the names of Isaac Casaubon, of Lefort, the friend and councillor of Peter the Great; of Necker, the weak and ill-starred minister of Louis XVI., and father of Madame de Staël; of the naturalists Saussure, who first ascended Mont Blanc, Bonnet, de Lac; and Huber, the biographer of the bee and ant; Decandolle, the botanist, of Dumout, the friend and adviser of Mirabeau and Jeremy Bentham; and Sismondi, the historian. Among the living there are Necker, the geologist; De la Rive, the chemist; Mannoir, the oculist, and Marie d'Aubigné, author of the *History of the Reformation*, and a preacher at the Oratoire.

Geneva may be regarded as the intellectual metropolis of Switzerland, and strangers who choose it as their residence, if provided with good introductions, will find, among the upper classes, a very agreeable society, including many individuals distinguished for their literary and scientific acquirements.

The staple manufacture of Geneva, from which it derives its chief commercial prosperity, is that of watches, musical boxes, and jewellery. The first watch was brought to Geneva in 1567, and at the end of the last century 4000 persons were employed within the town, and 2000 without the walls, on this manufacture. At present the number is diminished to less than 3000, though, from im-

provements in the mechanical processes and increased skill of the workmen, the number of watches made is much greater than before, 100,000 being now manufactured annually. Upwards of 50 watchmakers' and 70 jewellers' workshops are kept in constant employment in the town; and it has been calculated that, in good years, 75,000 ounces of gold, 8000 marks of silver, and precious stones to the value of a million of francs, are used in them. A committee of master workmen with a syndic at their head, called *commission de surveillance*, are appointed by the government to inspect every workshop and the articles made in it, to guard against fraud in the adulteration of metals not of legal alloy, and thus to prevent any deterioration in a branch of industry productive of so great an advantage to Geneva. Lecoultre et François are recommended as respectable watchmakers; their shop is in the Rue de la Corratierie. The largest and most celebrated establishment for jewellery and watches is that of Hauette and Company. As a working jeweller, Schatz-Viguiet, at the corner of the Cité, is very good, and moderate in its prices. A good watch costs from 300 to 800 francs.

At the French custom-house, musical snuff-boxes, of Genevese manufacture, and watches, pay a duty of only 5 fr. each. Smuggling, once carried on to an enormous extent between the Swiss and French frontiers, has greatly diminished, owing to the modifications of the French tariff.

Theatrical performances, formerly interdicted in Geneva by one of the austere laws of Calvin, are now tolerated, and a *Salle de Spectacle* has been built close to the Porte Neuve. Voltaire greatly shocked the prejudices of the citizens by acting plays, as it were under their very nose, at Les Délices and Ferney. Rousseau writes to him, "Je ne vous aime pas; vous avez corrompu ma

république en lui donnant des spectacles."

Passports are demanded at the gates with strictness and formality. Before going to Chamouni (Route 115)—an excursion which no traveller should omit, as it includes the sublimest Alpine scenery in Europe—the signature of the *Sardinian* consul is necessary, and for it 2 francs are charged. Office, 274, Rue du Vieux-College: 8—12 A.M., and 3—6 P.M.

Kesman, bookseller, 171, Rue du Rhône, keeps a store of maps, guides, English books, &c.

The gates of Geneva are shut at 10 in the evening, and a small toll is exacted up to midnight, after which it is doubled. In former times they finally closed before midnight, and it will be remembered, that it was the accident of being shut out one evening on his return from a walk in the country, that induced Rousseau to fly from his native town and a tyrannical master, whom he, as a truant apprentice, feared to face.

On the grand Quai, close to the port where the steamers land, a *limnètre* (lake measure) has been erected to mark the rise and fall of the waters of the lake.

Near the *Boucheries*, on the same quay, the town maintains, at the public expense, a brace of Eagles. These birds are the armorial bearings of Geneva, as the bear is of Berne.

The *English Church* service is performed in the church of the hospital every Sunday at half-past 11.

Malle-poste to Paris in 35 hours, by Poligny, Dijon. *Diligences* go daily to Paris in 66 hours; to Lyons in 19 hours; to Berne in 18 hours; to Zurich and Basle in 44; to Lausanne, Vevey, and St. Maurice; to Neuchâtel in 12½ hours; to Chamouni daily; to Chambéry and Turin, by way of Annecy, 3 or 4 times a-week; daily over the Simplon to Milan, in 67 hours.

Geneva is lighted with gas (1845). The coal is brought from St. Etienne,

up the Rhone as far as Bellegarde.

Voituriers charge for a carriage with one horse 10 to 12 fr.; with two horses 24 fr. per diem.

Post-horses to Paris, Lyons; to Milan, by Thonon and the Simplon, to Chambéry and Turin, to Lausanne and Basle—120, Rue du Cendrier.

"Placed as Geneva is on the furthest range of those states in which freedom of trade is allowed, it may be useful to add that the English traveller, especially if he be proceeding to the French or Austrian dominions, will do well to provide himself here with those little English comforts which he will not find beyond the next custom-house. At the shop of Archinard and Bordiner, in the Rue Basse, all kinds of English cutlery and household goods may be had genuine. The *Demoiselles Lacour*, in the Grande Rue, are celebrated for gloves and ladies' shoes; and the tourist will not disdain to be told that Wistag, at the Château Royal, near the Porte de Cornavin, has the best supply of cigars, tobacco, and snuff which is to be met with on the Continent. Wesel, in the Grande Rue, has a complete assortment of English stationery."—R. Le Royer and Tingry, 49, Rue des Allemands, are good chemists.—E. S.

Steam-boats traverse the lake daily, and make the voyage to Villeneuve and back in 8½ hours (see p. 150).

Environ of Geneva.

Omibuses run to Carouge, Lancy, and Ferney every hour, from the Places de Bel Air, de Riva, de la Porte Neuve, and Porte de Cornavin.

It has been already observed that Geneva is chiefly distinguished for its beautiful situation on the margin of an enchanting lake, whose gently-sloping banks are scattered over with villas, surrounded by gardens, and looking more like English country-houses than any to be found in other parts of the Continent.

The rides, walks, and views in the vicinity are delightful, and almost endless, but the great charm of every prospect is the *Mont Blanc*, and the range of Alps of Savoy, when they deign to show themselves, which they do not, in perfect distinctness, more than sixty times a-year on an average. There cannot be a more lovely sight than that of *Mont Blanc*, and the surrounding *Aiguilles*, tinged with the pink hue which the departing sun sheds upon them in certain states of the atmosphere.

The *Ramparts*, no longer of much use as fortifications, serve as promenades. Three suspension bridges of iron wire have been thrown over them, to facilitate ingress and egress between the town and surrounding country. The *Bastion de Chante-Poulet* is a good point of view to see the lake and *Mont Blanc*.

In the Cemetery of *l'Isle Palois*, a little way beyond the *Porte Neuve*, Sir Humphry Davy, who died here in 1829, and near to him Decondolle, the botanist, are buried.

In the bed of the lake lie many granitic boulders, transported from the high Alps. Two of these, a short distance beyond the port of Geneva, and a little to the S.E. of the town, are so large as to project above the water. They are called *l'Arves de Niton*, from a tradition that sacrifices were offered upon them to the god *Neptunæ* by the Romans. Indeed, instruments of sacrifice have been found near them.

The junction of the *Arve* with the *Rhone* is worth visiting, and is best seen either from the tongue of land between the two rivers, which is reached on foot over the wire bridge to the rt. of the *Porte Neuve*, along the l. bank of the *Rhone* by the gas-works, or from the grounds of a country-house called *Chatellaine*, or *Campagne Matthieu*, on the rt. bank of the *Rhone*, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile beyond the *Porte de Cornavin*. On the way to it, *Les Délices*, a country-house of *Voltaire*, is passed.

The *Arve*, a furious torrent fed by the snows and glaciers of *Mont Blanc*, looks like a river of mud. The pellucid blue waters of the *Rhone*, driven on one side by the furious entrance of its new ally, for a long time refuse to mix with it, and the line of separation between the blue and white water is distinctly marked. At length the *Arve* gains the mastery; and the *Rhone*, once polluted, does not recover its purity before reaching the sea.

On the S.E. side of Geneva rises the *Mont Salève*, a long line of limestone precipices, seeming to impend over the town, though it is, in reality, 5 miles off, and within the *Sardinian* territory. Those who are acquainted with *Edinburgh* may be reminded of *Salisbury Crags* in looking at it. The S. side of this mountain is a gentle slope, covered with verdant pasture and sprinkled with houses. The whole of this vast inclined plane, facing the Alps, is strewn over with fragments of rock (protogine), identical with that of which *Mont Blanc* is composed. By what agency they have been transported hither—a distance of 50 miles, as the crow flies—let the geologist explain. The largest of these masses is 7 ft. long.

The summit of the *Salève*, more than 3100 ft. above the lake, is frequently scaled by the inhabitants of Geneva, who make picnic parties to enjoy the view from its summit. The shortest road to it is by *Carouge* and *Veyrier*, 3 miles; whence a very steep path, practicable only on foot, leads up a gap in the mountain, partly formed by steps cut in the rock, and called *Pas de l'Echelle*, to the village of *Monetier* (pronounced *Monté*) $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Those who cannot walk may reach *Monetier* by a carriage-road, which makes a detour of 8 miles from Geneva, through the beautiful village of *Mornex*, at the back of the mountain. The pleasantest way is to be driven to *Monetier*, thence to ascend the *Petit* or the *Grand Salève* on foot,

and to descend the *Pas de l'Echelle* on foot to Veyrier, whither the carriage may be sent round to wait for the party.

From Monetier to the top is about 2 miles. The view extends S. up the valley of the Arve over the Mole to Mont Blanc; E. over a vast expanse of the lake, N. to the town of Geneva, the Rhone, and the Jura behind; W. the eye follows the valley of the Rhone as far as the gap in the Jura mountain, through which the river forces its way into France.

On the S. shore of the lake, about 2 miles from Geneva, and a little to the E. of the high road to Thonon, is the *Campagne Diodati*, Lord Byron's residence in 1816, where he wrote 'Manfred,' and the third canto of 'Childe Harold.'

The object of the greatest attraction to travellers, however, near Geneva, is, commonly, Ferney, the residence of Voltaire. It is situated within the French territory, about 5 miles N. of Geneva, on the road to Paris by Gex. On the way thither, near Grand Saconnex, an eminence presents one of the best points of view of Mont Blanc.

Voltaire resided for nearly 20 years at Ferney, from 1759 to 1777. He may be said to be the founder of the village, which, before his time, consisted of but 6 or 8 hovels. He collected industrious colonists, introduced useful manufactures among them, and improved his estate of about 900 acres by draining, &c., besides building on it the *Château* which still exists. On the E. hand, as you enter the gates, stands the *Church*, originally inscribed with the words, "*Deo erexit Voltaire.*" The *Theatre* stood opposite, in which his own tragedies were acted by amateurs, but it no longer exists. The *Château* was never handsome, and is now somewhat dilapidated. Two rooms are still preserved, nearly in the state in which Voltaire left them. The furniture is faded by time, and decayed princi-

pally through the depredations of mischievous relic-hunting visitors. The curtains of his bed are reduced to one-third of their original length by such thefts, and if the practice be not arrested, will soon disappear altogether. On the walls of his bed-room hang some bad prints, but selected and placed there by himself; and worse paintings of his friends, Frederick the Great (a present from that king), Le Kain the actor, Catherine II. of Russia (executed in needlework by her own hand), and Madame de Châtelet. The Russian Empress, it will be remembered, sent an embassy from St. Petersburg to Ferney to compliment the Nestor of poets. On one side of the room is a monument, intended to hold his heart, which was removed to Paris by the French. It is inscribed, "*Mes larmes sont consolées puisque mon cœur est au milieu de vous.*" It was set up by his adopted daughter, the Marquise de Vilette, and bears a strong resemblance to a German stove. By the side of it hang portraits of his seamstress, of the Savoyard boy, his servant, and of Pope Ganganelli. In the ante-room is a singular picture, painted by some artist of sign-post capacity, but designed by Voltaire himself. On the E. hand he appears in the act of being introduced to Apollo by Henry IV., who holds in his hand a copy of the '*Henriade.*' On the opposite side the same Voltaire is seen conducted in triumph by the Muses to the Temple of Memory, while his enemies and detractors, prostrated before him, writhe in torments beneath his feet.

The situation of Ferney is most charming, in full view of the lake and of Mont Blanc; but of its beauty Voltaire seems to have had no idea, or, at least, no taste for it, as the windows of the house are turned directly away from the landscape. In the garden is a long berceau walk, closely arched over with clipped horn-beam—a verdant cloister, with gaps

out in it here and there, admitting a glimpse of the prospect. Here he used to walk up and down, and dictate to his secretary. Among the trees of the grove round the house is an elm planted by his own hand in 1763: it was struck by lightning in 1824. The old gardener of Voltaire, who was living within a few years, related some curious particulars of his master. He was always addressed by the people of the village as "Monseigneur." He drove out every day in a gilt coach, drawn by 4 horses; and he was a terror to all the little boys he met in his walks. Ferney has recently been purchased by a Frenchman for 18,000 fr.

Perte du Rhône.—For travellers who are unacquainted with the route from Lyons to Geneva, the excursion to the Perte du Rhône at Bellegarde, on the French frontier, may be recommended. The distance is about 16 miles, and by starting early it may easily be accomplished in a day. The road lies through St. Genix, where it turns off to the W., and skirts the base of the Jura to Collonges. A little beyond this village you enter

— "where the swift Rhone cleaves his way between
Heights which appear as lovers who have parted."

The lofty Vuache on the side of Savoy, and the huge mass of the highest part of the Jura chain, slope precipitously down to the torrent of the Rhone. The road hangs midway in this prodigious passage; and the celebrated *Fort de l'Ecluse*, the fortress which gives its name to the pass, commands this entrance of France. Infinite labour and expense have been used by the French government to strengthen this position. Additional batteries have been hewn in the rock above the lower fortress, and these communicate with the guard-rooms below by a broad staircase, more than 100 feet in height, hewn inside the solid mountain.

Leave may sometimes be obtained from the governor to view the fortress; but at any rate the road passes through it, and enables the traveller to see something of its remarkable defences. From Collonges to Bellegarde (*Hôtel de la Poste*) the road sweeps along the wild gorge through which the Rhone pours. At Bellegarde it crosses the narrow and rocky bed of the Valserine. The traveller will walk from the inn to the Perte du Rhone ($\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile); he will find plenty of squalid guides to show him the spot where the river, which he has accompanied from the clear cistern of its waters through the rough mountain pass, plunges at once beneath an accumulation of broken rocks which have fallen from above and covered its bed from side to side. When the waters are tolerably low, as in the spring or winter, the whole river is absorbed for a distance of 120 yards; but the Sardinian government, to facilitate the floating of timber, &c., has blown up a considerable portion of the covering rocks, and laid bare the channel. The bed of the Valserine is more picturesque, and scarcely less curious than the Perte. It is also deeply cut in the rock, but not so deep as the bed of the Rhone, consequently has to make a leap to join it. At the junction are some very picturesque mills (*Moulin de Musel*), one of which was nearly annihilated by a falling rock, 1844. It is worth while to descend from the garden of the inn into the worn channel of this little river, which is almost dry in summer time, except where a runlet of its water burrows into the clefts and fantastic bends of the calcareous rock.

Another pleasant excursion may be made to D'Ivonne where the river Versoix takes its rise in a pretty grotto at the foot of the Jura; and people go to eat the small delicate trout which are taken in it. The view from the terrace of the Château D'Ivonne is very fine. The best road to go is by

Coppet and Celigny (where the waterfalls should also be visited), and to return by Ferney. The distance from Geneva to D'Ivoire is about 8 miles.

Chamouni and Lake Lemman may be explored in 4 days from Geneva—thus, 1st, by early steamer to Lausanne or Vevey—by 2nd steamer on to Chillon—in the evening by the Milan diligence to Martigny; 2nd, by the Tête Noire or Col de Balm to Chamouni (R. 115); 3rd, at Chamouni; 4th, back to Geneva.

ROUTE 55.

THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

Lake Lemman, in a Calm.

"Clear, placid Lemman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwell in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake

Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing

To waft me from destruction; once I loved

Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a Sister's voice re-
proved,

That I with stern delights should e'er have
been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dark, yet clear,

Mellowed and mingled, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose cap heights appear

Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,

Of flowers yet fresh with childhood; on the ear

Drops the light drip of the suspended ear,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night
carol more.

* * * * *

At intervals, some bird from out the brakes

Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,

But that is fancy,—for the starlight dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away."

Lake Lemman, in a Storm.

"Thy sky is changed!—and such a change!
Oh night,

And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,

Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along,

From peak to peak, the rattling crags
among

Leaps the live thunder! Not from one
lone cloud,

But every mountain now hath found a
tongue,

And Jura answers, through her misty
shroud,

Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her
aloud!

Now, where the swift Rhone cleaves his
way between

Heights which appear as lovers who have
parted

In hate, whose mingling depths so intervene
That they can meet no more, though
broken hearted!

Though in their souls, which thus each
other thwarted

Love was the very root of the fond rage
Which blighted their life's bloom, and then
departed:

Itself expired, but leaving them an age
Of years all winters,—war within them-
selves to wage.

Now, where the quick Rhone thus hath
cleft his way,

The mightiest of the storms hath ta'en his
stand:

For here, not one, but many, make their
play,

And fling their thunder-bolts from hand to
hand,

Flashing and cast around. of all the band,
The brightest through these parted hills
hath fork'd

His lightnings,—as if he did understand,
That in such gaps as desolation work'd,
There the hot shaft should blast whatever
therein lurk'd.

And this is in the night:—Most glorious
night!

Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight,—

A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,

And the big rain comes dancing to the
earth!

And now again 'tis black,—and now, the
glee

Of the loud hills shakes with its mountain-
mirth,

As if they did rejoice o'er a young earth-
quake's birth.

Sky, mountains, river, winds, lake, light-
nings! ye!

With night, and clouds, and thunder, and
a soul

To make these felt and feelings, well may
be

Things that have made me watchful; the
far roll

Of your departing voice, is the knell
Of what in me is sleeping,—if I rest.
But where of ye, oh temporal is the goal?
Are ye like those within the human breast?
Or do ye find, at length, like eagles, some
high nest?
Bracon.

The Lake of Geneva, called by the Romans *Lacus Lemanus*, has nearly the shape of a half moon, its horns being turned towards the S. It is the largest lake in Switzerland, being 55 miles long, measured close to its N. shore, and about 40 miles along its S. bank, it is 6 miles wide at the broadest part (between Rolle and Thonon), and its greatest depth (between Evian and Ouchy) is 900 ft. Its waters often vary in one year more than 50 inches, being usually lowest in the winter, between January and April, and highest in August and part of July and September, owing to the supplies then derived from the melting snows and glaciers. Besides these periodical variations, the lake is subject to other more arbitrary changes of level, called *seiches*. This phenomenon consists of a sudden rise and fall of the water in particular parts of the lake, independently of the agency of the wind or of any other apparent cause. It is most common in the vicinity of Geneva. During these oscillations the waters sometimes rise 6 ft., though the usual increase is not more than 2; it never lasts longer than 25 minutes, but it is generally less. The cause of these *seiches* has not been explained with certainty, but it is believed to depend upon the unequal pressure of the atmosphere upon different parts of the surface of the lake; and they are observed to occur most commonly when the clouds are heavy and low. The lake never freezes over entirely, owing to its great depth; but in severe winters the lower extremity is covered with ice. The sand and mud brought down by the Rhone and deposited around its mouth have caused considerable encroachments upon its upper extremity: even within the records of history *Porte Vallais* stood on its margin, and its

basin is reported to have originally extended upwards as far as *Hex*.

"*Mon lac est le premier*," are the words in which Voltaire has vaunted the beauties of the Lake of Geneva; and it must be confessed that, though it wants the gloomy sublimity of the Bay of Uri and the sunny softness of the Italian lakes, with their olive and citron groves, it has high claims to admiration. It also possesses great variety of scenery. The vine-covered slopes of Vaud contrast well with the abrupt, rocky precipices of Savoy. Near Geneva the hills subside, admitting an exquisite view of *Mont Blanc*, whose snowy summit, though 60 miles distant, is often reflected in its waters.

"Lake Lemman wore me with its crystal face,
The mirror where the stars and mountains
view
The stillness of their aspect in each trace
Its clear depth yields of their far height
and base."

At its eastern or upper extremity it extends to the very base of the high Alps, which by their close vicinity give its scenery a character of increased magnificence.

The boats on the lake are very picturesque, having latine sails like the craft of the Mediterranean.

Among the fish of the lake trout are rare; the Lotte, on which Rousseau's Julie makes her last repast, is described as "*une espèce de barbeau assez fade, peu cher, et commun*."

Steam-boats.—Steamers leave Geneva and Villeneuve, at the two extremities of the lake, at 8½ A.M., and 2½ P.M. They make the voyage from one end to the other in about 4½ hours. The best and swiftest are *l'Helvétie* and *l'Aigle*. The *Leman* runs on alternate days to either end of the lake in 6½ hours. The steamers do not take carriages. They stop to land and receive passengers at Coppet, Nyon, Rolle, Morges, Ouchy (the port of Lausanne), Vevay, and Villeneuve—all situated on the N. shore of the lake, and described in the next route.

There is no direct water-communication between Geneva and the towns on the S. (Savoyard) side of the lake, described in Route 57.

ROUTE 56.

GENEVA TO MARTIGNY, BY LAUSANNE, VEVAY, CHILLON, &c., AND ST. MAURICE.

17½ posts = 83 Eng. miles.

This is a post-road, tolerably supplied with post-horses, the charges being the same as in France, viz., 1 fr. 50 c. for each horse per post, and 75 c. to the postillion; for every person in the carriage above the number of horses 1 fr. is charged. The post-boys expect 40 sous a post. $\frac{1}{2}$ 5.

Diligences go twice a-day to Lausanne, and daily to Martigny. A *voiturier* will take about 6½ hours to Lausanne, exclusive of stoppages. The tolls at each post are heavy.

N.B. The road by the S. shore of the lake (Route 57) to St. Maurice is 2½ posts shorter than this by Lausanne.

The greater part of the first stage out of Geneva lies among villas and pleasure grounds not unlike English country-seats. Few spots in Europe present so many admirable sites for a dwelling as the shores of Lake Lemán in full view of Mont Blanc. After a mile or two Mont Blanc is hid behind the intervening mountains of Voirons, and does not reappear until near Nyon.

The parish of Versoix, through which the road passes, formerly belonged to France. The Duke de Choiseul, minister of Louis XV., irritated with some proceedings of the inhabitants of Geneva, proposed to raise a rival city at Versoix which should deprive Geneva of its trade. A pier was projected into the lake, to form a port, a grand place was laid down, and streets running at right angles were marked out; but beyond

this the plan was never carried into execution. Hence the verses of Voltaire:—

"A Versoix nous avons des rues,
Mais nous n'avons pas de maisons."

A little beyond Versoix (now an inconsiderable village), we pass out of the canton of Geneva into that of Vaud.

1½ Coppet—(Inn: Ange)—a small village of 600 inhab., only remarkable for the *Château*, immediately behind it, but so placed as to command no view of the lake. It is now the property of the widow of the late Baron de Staël. It is a plain edifice, forming three sides of a square, the front towards the lake being flanked with a tower at each end. It was the residence of Madame de Staël the author, as well as of her father, the French minister Necker. There are portraits of her by David, of her parents M. and Madame Necker, and a marble bust of M. Rocca, Madame de Staël's second husband. One room is pointed out as the study in which the author of *Corinne* composed many of her works. Her inkstand and desk are still preserved. The grounds are traversed by shady walks; and a clump of trees surrounded by a wall, in a field a little to the W. of the house, shrouds from view a sort of chapel in which Necker and his daughter are buried.

1½ Nyon—(Inn: Couronne)—a town of 2682 inhab., stands on a height; but its suburbs, through which the high road runs, extends down to the lake. It was the Roman *Novidunum*.

An excellent carriage-road ascends the Jura from this in zigzags to St. Cergues (Route 53). From the top of the Dôle, on the left of this road, and 15 miles from Nyon, there is an exquisite view (see p. 146).

1½ Rolle. (Inn: Tête Noire, small and not first rate). The hills around this village are covered with vineyards, producing a tolerable wine.

One of the best Vandois wines is grown on the slope between Rolle and Aubonne, called *La Côte*.

On the opposite shore of the lake is discerned the Gulf of Thonon, and the snowy head of Mont Blanc peering over the mountains of the Chablais. A little farther on the rocks of Meillerie and the entrance of the Val-lain appear.

1½ *Morges*. (*Inn*: *La Couronne*.) Behind this little town of 2000 inhab. rises the old *Castle of Wufffles*, distinguished by its tall square donjon and group of minor turrets, built of brick, with deep machicolations. It is said to have been built by Queen Bertha in the tenth century. It is well preserved and highly picturesque. On the next stage the river Venoge is crossed.

The distant view of Lausanne, seated on sloping hills and surmounted by its cathedral and castle, is pleasing. Between it and the lake, at the distance of ½ of a mile, stands the suburb or village of Ouchy, which may be termed the port of Lausanne. (*Inn*: *Ancre*, at the water-side, very good and cheap. The landlady is English. Families may live here on pension at the rate of 50 fr. a-week each person.) Lord Byron wrote the *Prisoner of Chillon* in this little inn, in the short space of two days, during which he was detained here by bad weather, June, 1816: "thus adding one more deathless association to the already immortalized localities of the lake." Omnibuses ply between Ouchy and Lausanne—fare ½ fr. or 1 fr. with luggage.

Traversing the shady promenade of Montbenon we enter

1½ *LAUSANNE*. (*Inns*: *Hôtel Gibbon*, one of the best in Switzerland; good accommodation at the customary charges; *table-d'hôte* at 1, 5, and 8 P.M. *Faucon*, excellent. *Bellevue*—reasonable, well kept and situated.) Lausanne, capital of the canton Vaud, contains 15,000 inhab. The *Pays de Vaud* (Germ. *Waadtland*) was origi-

nally subject to the Dukes of Savoy, but, having been conquered by the Bernese, remained tributary to the republic for 2½ centuries, until 1798, when it purchased its own independence. The town stands on the lower slope of the *Mont Jorat*, which sinks gradually down to the lake, but is intersected by several ravines, giving it the form of distinct eminences. From this cause the streets ranging over broken ground are a series of ups and downs. many are very steep, and run in a direction parallel to the lake, so as to exclude all view of it. A causeway and viaduct have been made to span the valley from the front of the *Hôtel Gibbon*, and a winding road, carried on a level along its E. bank, render the centre of the town and cathedral much more accessible than formerly. The older streets are mostly narrow and not very clean, and few of the houses stand on the same level. If the stranger would emerge from this labyrinth of dusky buildings to look about him, he must climb up the steep ascent behind. A very good point of view is the

Terrace of the Cathedral. At the foot of the flight of steps leading to it from the market-place ask for the keys of the door kept at the sexton's house, No. 6. The *Cathedral*, a very extensive building, and internally the finest Gothic church in Switzerland, "was founded A.D. 1000, and some traces of the original edifice may be noticed in the groined arches behind the altar. With this exception the building dates from 1275. The interior is so singular in its construction, and so very beautiful, that we offer a brief and very imperfect notice of it. Upon entering the W. door, two piers are seen on the right and left, each consisting of a thick central column, surrounded by six distinct and detached columns of the same height but smaller diameter. Each of these piers is surrounded by another, which would altogether resemble its subordinate, if a wall projecting from the side did not take the place of one

of the smaller columns;—these groups of columns stand at the angles of a porch of four arches, the singularity and beauty of which are greatly increased by two apses which are attached to it on the north and south sides. Beyond this is another porch, in which the vaulting, ribs, and arch mouldings are most beautifully supported by a series of detached slender columns. On entering the nave, two wide arches are seen on the right and on the left, and these are succeeded, on each side, by six narrower arches, the arrangement of which is so peculiar, that they suggest the idea of their having been experiments in architectural construction during the transition period. They are thus described by Mr. Wallis:—"Each alternate pier consists of 12 parts, or shafts—namely, 3 on each floor for the vaulting of the nave and side aisles respectively, and 3 for the pier arches. But of the interposed ones, the first has coupled columns for the pier arch, and a lateral sub-shaft for its sub-arch; the next has a single round shaft for the pier arch, and a stout detached shaft in front of it, which, running up to the roof, carries 3 vaulting ribs in a group upon a round abacus, the next, with a similar arrangement for the pier arch, has a slender shaft in front, supporting the simple rib of a six-partite vault, of which this is the only compartment, the rest of the nave having quadripartite vaults."—The circular apse, at the eastern end, is singular and complete, both as a continuation of the nave and of the aisles. The Triborium Gallery is carried continuously along the nave, the transept, and the apse; above it is a second gallery, equally complete, but it is arranged in compartments of triple arches, for the purpose of enabling it to conform to the openings of the windows. Within the central Tower, but at a higher level, are two similar galleries, equally complete. At the eastern sides of the transept are two compartments, which form, as it were, 3 aisles to that part

of the building;—the walls of them, as well as of the side aisles and the apsidal aisles, are lined throughout with a succession of low columns supporting trefoil or quatrifoil arches."—P. L.

Among the monuments within the church are a mailed effigy of Otho of Granson, whose ancestor, Otto de Grandson, held several important offices in England, under Henry III. and Edward I.; and the tomb of Victor Amédée VIII. (Voltaire's "*Bizarre Amédée*"), who was Duke of Savoy, Bishop of Geneva, and pope under the title of Felix V., but resigned in succession all these dignities, preferring to end his days as a monk in the convent of Ripaille, on the opposite shore of the lake. It is much mutilated. The monument of Mrs. Stratford Canning, a vase with a bas-relief, by Bartolini (not by Canova, as most guide-books have it), is not very remarkable. Here also is interred the venerated Bernard de Menthon, founder of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard, which is named after him.

On another platform, a little way behind the Terrace of the Cathedral, stands the *Castle*, a picturesque, massive square tower with four turrets at the angles. It was originally the residence of the Bishops of Lausanne, but is now the council-house of the canton.

Lausanne possesses a *College*, founded 1587, and a *Cantonal Museum*, in which are some objects of interest,—such as a collection of minerals from Bex and a model of the salt mines there. It is not deficient in the other branches of natural history. A specimen of the *silurus glanis*, one of the largest fresh-water fishes, came from the Lake of Morat. Many antiquities discovered within the canton, at Aventicum, and on the borders of the Lake Lemán, are preserved here.

The house of Gibbon, in which he completed the *History of Rome*, is in

the lower part of the town, behind the church of St. Francis, and on the right of the road leading down to Ouchy. Both it and the garden have been much changed. The wall of the Hôtel Gibbon occupies the site of his summer-house, and the terrace walk has been destroyed to make room for the garden of the hotel, but the terrace overlooking the lake, and a few acacias, remain.

"It was on the day, or rather the night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen I took several turns in a berceau, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waves, and all nature was silent."—*Gibbon's Life*.

"Much has been done within the last 15 years by the canton of Vaud to improve the institutions of this little state. The Penitentiary, Prison, and Normal School, may interest some travellers."—H. R.

There is an excellent reading-room here (? *Camino*), to which strangers are admitted by a member's introduction.

The English church service is performed every Sunday in the Chapelle du Calte, but an English chapel has been built. The Lutheran service is also performed in the same building in the course of the day.

N.B.—The Sardinian minister resides here, and signs passports for Chamouni, Turin, the Simplon, or any other part of Sardinia. The omission of this may lead to detention. Charge 2 fr.

The Post and Diligence-office is in the Place St. François, near the church. Omnibus to Yverdon—in the afternoon to Vevay. Diligences run daily in summer from Lausanne to Vevay and Bex, to Bernat, to Geneva, to Neu-

châtel, and to Hâle. The office for post-horses is in the Rue Marthury, No. 57.

N.B. *Posting* (§ 5) begins at Lausanne, and continues over the Simplon into Italy, and by Geneva into France.

Steam-boats touch at Ouchy, the suburb of Lausanne, at the water-side, twice a-day, on their way to either extremity of the lake. Omnibuses convey travellers to and fro.

The neighbourhood of Lausanne is unrivalled for the number and beauty of the walks which it presents. Partial and pleasing glimpses of the lake are obtained from the terraces within the town, and from that of Montbenon, just outside the walls, on the way to Geneva, but far more extensive and beautiful prospects are presented from the heights above it. The best spot for an extensive survey is the elevated platform called the Signal, but the ascent to it is very fatiguing. Near it is the extensive forest of Sauvabellin (*Silva Helvæ*), in which it is said the Druids once worshipped the god Bel, and thence its name. There are a great number of country-seats in the vicinity; that of Vernat is highly praised; its grounds have the character of an English park, with the Alps and the lake in addition. Cooper, the American novelist, thus describes the view from the heights above Lausanne:—"The form of the lake prevents an entire view of it from any single spot. One is as well placed at Lausanne as at any other spot perhaps for such a purpose; but even there the W end of the sheet is quite concealed by the curvature. If the foot of the lake is hid from the eye, its head, on the contrary, lies open before the spectator, and it offers one of the grandest landscapes of this the noblest of all earthly regions. In that direction the mountains of Savoy rise like ramparts, and the valley of the Rhone retires in the distance, until it is lost in the sublimity of mystery (?). Whichever way the eye wanders over the wide

range of hill-sides, villages, vineyards, mountains, and blue water, it never fails to return to this one spot, which on the whole offers one of the nicest combinations of the great and the enchanting in scenery of any place within my knowledge." Mont Blanc is not visible from the Signal, but may be seen from the top of the Jorat, on the road to Berne.

About 2 miles out of Lausanne, beyond the Calvaire, on the Berne road, is the *Cemetery of Pierre de Plain*. John Philip Kemble, the tragedian, is buried within it.

The road to Vevay is very narrow, and partly enclosed between the high walls of vineyards, rendering it very tiresome, and in summer dreadfully hot, being unsheltered by trees. It improves near Vevay, as the gorge of the Rhone appears in sight, overlooked by the snowy peaks of the Dent de Midi.

At Pully, on the way from Lausanne to Vevay, an inferior sort of coal, abounding in sulphur, is dug from a mine in the hill-side.

2½* *Vevay* (*Inns* : Trois Couronnes, kept by Monnet;—close to the lake :—one of the best inns in Switzerland, comfortable and clean : a very large house and a civil landlord. This is one of the most enjoyable places in Switzerland. A room is fitted up in the house for the English Church service, and a chaplain resides here to perform it. *Ville de Loudrea*.)—H.

Vevay (Germ. *Vivis*, the Roman *Vibiscum*) is the second town in canton Vaud, and has 4722 inhab. It is principally distinguished for the exceeding beauty of its situation, on the margin of the Lake Lemman, at a point where the scenery of its banks is perhaps most beautiful. The writings of Rousseau have contributed not a little to its celebrity in this respect. He says in his *Confessions*—"J'allai

à Vevay loger à la clef, et pendant deux jours que j'y restai sans voir personne, je pris pour cette ville un amour qui m'a suivi dans tous mes voyages, et qui m'y a fait établir enfin les héros de mon roman. Je dirai volontiers à ceux qui ont du goût et qui sont sensibles, Allez à Vevay, visitez le pays, examinez les sites, promenez vous sur le lac, et dites si la nature n'a pas fait ce beau pays pour une Julie, pour une Claire, et pour un Saint Preux ; mais ne les y cherchez pas."

From the little terrace at the end of the market-place the eye surveys the scenery of the Nouvelle Heloise. On the E. the village of Clarena, Montreux, Chillon ; beyond it Villeneuve and the gorge of the Rhone, backed by the gigantic Alps of the Vallais, the Dent de Midi, and Pain de Sucre (neighbours of the Great St. Bernard) ; while on the opposite shore of the lake rise the rocks of Meillerie, surmounted by the peaks of the Dent d'Oche, and the village of St. Gingough, at the foot of the mountains.

In the *Church of St. Martin*, a little above the town, situated amidst trees and vineyards, and used only in summer (date 1439), Ludlow the regicide is buried, as well as Broughton, who read the sentence of death to Charles I. They died here in exile, a price having been set upon their heads ; and repeated applications were made to the canton of Berne to deliver them up, which the government very properly refused to accede to. *Ludlow's house* still exists on the road to La Tour de Peil ; he placed over his doorway this inscription—"Omne solum forti patria."

"The Frères Weibel, 53, Rue d'Italie, are recommended as *voituriers*."—M.

The wines of the neighbourhood of Vevay, especially of the sunny district extending hence to Lausanne, and called *La Vaux*, enjoy a considerable reputation. The Romans are be-

* Four lieues de poste.

lied to have first planted the vine on these hills; and the discovery of a stone inscribed "*Libero Patri Colliensi*" proves that they had erected a temple to Father Bacchus at Collium, a little village now called Cully, on the margin of the lake, between Vevay and Lausanne.

A society or guild of high antiquity, called *l'Abbaye des Vignerons*, having for its motto the words "*Orn et labors*," exists at Vevay. Its object is to promote the cultivation of the vine, and for this purpose it despatches every spring and autumn "experts," qualified persons, to survey all the vineyards of the district, and upon their report and testimony it rewards the most skilful and industrious vinedressers with medals and pruning-hooks (*serpes d'honneur*) as prizes.

In accordance with a custom handed down from very ancient times, which is possibly a relic of pagan superstition, this society celebrates once in 15 or 20 years a festival called *la Fête des Vignerons*. It commences with the ceremony of crowning the most successful cultivator of the vine, which is followed and accompanied by dances and processions formed of the lads and lasses of the neighbourhood attired as Fauns bearing the thyrsus, and nymphs. Father Bacchus in his car, and Ceres throned on a waggon filled with wheatheaves, appear in the most classical costume in the midst of their followers. But the procession includes a singular mixture of scriptural characters along with these heathen Bacchanals. Thus Sileas riding on his ass is followed by Noah in his ark, and Pomona is succeeded by the spies from Canaan bearing between them the bunch of grapes. A vine-press and a forge at work are also exhibited, drawn by fine horses. On other days of the fête (for it lasts for several) the spectators are entertained with the native dances and songs of Switzerland, performed by the herdsmen and shep-

herdsmen of the neighbouring Alps; and the concluding and perhaps the most interesting part of the festivities consists in the bestowing upon a young maiden, the fairest in fame and form in the vicinity, a dower, and in the celebration of her marriage with a partner of her choice. As many as 700 persons took part in the last festival, and one of the ballet-masters of the French opera repaired hither from Paris, several weeks beforehand, to drill and instruct the rustics in dancing. The ground was kept by 100 young men in the picturesque ancient Swiss costume, which has been delineated by Holbein. The 2 last anniversaries were in 1819 and 1833, and multitudes of spectators flocked from all parts to witness them.

The road from Vevay to Freyburg by Bulle is described Route 41.

The path from Vevay over the Dent de Jaman, and the road thence to Thun, in the same Route 41.

About 2 miles off, on a swelling eminence overlooking the lake, stands the ancient *Caste of Blonay*, which has belonged to the same family for 700 years. Further on, above Clarens, is *Chatelard*, another castle.

About a mile out of Vevay the hamlet of *La Tour de Peil*, with a castle built at the water-side in the 13th century, is passed. 3 miles further lies

Clarens, so sentimentally described by Rousseau in the *Nouvelle Héloïse*. It commands certainly one of the finest views over the lake—the mountains of the Rhone valley and of the opposite shore, but in itself is a poor village, far less attractive than many of its neighbours, and it probably owes its celebrity to a well-sounding name, which fitted it for the pages of a romance. Rousseau's admirers have puzzled themselves with endeavouring to identify the localities, though he has himself stated that they are "*grossièrement altérés*." The spot on which the beautiful "*bosquet de Julie*" is sought for is now a potato-field. Byron

says that the trees were cut down by the monks of St. Bernard, and lavishes some unworthy and undeserved abuse upon those hospitable ecclesiastics; but he has forgotten to ask whether the bosquet really ever had any existence except in Rousseau's imagination. Byron, indeed, viewed the spot with a poet's eye, and the exquisite beauty of the surrounding scenery, which has been accurately described by Rousseau, called up all the poet's enthusiasm and inspiration.

"Clarens! sweet Clarens, birthplace of deep Love!

Thine air is the young breath of passionate thought:

Thy trees take root in Love; the snows above

The very glaciers have his colours caught,
And sunset into rose-hues sees them wrought

By rays which sleep there lovingly the rocks,

The permanent crags, tell here of Love,
who sought

In them a refuge from the worldly shocks
Which stir and sting the soul with hope that
weas, then mocks.

"Clarens! by heavenly feet thy paths are trod—

Undying Love's, who here ascends a throne

To which the steps are mountains; where the god

Is a pervading life and light,—so shown
Not on those summits solely, nor alone
In the still cave and forest; o'er the flower
His eye is sparkling, and his breath hath blown,

His soft and summer breath, whose tender power

Passes the strength of storms in their most desolate hour.

"All things are here of him; from the black pines,

Which are his shade on high, and the loud roar

Of torrents, where he listeneth, to the vines
Which slope his green path downward to the shore,

Where the bow'd waters meet him, and adore,

Kissing his feet with murmurs; and the wood,

The covert of old trees, with trunks all hoar,

But light leaves, young as joy, stands where it stood,

Offering to him and his a populous solitude.

"A populous solitude of bees and birds,
And fairy-form'd and many-colour'd things,

Who worship him with notes more sweet than words,

And innocently open their glad wings,
Fearless and full of life: the gush of springs,

And fall of lofty fountains, and the bend
Of stirring branches, and the bud which brings

The swiftest thought of beauty, here extend,

Mingling, and made by Love, unto one mighty end.

"'Twas not for fiction chose Rousseau this spot,

Peopling it with affections; but he found
It was the scene which passion must allot

To the mind's purified beings; 't was the ground

Where early Love his Psyche's zone unbound,

And hallow'd it with loveliness: 'tis lone,
And wonderful, and deep, and hath a sound,

And sense, and sight of sweetness; here the Rhone

Hath spread himself a couch, the Alps have rear'd a throne."

"In July, 1816, I made a voyage round the lake of Geneva; and, as far as my own observations have led me in a not uninterested nor inattentive survey of all the scenes most celebrated by Rousseau in his 'Héloïse,' I can safely say that in this there is no exaggeration. It would be difficult to see Clarens (with the scenes around it—Vevay, Chillon, Bouveret, St. Gingo, Meillerie, Evian, and the entrances of the Rhone) without being forcibly struck with its peculiar adaptation to the persons and events with which it has been peopled. But this is not all; the feeling with which all around Clarens, and the opposite rocks of Meillerie, is invested, is of a still higher and more comprehensive order than the mere sympathy with individual passion; it is a sense of the existence of love in its most extended and sublime capacity, and of our own participation of its good and of its glory; it is the great principle of the universe, which is there more condensed, but not less manifested, and of which, though knowing ourselves

a part, we lose our individuality, and mingle in the beauty of the whole. If Rousseau had never written nor lived, the same associations would not less have belonged to such scenes. He has added to the interest of his works by their adoption; he has shown his sense of their beauty by the selection, but they have done that for him which no human being could do for them. I had the fortune (good or evil as it might be) to sail from Meillerie (where we landed for some time) to St. Gingo, during a lake storm, which added to the magnificence of all around, although occasionally accompanied by danger to the boat, which was small and overloaded. It was over this very part of the lake that Rousseau has driven the boat of St. Preux and Madame Wolmar to Meillerie for shelter during a tempest. On gaining the shore at St. Gingo, I found that the wind had been sufficiently strong to blow down some fine old chestnut-trees on the lower part of the mountains."—*Byron*.

Chailly, the residence of Rousseau's friend Madame de Warens, lies above Clarens, at some distance from the road. The house still exists.

The swelling hills and vine-clad slopes, which form the banks of the lake nearly all the way from Geneva, here give place to beetling crags and lofty precipices rising abruptly from the water's edge. The road sweeps in curves round the retired bays at their feet.

Montreux—(In: Couronne, in a good situation; people not very clean). Near Montreux is the Hôtel du Cygne, well placed on the shore of the lake.

The village of Montreux is much prettier in itself and in its situation than Clarens. It lies at the foot of the Dent de Jaman, across which runs a path into the Simmenthal (Route 41).

"It is celebrated as the most sheltered spot on the banks of the lake of Geneva, and the remarkable salo-

brity of its climate renders it desirable winter-quarters for invalids who cannot cross the Alps. Very good accommodation may be had in the village inn. Boarding and lodging houses are also to be met with there. The traveller who turns aside from the high-road to the churchyard of Montreux will carry away from that enchanting spot one of the sweetest impressions of his life. The statistical researches of Sir F. d'Ivernois have shown that Montreux is the place in the world where there is the smallest proportion of deaths and of imprudent marriages. The old pastor Bridel, the head of this happy community, is a hale mountaineer, full of the legends and beauties of the country he has wandered over for nearly 80 years, and will give a hearty welcome to the traveller."—*R.*

About 2 miles from Montreux stands the picturesque and renowned *Castle of Chillon*, on an isolated rock surrounded by deep water, but within a stone's throw of the shore and of the road, with which it communicates by a wooden bridge. It was built in 1238 by Amedeus IV. of Savoy, and was long used as a state prison, where, among other victims, many of the early reformers were immured. When Byron, in the *Prisoner of Chillon*, described the sufferings of an imaginary captive, he was not acquainted with the history of the real prisoner, Bonivard, prior of St. Victor, who, having rendered himself obnoxious to the Duke of Savoy by his exertions to free the Genevese from the Savoyard yoke, was seized by the Duke's emissaries, and secretly carried off to this castle. For 6 long years he was buried in its deepest dungeon, on a level with the surface of the lake. The ring by which he was attached to one of the pillars still remains, and the stone floor at its base is worn by his constant pacing to and fro. Byron afterwards wrote the sonnet on Bonivard, from which the following lines are taken:—

"Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
And thy sad floor an altar, for 't was
 trod
Until his very steps have left a trace
Worn, as if the cold pavement were a
 bed,
By Bonivard! May none those marks
 efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God."

At length, in 1536, the Swiss wrested the Pays de Vaud from the hands of Charles V. of Savoy. Chillon was the last place which held out for him; but an army of 7000 Bernese besieging it by land, while the galleys of the Genevese assaulted it by water, soon compelled it to surrender, and Bonivard, with other captives, was set free. The changes which had occurred during the years of his imprisonment almost realized the legend of the Seven Sleepers. He had left Geneva a Roman Catholic state, and dependent on the Duke of Savoy; he found her free, and a republic, openly professing the reformed faith.

The castle is now converted into a magazine for military stores. A curious old chapel serves as a powder-magazine, and is not shown. Strangers are readily conducted over other parts of it, and (independent of the associations connected with the building) may find something to interest them in its "potence et cachots." The former is a beam, black with age, extended across one of the vaults, to which the condemned were formerly hung. The cachot is an oubliette, whose only entrance was by a trap-door in the floor above. The dungeon of Bonivard is airy and spacious, consisting of two aisles, almost like the crypt of a church; its floor and one side are formed by the living rock, and it is lighted by several windows, through which the sun's light passes by reflection from the surface of the lake up to the roof, transmitting partly also the blue colour of the waters. Byron inscribed his name on one of the pillars, but it is far more interestingly associated with the spot.

"Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls;
A thousand feet in depth below
Its many waters meet and flow;
Thus much the fathom-line was sent
From Chillon's snow-white battlement (??)
Which round about the wave enthralls;
A double dungeon wall and wave
Have made—and like a living grave.
Below the surface of the lake
The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
We heard it ripple night and day.
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old
There are seven columns masonry and grey,
Dim with a dull, imprison'd ray,
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the crack
Of the thick wall is fallen and left,
Crawling o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp."

"It is by this castle that Rousseau has fixed the catastrophe of his *Héloïse*, in the rescue of one of her children by Julie from the water; the shock of which, and the illness produced by the immersion, is the cause of her death."

A huge building, erected as an Hotel under the name *Hôtel de Byron*, between Chillon and Villeneuve, has proved a failure and has been given up.

Villeneuve — (*Ims: Aigle Noir; Croix Blanche*)—is a small and ancient walled town of 1400 inhab. (*Pemilucus* of the Romans), situated at the E. extremity of the lake, where the road quits its borders to enter the valley of the Rhône. A diligence awaits the arrival of the steamers to convey passengers on to Bex, where there are good sleeping quarters.

About a mile from Villeneuve lies a small island, the only one in the lake: it is thus mentioned by Byron in the *Prisoner of Chillon*:—

"And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Smaller broader than my dungeon-floor;
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain-breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers grow-
 ing.
Of gentle breath and hue."

The commencement of the valley of the Rhône is dreary and uninteresting. The low ground is a flat

alluvial deposit, formed by mud brought down by the river, and still remaining in the state of a barren and unwholesome morass. The encroachments of the lake upon the lake, even within the period of historical record, have been very great. Port Vallais, *Portus Valaisius* of the Romans, in their time stood on the margin of the lake, but is now more than a mile and a half inland; the intervening tract has been gained since. The Rhone itself creeps slowly along, impeded by its own windings, and as it were burdened with mud, very unlike the torrent of azure and crystal which bursts out of the lake at Geneva. Upon this plain, at the mouth of the valley of the Rhone, Divion, the first Helvetian chief mentioned in history, defeated, *n.c.* 107 (the 646th year of Rome), the Roman forces under Lucius Cassius, slaying their general and compelling his army to pass under the yoke.

The top of the mountain above Yvoire was thrown down by an earthquake, 1584. A good wine now grows on the slope.

2 *Rocbe*. The post house is removed hither from

L'Aigle—(*Inns*: *La Croix Blanche*)—a village of 1650 inhab. (*Aquileia*.) Black marble is quarried near this. The Val des Ormonds behind Aigle is well worth exploring. (See Route 41 A.)

1½ *Bex* — (*Inns*: *L'Union*, good.) It comprises a boarding-house and an establishment of baths, supplied from a sulphureous spring rising in the vicinity, which causes Bex to be resorted to as a watering-place in summer. Guides, horses, and *charrà-banc* for excursions among the mountains may be hired here.

Bex, a village of 3000 inhab., situated on the high road to the Simplon, is chiefly remarkable for its *Salt-Mines* and *Salt-Works*. Salt has been obtained from brine-springs here since the middle of the 16th century. For a long time they belonged to a mer-

chant family of Augsburg named Zobel, but they are now the property of the government of the canton. Down to 1823 the brine-springs alone furnished the salt, and they were gradually failing, when M. Charpentier suggested the plan of driving shafts and galleries into the mountain in search of rock-salt. The result was the discovery of a large and rich vein of the mineral, which has been traced for a distance of 4000 ft. and for a height of 600 ft., varying in thickness from 2 ft. to 50 ft.; and the annual produce of salt is now augmented to 20,000 or 30,000 quintals. Strangers arriving at Bex commonly pay a visit to the mines, which are situated about 2 miles off in the valley of *La Gryonne*. A carriage road leads through most beautiful scenery to the entrance of the mines. The salt is obtained either from the brine-springs, six or seven of which, of various degrees of strength, burst forth in different parts of the interior of the mountain, or from the rock-salt, which, after being extracted by the help of gunpowder, is broken into pieces, thrown into large reservoirs, called *dessaioirs*, cut in the anhydrite rock (sulphate of lime without water) in the interior of the mountain, and there dissolved in water. Each reservoir is usually filled with water 3 times. The 2 first solutions (*lessivages*) furnish a liquor with 25 or 26 per cent. of salt; the 3rd is much weaker, having only 5 or 6 per cent. The brine, either from the sources or from these reservoirs, containing above 20 per cent. of salt, is conveyed in pipes made of fir-wood at once to the boiling-house (*maison de cuite*); that which is less strong must be subjected to the process of graduation in the long buildings or *sheds*, open at the sides, which are passed at Bexvieux and Devins, between Bex and the mines. These evaporating-houses, or *maisons de graduation*, are filled up to the roof with stacks of fagots of thorn-wood, over which the salt water, after being

raised to the roof by pumps, is allowed to trickle drop by drop. The separation of the water in passing through calcifers, and its exposure to the atmosphere as it falls, produce rapid and considerable evaporation of the watery particles, while the gypsum dissolved in it adheres, in passing, to the twigs, and crystallises around them. The water is thus made to ascend and descend several times; it becomes stronger each time, and at length is brought to the condition of saturated brine, fit for boiling in the salt-pans. It will easily be perceived how much fuel is thus spared by not subjecting the weak solution to the fire at first.

This short explanation may enable the visitor to understand the process pursued in the mines. The principal mines are those called *De Fondament* and *De Beuillet*; the latter contains a gallery driven horizontally into the bowels of the mountain for a distance of 6636 ft. 7½ ft. high and 8 ft. wide. At 400 ft. from its entrance is the round reservoir, 80 ft. in diameter and 10 ft. deep, excavated in the rock, without any support to its roof. In it the weak water is collected, which requires to undergo the process of graduation. A little farther on is another irregular reservoir, 7933 ft. in extent, supported by pillars, and destined to hold the stronger brine fit for the salt-pans without undergoing any intermediate process. Permission to visit the mines and works may be obtained from M. Charpentier, the geologist, who resides at Les Devins, 2 m. N.E. of Bex.

Many beautiful minerals are obtained from the salt-mines of Bex—such as very clear crystals of selenite, muriacite, anhydrite, &c.

There is a short but difficult path (Route 58) from Bex to Sion by the Bergfall of Les Diablerets; a guide would be required for this journey.

— "Journeying upward by the Rhone,
That three came down a torrent from the
Alps,
Swiss.

I enter'd where a key unlocks a kingdom;
The mountains closing, and the road, the
river
Filling the narrow space." Rogers.

Such is the scene presented to the traveller at the *Bridge of St. Maurice*, which spans the rapid river with one bold arch, 70 ft. wide, leaning for support on the rt. side upon the Dent de Morcles, and on the l. upon the Dent de Midi, whose bases are pushed so far forward as barely to leave room for the river.

The bridge, erroneously attributed to the Romans, is not older than the 15th century, but may possibly rest on Roman foundations. It unites the canton Vaud with the canton Vallais; and a gate at one end, now removed, formerly served to close the passage up and down—a circumstance alluded to in the lines of Rogers. A small fort was erected by the Swiss in 1832, above the road, to defend the pass. Here our route is joined by the road from Geneva along the S. shore of the lake, through St. Gingough. (Route 57.)

No one can cross the bridge of St. Maurice without being struck with the change in the condition of the inhabitants of the two cantons. The neatness and industry of the Vaudois are exchanged, within the space of a few hundred yards, for filth and beggary, equally apparent in the persons and habitations of the Vallaisans. Their physical condition is lamentable; no part of Switzerland is afflicted to a greater extent with the maladies of goitre and cretinism (§ 19), and the victims of them shock the traveller's sight at every step.

Immediately beyond the bridge, squeezed in between the mountain and the l. bank of the Rhone, stands

1 St. Maurice—*In*: L'Union, tolerably good—a town of 1050 inhabitants, occupying the site of the Roman Agnum. It owes its present name to the tradition that the Theban Legion, under the command of St. Maurice, suffered martyrdom

here by order of Maximian, A.D. 303, because they refused to abjure Christianity.

The *Abbey*, the oldest Christian foundation among the Alps, established in the 4th century, founded in honour of St. Maurice, and endowed by Sigismund, King of Burgundy, contains in its *Treasury* a museum of ancient art. Here are preserved a vase of Saracenic workmanship, presented by Charlemagne, a crossier of gold, in the shape of a spire, the niches of it filled with figures an inch high, most elaborately worked, a chalice of agate, presented by Charlemagne, another, given by Bertha Queen of Burgundy, and several besides, of a very early date. "The *Church* was much damaged by fire in the 17th century, but the tower is unaltered, and several Roman inscriptions are built into its walls."—*P.*

On quitting the town we perceive on the right bank of the Rhone the Bath-house of Lavey, erected 1831 over a warm sulphureous spring discovered in the river bed, at the expense of canton Vaud. The water is employed in supplying medicinal baths, the healing properties of which are attributed to the quantity of azote gas contained in the water. Upon a projecting platform of rock considerably above the road, rises the Hermitage of Notre Dame du Sax. Lower down on the road is the chapel of Verioles, raised on the precise spot of the Theban massacre (1), and covered with rude frescoes.

In the autumn of 1835 a torrent of mud descended from the summit of the Dent de Midi into the Valais near Evionnaz. It cut a passage for itself through the forest, which clothes the side of the mountain, snapping the stoutest trees short off like twigs. It covered the high road for a length of 900 ft., interrupting for some time the communication, and overwhelmed many fields, and orchards, and some few houses; but no lives were lost, as the slow

progress of the current allowed every one time to remove out of its way. On the 25th of August a violent storm of rain had burst upon the Dent de Midi, accompanied by thunder; and it is said that the lightning struck the peak several times. It is supposed that a mass of the mountain was loosened by the rain, and in falling broke through and carried down with it a considerable part of a glacier. The rain and melting ice mixing with the fragments and with the debris of moraines, converted the whole mass into a thick mud, which swept slowly downwards like a lava current. Blocks of limestone of many tons weight, and some of them 12 ft. high, were carried along with it, or floated on its surface like corks. It is a remarkable fact that the stream of mud contained scarcely one-tenth part of water; the fluidity of the mass was no doubt promoted by the character of the rocks and soil which covered the mountain, and which consisted of a black splintery limestone, shale and loam. The wretched hamlet Evionnaz occupies the site of an old town, Epaurum, destroyed by a similar mud-torrent in 563.

This part of the valley has a dreary, and barren aspect, from the quantity of bare gravel and broken rock strewn over it.

About 6½ miles from St. Maurice, 4 from Martigny, is the famous *Waterfall of the Sallenne*, which here descends into the valley of the Rhone out of a narrow ravine, apparently excavated by its waters. The perpendicular descent of the stream is about 200 feet, but the final leap of the cascade not more than 120 feet. It is a fine object, both from its volume and height, visible from a considerable distance up and down. It is best seen in a sunny morning before 12 o'clock, when the iris, formed in the cloud of spray, hovers over it. The neighbouring village of Mirville sends forth an importunate crowd of beggars and self-appointed

guides to conduct travellers from the road to the fall, a distance of a few hundred yards. Before reaching Martigny we cross another stream, the *Trient*, descending from the celebrated pass of the Tête Noire (Route 116), and issuing out of a singular rent in the side of the valley. On the outskirts of Martigny, upon a commanding rock, rises the castle of La Batie, formerly a stronghold of the archbishops of Sion. The deep dungeon beneath its tall tower is only accessible by a trap-door in the floor of the chamber above. The river Dranse passes out into the Rhone, between La Batie and

2½ Martigny (Route 59).

ROUTE 57.

GENEVA TO MARTIGNY, BY THONON AND NEILLIERE, ALONG THE SOUTH SHORE OF THE LAKE OF GENEVA.

14½ posts=70 English miles.

The greater part of this road lies through the Sardinian territory, but for the convenience of reference it is placed here.

After quitting Geneva by the Porte de Rive, a fine view opens out on the right; beyond the Salève rises the Môle, and the vista of the valley of the Arve is terminated by the Buet, by Mont Blanc and its glaciers. The shore of the lake is dotted over with villas of the Genevese. One of these, near the village of Cologny, the *Campagna Diodati*, is interesting as having been the residence of Lord Byron in 1816. He wrote here the 3rd canto of *Childe Harold* and the tragedy of *Manfred*.

Beyond the village of Corsier the Genevan territory is left, and we enter the kingdom of Sardinia and the ancient province of Chablais, which extends along the lake as far as St. Gingough. A monotonous plain is traversed in order to reach

2½ Douvaine, the first Sardinian

post-station, where passports and baggage are examined.

2 Thonon — (*Isa*: Les Balances, improved of late)—an ancient town of 3740 inhabit., originally capital of the Chablais.

On quitting Thonon we pass on the left, between the road and the lake, *Ripaille*, anciently an Augustine convent, founded by Amedeus VIII. of Savoy, in which he passed the latter portion of his life, having assumed the cowl of an Augustine monk. He abdicated, in turn, the dukedom of Savoy, the Papacy (into which he had been installed with the title of Felix V.) and the bishop's see of Geneva. He resided here after his second abdication, passing his time not in the austere penance of an anchorite, but, according to the popular belief, in ease, feasting, and dissipation. Hence the French proverb—“*Faire Ripaille*.” Recent historical investigations, however, make it probable that, even to the last, he had not abandoned the path of ambition, and that far from being inactive and exclusively devoted to luxury, he was still weaving political intrigues. The castle, with 7 towers, built by Amedeus, for himself and the six knights whom he chose as companions, had nearly disappeared. The relic of the convent is converted into a farmhouse. A long bridge of 24 arches carries the road over the Dranse, a torrent descending from the mountains of the Chablais, and augmented to a large volume by the melting snows during a small part of the year.

Through groves of most magnificent chestnut-trees we pass Amphion, where are baths supplied by a chalybeate spring, and reach

1½ Evian — (*Isa*: H. du Nord; Poste)—a town of 1670 inhabitants, at the water-side.

The *Rocks of Maillerie*, celebrated by Rousseau and Byron, were, under the orders of Napoleon, and with the help of gunpowder, blasted to form a

passage for the magnificent road of the Simplon, which is here carried partly through them, partly on a terrace 30 or 40 feet above the lake. Previous to its construction, the little village of Meillerie was barely accessible, except by boats. About a mile off the shore, at Meillerie, the lake attains its greatest depth, 920 Fr. ft. Here Byron was nearly lost in a storm. Rousseau, in the N. Héloïse, has conducted St. Preux and Mad. Wolmar also to this port for shelter from a tempest. On the opposite shore is seen Clarens, and the white wall of the castle of Chillon (p. 167).

2½ St. Gingough — (*inn*: Poste, comfortable). A deep ravine here divides Savoy from the Swiss territory of the Vallais; travellers entering from the Vallais are subjected to custom-house regulations here.

Bovaret, the next village, lies within the valley of the Rhone, here a broad, flat, and unwholesome swamp (p. 167). Port Vallais, in the days of the Romans, stood on the water-side, all the ground between it and the lake has been produced since the records of history, by the deposits of the river. At Port du Bex the rocks on the rt. encroach so far upon the Rhone as barely to leave a passage for the road at their base. Advantage was taken of this pass in ancient times to construct a fort with loop-holes for arrows, and embrasures for cannon, which effectually closed the entrance to the Vallais, the only passage being over its drawbridge and through its gate. There is a ferry over the Rhone near this, but the cross-roads leading to the opposite side of the valley among the moraines are very bad.

The canal of Stockalper, running nearly parallel with the road, was cut about a century ago, to drain this portion of the valley.

2 Vionnaz. Owing to an abrupt bend in the valley, and a projecting rock which hides the upper portion

from view, the road comes suddenly upon the town of

3 St. Maurice (Route 56).

2½ Martigny (Route 59).

ROUTE 59.

BEX TO SION, BY LES DIABLERETS AND COL DE CHEVILLE.

11½ stades = 37 English miles, a walk of 9½ to 10 hours, excluding stoppage.

Bex is described in Route 56. This is a highly interesting pass, both from the geological phenomenon of its Bergfall, or mountain slip, and for the extreme picturesqueness of its scenery: "Neither is it difficult nor dangerous for any one who goes with his eyes open. The part which runs high above the Liserée skirts fearful precipices, and in parts would not be very secure to ride, though I met 20 or 30 mules laden with hay, a bulky load, passing it, but it is perfectly safe for foot passengers." — F. M. There is no inn (worthy the name) by the way. The path ascends the valley of the Avençon, running in a direction nearly due E. from Bex, passing Bexvieux to the chalets of Charnemey (2 hours), and the chalets of Anseinde (2 hours), through some of the most pleasing pastoral scenery in Switzerland. Here the path begins rapidly to ascend in a tortuous course 4½ to the Summit of the Col de Chevillon. The valley into which it descends on the E. side of the pass is nearly occupied by the wreck of the fall of the *Mont Diablerets*, a name given to the spot by the peasantry, it is said, because they regard it as the vestibule of hell. This mountain is composed of limestone strata, much deranged and steeply inclined. The lower beds, being soft and shaly, are disintegrated by the infiltration of water from the vast glaciers on the N.E.; and, after the supports and foundation are thus removed, large masses are detached from

the mountain into the valley below, forming éboulements of the most tremendous kind. During the last century two catastrophes of this kind occurred, in 1714 and 1749. By the former, 15 human beings, 100 head of cattle, and 55 chalets, were buried alive. Subterranean noises, produced by the commotion in the mountain, gave warning for several days beforehand, so that most of the peasants and their cattle removed out of the way. Among those who did not profit by this was a man belonging to the village of Avers in the Vallais. His friends gave him up for lost, his wife was looked upon as a widow, and his children as orphans. Three months afterwards, on Christmas-eve, he suddenly made his appearance in the village, pale, haggard, with scarcely a rag to cover him, having all the appearance of a spectre. The door of his own house was shut in his face, and the people in the village repaired in the greatest terror to the minister, begging him to lay the ghost. It was with great difficulty that he at length convinced them that it was himself. He had been overwhelmed in a chalet on the mountain, but escaped being crushed to death by two masses of rock, forming an angle over it. He had managed to support life upon a store of cheese laid up for the winter, and with water from a brook which found its way through the fallen rocks. After many weeks passed in the dark, and many vain efforts to extricate himself, he at length, by creeping and scratching among the rocks, formed a passage through which a gleam of daylight appeared, and through it succeeded at length in working his way out.

At the moment of the fall the surrounding district shook as with an earthquake, a thick cloud of dust rose high into the air from the friction of it, masses of rock were hurled a distance of 6 miles, and the current of air produced by it, threw down trees

which were not touched by the avalanche itself. The inhabitants of one of the neighbouring villages derive this singular advantage from the fall of the peak of the mountain, that they enjoy summer at a certain season of the year several minutes earlier than they did before the event occurred. The fall of 1749 arrested the course of the Liserne, forming two small lakes, called Derborenses, which still exist. Along the W. side of these the path runs, crossing, for the space of two leagues, heaps of rubbish and fallen rocks. The scene is one of the utmost desolation; overhead towers the ridge of the Diablerets, 9862 ft. above the sea-level. Three of its five peaks have already fallen, and the two which remain threaten, sooner or later, to follow. The mountain is again rent with fissures, and scarcely an hour passes in which a slight noise is not heard or a fragment of stone does not fall. The accumulated debris of the mountain is said to cover a space of 8 miles. At one point, on reaching the borders of the Liserne, a narrow and dangerous path has been formed across the talus, at the edge of a precipice overhanging the stream: it is called *Le Saut du Chien*. "The beech woods in the valley of the Liserne through which the path runs for some distance are unusually fine, and the whole valley most picturesque, and peculiar in character, owing in part to the enormous depth at which the stream runs below, and the extreme steepness of the mountains on either side. No road, as far as I can recollect, except the Gemmi, skirts such precipices." I took,—walking leisurely from Sion to the chalet of Chevillon 6 hrs. 0 m.
Chalet to top of the pass 0 48
Top—to Bex 3 30

Total 10 18"

—A. T. M.

Thenceforth the path follows the L. bank of the Liserne as far as the chapel of St. Bernard, where it bears

away to the E., descending upon St. Hiverin and Haut Couthey, and thence enters the valley of the Rhone and the high road of the Simplon, within $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles of

6 $\frac{1}{2}$ Sion (Route 60).

ROUTE 59.

THE PASSAGE OF THE SIMPLON; MARTIGNY TO MILAN, BY SION, BRIG, AND DOMO D'OSOLA.

36 $\frac{1}{2}$ posts = 174 English miles.

Passports ought to be countersigned by the Sardinian minister either at Lausanne or Geneva in order to cross the Simplon.

This grand and finely engineered road was almost destroyed by two successive storms in 1834 and 1839, and though the damage has been repaired, and it has been greatly improved within canton Vallais—it is still neglected in the state of Sardinia—in places so encumbered with rocks that only one carriage can pass, and that with difficulty. It is tolerably well supplied with post horses, but travellers who require more than two to their carriage, must bespeak them by *avant-courier*, if they wish to avoid delays. With post-horses the journey may barely be accomplished in 3, or easily in $3\frac{1}{2}$ days, resting 1st night at Brieg, 2nd at Baveno, 3rd at Milan; or, 1st, at Turtman, 2nd at Domo d'Ossola, 3rd at Arona. There is a tolerably comfortable inn at Simplon, near the summit of the pass.

Diligences daily to Milan, making numerous halts, and performing the distance in 4 days, stopping for the night at Brieg and Domo D'Ossola. This is a very tedious conveyance. From Geneva to Lausanne a branch diligence runs to meet one from Berne to the Simplon.

The picturesque round tower of the castle of La Batie, rising on a rock, with a village at its foot, is seen some time before the town of Martigny is

reached. It was destroyed by George Suparax in 1818.

Martigny (German Martinech).—*Inns*: Post, very comfortable and reasonable; Cygne, tolerably good and moderate; daily *table-d'hôte*, 3 fr., wine included.—La Tour, said to be good.

Martigny (Octodurus of the Romans) consists of two parts—the one situated on the Simplon road, the other, Bourg de Martigny, more than a mile distant up the valley of the Dranse. Its position on the high road of the Simplon, at the termination of the char-road from the St. Bernard, and the mule-path from Chamouni, renders it the constant resort of travellers. It is a small town of no prepossessing appearance, 1480 Fr. ft. above the sea, placed near the spot where the Rhone receives the Dranse, a torrent by which Martigny itself and the village of Bourg de Martigny have been twice nearly destroyed, in 1545 and in 1818. Marks of the last inundation (described in Route 109) are still visible on the walls of many of the houses; and the massive construction of the lower walls of the post-house is designed to protect it from the effects of similar catastrophes. The monks of St. Bernard have their head-quarters in a convent within the town, from which the members stationed on the Great St. Bernard are relieved at intervals. The monastery of the Great St. Bernard is a journey of 10 hours from hence. (See Route 108.)

The valley of Chamouni may be reached in 7 or 8 hours by the Passes of the Tête Noire (Route 116), or Col de Balme (Route 117).

The waterfall of the Salmauche is 4 miles from Martigny, lower down the valley. (See p. 170.)

At Martigny the Rhone makes an abrupt bend, forming nearly a right angle. For many miles above the town, the bottom of the valley through which it flows is a flat swamp, rendered desolate and unwholesome by

the overflowings of the Rhone and its tributaries, which, not being carried off by a sufficient declivity in their beds, stagnate, and exhale a most injurious malarial under the rays of a burning sun. From this cause, and the absence of pure drinking-water, the valley is a hot-bed of disease; its inhabitants are dreadfully afflicted with goitre (§ 19), cretinism, and agues, and the appearance of decrepitude, deformity, and misery, arrests the traveller's attention at every step. A tolerable wine, called *Coqueupin*, is grown upon the hills; the low flats produce little except rushes, rank grass, and alders. The mountains which here bound the valley have a bare and desolate aspect.

2½ Riddon. After crossing the Rhone the road passes the footpath leading to the Diablerets (Route 58), and soon after the twin castles of Sion appear in sight.

2½ Sion (German Sitten).—*Inns*: Lion d'Or, tolerably comfortable; obliging landlady, C. H.—*Les Bains*, an *Inn* 2 m. further on, is said to be even better. H.—This town, anciently the capital of the Seduni, is the see of a bishop, whose predecessors were at one time among the most powerful and wealthy seigneurs in Switzerland, and who still convoked and preside over the General Assemblies of this democratic canton. It is the chief town of the Vallais, and has 2593 inhab. It has no less than three extensive castles, which give the town a picturesque and feudal aspect from a distance. *Tourbillion*, the castle seen on the l. in advancing from Martigny, built 1492, and long the bishop's residence, is now a complete ruin. That on the l. or S. peak, called *Valeria*, contains a very ancient church, and serves now as a Catholic seminary. Beneath there is a third castle, called *Majoria*, from the *maiores*, or ancient governors of the Vallais, its first occupants, it was burnt in 1788 by a conflagration which destroyed the greater part of the town. The Jesuits have a

convent in the town; they have formed a collection of the natural history of the Vallais.

The *Hospital*, under the care of the *Sœurs de la Charité*, contains many victims of goitre and cretinism, the prevailing maladies of the district.

There is a mule-path from this over the mountains to Bex, passing the Diablerets (Route 58).

[S. of Sion the little visited and little known Val d'Erin stretches far into the main-chain of the Alps. It divides into 2 branches—that of Hérémenos leading to the glacier of Lenart; and that of Evolens (from the village Evolens—8 hours from Sion), which ends in the great glaciers of Perpetua and Arolla, and in the difficult passes of the Col de Collon, and Col d'Erin leading to Zermatt. From these passes the views of the Monte Rosa and Cervin are most magnificent—but the difficulties are great. No accommodation is to be had at Evolens. Prolong was the guide of Professor Forbes—to whom we owe the best and first account of this portion of the Alps. but see Route 61.]

Above Sion, German is the prevailing language of the Vallais.

2½ Sierre (Germ. Siders).—*Inns*: Post, a good country inn. *Soleil*: without pretensions, but affording an excellent bed and supper.

Mules may be hired here for the ascent of the remarkable Pass of the Gemmi (Route 56). The path leading to it by the Baths of Lèche turns out of the post-road a little way beyond the town, before reaching the bridge. It is steep, but highly romantic.

Opposite Sierre another valley stretches S. into the main-chain of Alps, the Val d'Anniviers or Eufisch Thal. Its entrance from the Vallais is so small that its very existence is said to have remained unknown until the twelfth century, when the Bishop of Sion discovered it, and converted its inhabitants from heathenism!

The post-road, after crossing the Rhone, and winding for some dis-

tance among irregular hillocks, passes, on the rt. bank of the river, at the mouth of the gorge of the Dala, the picturesque village of Latche. The Baths are situated about 9 miles above the village. Travellers coming from the Simplon, turn aside here to visit them, and ascend the Gemmi. (Route 36.) A carriage-road is in progress.

Pfing (*ad facie*) is on the boundary between the German language, which prevails above this as far as the source of the Rhone, and the French, which is spoken below this. The Pfinger Wald, behind Sierra, is a strong military position, stoutly defended against the French in 1798.

2½ Tourtemagne (Germ. Turtman) — *Inns*: Soleil, good; Poste. The Turris Magna, from which the place is named, is now used as a chapel. 20 minutes' walk behind the inn is a *Cascade* of some repute. The volume of water is considerable. Though on the whole inferior to the fall of the Salenche near Martigny, it is still worthy of a visit by those who are amateurs of waterfalls: the scene is interesting on account of its entire seclusion. The neighbourhood is overspread with marshes and stagnant pools.

2½ Visp (*Viège*), once the seat of numerous noble families, who had stately houses, and a church of their own, is a miserable village, with no good inn, but finely situated at the junction of the Visp with the Rhone. The valley divides at some distance above Visp into two branches; the l. leads to the foot of Monte Rosa by the pass of the Moro, one of the finest in Switzerland (Route 105), that on the rt. ascends the vale of St. Nicholas to the Mont Cervin (Route 106).

The Gamsen and other torrents which fall into the upper end of the Vallais are very dangerous neighbours to the villages and cottages on their banks. The bed of the torrent Visp is 13 ft. above a part of the village, and the Salenche is nearly 11 ft. higher than Brieg. The miserable

and poverty-stricken inhabitants are in consequence obliged to construct very considerable dykes to restrain them, but even these defences are liable to destruction every 2 or 3 years.

The desolation which the torrents spread over the fields, by their debris, will attract the remark of every traveller, and the evil is constantly increasing, as the beds of the torrents rise as fast as the dykes are raised to restrain them, till they flow along the top of a colossal aqueduct or wall of loose rocks, which the road ascends and descends like a hill.

The ascent of the Simplon properly begins at Glys, a village distinguished by its large church, but, as the post-house and inn are both situated at Brieg, a detour of about 2 miles is made to pass through it.

1½ Brieg — *Inns*: Poste; bugs, E. W. dirty and uncomfortable, C. H.; H. d'Angleterre: the innkeeper has a monopoly, holding both inns, H. du Simplon. Brieg is the usual halting-place of travellers before or after crossing the Simplon. Brieg is a small town of 751 inhab., situated on a sunny slope by the side of the Salenche, and overlooking the course of the Rhone, which here makes a sharp bend. The most conspicuous buildings are the château of Baron Stockalper, whose 4 turrets are crowned with tin cupolas, and the *Jesuits' College*. The number of brothers at present (1837) does not exceed 10, and their pupils amount to only 30. There is also an *Ursuline Convent*.

The upper valley of the Rhone above Brieg, and the route to the Grimsel and Gries, are described in Routes 28 and 29. An interesting excursion up it might be made as far as Visch, where the scenery is very beautiful.

At Brieg the Simplon road quits the vale of the Rhone, beginning to ascend immediately from the post-house. The distance from Brieg to Domo d'Ossola is 14 leagues = about 46 or 49 English miles; and the jour-

ney usually occupies 10 hours—7 to reach Simplon, and $3\frac{1}{2}$ thence to Domo d'Ossola. On foot it will take full 12 hours' steady walking from Brieg to Domo d'Ossola.

The construction of a route over the Simplon was decided upon by Napoleon immediately after the battle of Marengo, while the recollection of his own difficult passage of the Alps by the Great St. Bernard (at that time one of the easiest Alpine passes) was fresh in his memory. The plans and surveys by which the direction of the road was determined, were made by M. Cérard, and a large portion of the works was executed under the superintendence of that able engineer. It was commenced on the Italian side in 1800, and on the Swiss in 1801. It took 6 years to complete, though it was barely passable in 1805, and more than 30,000 men were employed on it at one time. To give a notion of the colossal nature of the undertaking, it may be mentioned that the number of bridges, great and small, constructed for the passage of the road between Brieg and Sesto, amounts to 611, in addition to the far more vast and costly constructions, such as terraces of massive masonry miles in length; of 10 galleries, either cut out of the living rock or built of solid stone; and of 20 houses of refuge to shelter travellers, and lodge the labourers constantly employed in taking care of the road. Its breadth is throughout at least 25 ft., in some places 30 ft., and the average slope nowhere exceeds 6 inches in $6\frac{1}{2}$ feet.

To use the eloquent words of Sir James Mackintosh, "the Simplon may be safely said to be the most wonderful of useful works, because our canals and docks surpass it in utility, science, and magnitude, but they have no grandeur to the eye. Its peculiar character is, to be the greatest of all those monuments that at once dazzle the imagination by their splendour, and are subservient to general convenience." It may be observed in addition that (ex-

cept the Cenio) the Simplon was the first of the great carriage-roads opened across the W. Alps; and, though others since constructed, surpass it in some respects, especially in the elevation attained (e.g. the Stelvio), yet this has the merit of originality, and the others are mere copies.

The cost of this road averaged about 16,000*l.* per league (i.e. 400,000 fr.). The object of Napoleon in its formation is well marked by the question which, on two different occasions, he first asked of the engineer sent to him to report progress—"Le canon quand pourra-t-il passer au Simplon?"

The postmasters on both sides of the mountain have the right to attach one extra horse to light carriages and two more to heavy ones in ascending the mountain: indeed, as many as eight horses are sometimes required to drag up a heavy landau. Berisol, the first post-house above Brieg, is sometimes without horses, in which case those from Brieg are taken on for two stages. By following the old horse-road the pedestrian may abridge the distance to the summit by several miles; but it is rough, and more fatiguing than the carriage-road.

The ascent of the Simplon begins at once from the post-house in Brieg. About $\frac{1}{4}$ a mile above the town the road passes, on the rt., the lofty covered bridge over the Saltine, now little used, since most vehicles make the detour by Brieg instead of going direct to or from Glys, whither this bridge conducts. The road then makes a wide sweep, turning away from the Glythorn, the mountain which bounds the valley on the rt., towards the Breithorn, on the opposite side, approaching a little hill dotted with white chapels and crowned by a calvary. It then again approaches the gorge of the Saltine, skirting the verge of a precipice, at the bottom of which the torrent is seen at a vast depth, forcing its way among black and blasting slate rocks, which seem

still shattered by the convulsion which first gave a passage to its waters. It is a scene of grandeur, almost of terror. At the upper end of the ravine, high above his head, the traveller may discern the glaciers under which the road is carried, but which he will require at least 3 good hours to reach, on account of the sinuosity of the route. Looking back, he will perceive the valley of the Rhone, as far as Tourtemagne, spread out as a map at his feet; Brig and Naters remain long in sight. It is a constant pull against the collar from Brig to the second refuge. Here the road, carried for some distance nearly on a level, is compelled to bend round the valley of the Gantner until it can cross the torrent which traverses it by another lofty bridge, called *Pont du Gantner*. The upper end of this wild ravine is subject to avalanches almost every winter, the snow of which nearly fills it up, and reaches sometimes to the crown of the arch. This bridge is left uncovered, from the fear justly entertained by the engineers that the terrific gusts or currents of air which accompany the fall of an avalanche might blow the arch entirely away, were much resistance of that timber-work presented to it. The road originally traversed a gallery cut in the rock near this, but it has been removed. After crossing the bridge the road turns down the opposite side, and then ascends by several zigzags to the third refuge, called

2½ Béréal, or Pural, a homely tavern, consisting of 2 buildings connected by a roof across the road, where 16 post-horses are kept, affording plain fare and 6 or 8 beds. It may be reached in 2½ hours from Brig.

The first gallery which the road traverses is that of Schalbet, 95 feet long—3920 feet above Glys. Near this, and hence to the summit, should the sky be clear, the traveller's attention will be riveted by the glorious view of the *Bernese Alps*, which bound

the Vallais and form the rt-hand wall of the valley of the Rhone. The glittering white peaks of the Breit-horn, Altsch-börner, and Vischer-hörner, are magnificent objects in this scene, while below them two strips are visible of the glaciers of Altsch, one of the most extensive in the Alps.

Fifth Refuge, called Schalbet. "Here a picture of desolation surrounds the traveller. The pine has no longer the scanty pittance of soil which it requires for nourishment; the hardy but beautiful Alpine flower ceases to embellish the sterile solitude; and the eye wanders over snow and glacier, fractured rock and roaring cataract, relieved only by that stupendous monument of human labour the road itself, winding along the edges of precipices, penetrating the primeval granite, striding over the furious torrent, and burrowing through dark and dripping grottoes beneath accumulated masses of ice and snow"—Johnson.

The portion of the road between the fifth refuge and the summit is the most dangerous of all, at the season when avalanches fall, and tourmentes arise, on which account it is provided with 6 places of shelter, viz. 3 galleries, 2 refuges, and a hospice, within a distance of not more than 1½ mile. The head of the gorge of Schalbet, a wild recess in the flanks of the Monte Leone, is filled up with glaciers, beneath which, along the edge of a yawning abyss, the road is necessarily conducted. These fields of everlasting ice, forming the Kaltwasser glacier, in the heat of summer feed 3 or 6 furious torrents, the sources of the Saline, and in winter discharge frequent avalanches into the gulf below. To protect this portion of the road 3 galleries, called, from their vicinity to the glaciers, *Glacier Galleries*, partly excavated, partly built of masonry strongly arched, have been constructed. By an ingenious contrivance of the engineer, they serve in places as bridges and aqueducts at

the same time, the torrents being conducted over and beneath them; and the traveller is surprised to find his carriage suddenly driven in perfect safety underneath a considerable waterfall. These galleries have been recently extended far beyond their original length, for greater security. In the spring the avalanches slide over their roofs.

The Sixth Refuge is also a barrier, at which a toll is paid for each horse, to defray the cost of keeping the road in repair. The toll charged varies from 2 fr. to 5 fr. per horse, upon what principle is not known; the traveller should make inquiries at the foot of the pass respecting the proper amount, in order that he may not be defrauded. A simple cross of wood, a few yards farther, marks the highest summit or culminating point of the road, 8578 ft. above the level of the sea. About $\frac{1}{4}$ a mile beyond it stands the *New Hospice*, founded by Napoleon for the reception of travellers, but left unfinished, for want of funds, until 1840. Externally it is a plain solid edifice, containing several very neat bed-rooms for masters, a drawing-room provided with a piano, a refectory, a chapel, and about 30 beds for travellers of the common sort. It is much more comfortable than the hospice on the Great St. Bernard, and is even warmed with a beating apparatus. It is occupied by 3 or 4 brothers of the Augustine order, members of the same community as those on the Great St. Bernard. The prior is the amiable Father Barrau, whose civility must be remembered by all who have visited the Great St. Bernard within the last 25 years, during which he has resided there. Several of the celebrated dogs of St. Bernard are kept here, but they are rarely employed in active service. The monks are very happy to show the mansion to travellers, and to receive, lodge, and entertain them, especially in stormy weather and during winter. Those who can afford

it, will always leave behind them remuneration equivalent to that which is paid at an inn. The establishment is similar to that on the Great St. Bernard, except that it is more limited in extent and funds. (See Route 106.)

A large open valley of considerable extent, bounded by snow-clad heights, having the appearance of a drained lake, occupies the summit of the Simplon. It is devoid of picturesque interest, all around is barrenness, and nothing but lichens and coarse herbage grow on the bare rocks. Below the road, on the rt., stands a tall Tower, the original Hospice before the new one was built. A gradual but continued descent leads past the Seventh Refuge (ruined), in about 3 miles, to the village of

$\frac{3}{4}$ Simplon (Ital. Sempione). *Inn*: Poste; affords clean beds and a good dinner at 4 or 5 fr. The belated traveller may easily content himself with such quarters—indeed, no other are to be found nearer than Domo d'Ossola, a drive of $\frac{3}{4}$ hours at the least. The traveller should here supply himself with a wooden sabot to save the iron drag of his carriage, as the descent now becomes rapid, in spite of the wide circuit which the road makes in order to diminish the steepness.

By a well-constructed bend, the traveller reaches the *Galleria d'Alcoby*, the first excavation on the Italian side, about 2 leagues from Brieg and 5 from Domo d'Ossola, on the banks of the torrent Doveria. The lower orifice of this tunnel is half blocked up by a wall with loopholes, constructed, 1814, to defend the passage and convert it into a military post. The road dives into this gallery, and then, by a more gradual slope, enters the *Gorge of Gonda*, one of the grandest and most savage in the Alps, which narrows and deepens at every step, until its precipices in some places actually overhang the road, which is squeezed in between them on one side and the fretting torrent

on the other. It is bounded by slate rocks, whose smooth vertical sides deny support to any vegetation; only now and then a tuft of grass lodged in a cleft, or a fringe of fir-trees growing above the gorge, and visible at a great height on the verge of the precipice, contrast agreeably with the unvaried surface of black rock. The base of these cliffs and the bed of the stream are in places heaped up with vast shattered fragments, ruins of the mountains above, while loosened masses still hanging on the slope seem to threaten the passenger below.

The Doveria is now crossed by a wooden bridge called Ponte Alto, an approach to which has been formed by scarping the rock with gunpowder. Some way farther a vast projecting buttress of rock juts out from the mountain on the l., and seems to block up all further passage. It indeed formed a serious impediment to the construction of the road, overcome, however, by the skill of the engineer, who has bored it through, with another of those artificial caverns. This *Gallery of Gondo* is the longest cut through solid rock in the whole line of the Simplon, as it measures 596 feet, it was also the most difficult and costly to make, on account of the extreme hardness of the rock (granite?). for it required the incessant labour of more than 100 workmen, in gangs of 8, relieving each other day and night, to pierce a passage in 18 months. The progress of the work would have been still more tedious had the labourers confined themselves to the two ends, but the engineer caused two lateral openings to be made, by which means the rock was attacked in 4 places at once. The miners were suspended by ropes to the face of the rock until a lodgment was effected, to commence these side openings, which now serve as windows to light the interior. Opposite one of them is seen the inscription "*Per Italia, 1805.*"

Close to the very mouth of this

remarkable gallery the roaring waterfall of the Frascannone leaps down from the rocks, close to the road, which is carried over it on a beautiful bridge. Mr. Brockedon, an artist of skill, as well as a traveller of experience, remarks, in his *Excursions among the Alps*, that the scenery of this portion of the Val Doveria, is coming from Switzerland, bursting suddenly upon the traveller as he issues from the gallery, "offers perhaps the finest assemblage of objects to excite an emotion of the sublime, that is to be found in the Alps." The traveller should pause and look back after proceeding about 40 yards. The rocks rise on both sides as straight as walls, attaining the summit of wild sublimity. The little strip of sky above, the torrent roaring in the dark gulf below, the white foam of the waterfall, the graceful arch, and the black mouth of the cavern, form a picture which has been spread over the world by the pencils of all our first landscape-painters. A number of signposts now conduct to a bridge which was carried away by an avalanche during the dreadful storm which ruined a great part of the Simplon road, on the 24th of August, 1834. The road is still unrepaired (1845), and in places very narrow and in bad order.

Gondo (Guns), the last village in the Vallais, consists of a few miserable huts, grouped round a singular, tall building, 7 stories high, erected, like the tower at Simplon, by the old Brieg family Stockalper, in ancient days, for the refuge of travellers. An hour's walk by the side of the torrent, which falls in a cascade down the rt.-hand wall of the valley, leads to a gold mine, which, though it barely produces a few particles of the precious metal, is still worked in the hope of gain. "In the winter of 1812-3 the snow was drifted to such a depth in the gorge below Gondo, that the sledges on which carriages were placed passed about 100 ft.

above the road."—L. S. The traveller enters Italy a short while before reaching the Sardinian village of

2½ Isella, where the custom-house and passport office are situated.

The tempests of 1834 and 1839 fell with tremendous violence upon this part of the road, which they destroyed for a space of nearly 8 miles, that is to say, for this distance the portion which it carried off was greater than that which it left. Every bridge of stone was swept away, in some instances, even the materials of which the bridge was built disappeared, and the very place where it stood was not to be recognised. Every torrent falling into this part of the valley brought down with it an avalanche of stones; the damage done to the road is even now (1845) not repaired, but the air of desolation caused by it will never be effaced. A new line of road has been traced out by the Sardinian government. The Gallery of Isella, a narrow arch of rock a little below the village, was flooded by the torrent pouring through it, so high were the waters swollen. At the mouth of the Val Dovedro, a handsome new bridge supplies the place of the one demolished by the torrent over which it passes.

Hereabouts a change comes over the valley, from nakedness to the rich green foliage of the chestnut, which shades the road, and to that of the dark fir which clothes the summits of the hitherto bare mountains above. The last gallery is traversed a little before reaching Crevola, where the Dovedro is crossed for the last time by a fine lofty bridge of 3 arches, nearly 90 ft. high, previous to its flowing into the river Toesia, or Tosa, which here issues out of the Val Formazza, and the Val Vedro terminates in the Val d'Ossola. The mule-roads from the Gries and Grimsel, passing the falls of the Tosa (Route 29), fall into the Simplon route at Crevola.

It is now that the traveller really finds himself in a different region and in an altered climate. the softer hues of earth and sky, the balmy air, the trellised vines, the rich juicy stalks of the maize, the almost deafening chirp of the grass-hoppers,* and, at night, the equally loud croakings of the frogs—the white villages, with their tall, square bell-towers, also white, not only scattered thickly along the valley, but perched on every little jutting platform on the hill-sides—all these proclaim the entrance to Italy. Eustace has remarked that "the valley which now opens out to view is one of the most delightful that Alpine solitudes enclose, or the foot of the wanderer ever traversed;" a remark which, though true, will bear much modification in the opinion of those who quit Italy by this route instead of entering it. It is only by those who approach it from the north that its charms can be fully appreciated.

2½ Domo d' Ossola. —(Inns: Angelo (Post): Ancienne Poste, very good.—L. S. Capello Verde) This is a small and unimportant town, with few points of interest, save that it is Italian—in very stone. Houses with colonnades, streets with awnings, shops teeming with sausages, macaroni, and garlic, lazy-looking, loitering lazzaroni, in red night-caps, and bare, mahogany-coloured legs, intermixed with males, burly priests, and females veiled with the mantilla, fill up the picture of an Italian town.

The ascent from this to Simplon occupies 7 hours. From Domo to Milan takes up 12 hours' posting, exclusive of stoppages. The road descends the valley of the Tosa down to its mouth in the Lago Maggiore. The bridge over the Tosa, about 6 miles below Domo, was carried off by the tempest of 1834, but has been replaced.

2 Vogogna.—(Inns: Bella Corona.)

* Rather the chatter of the tree-cricket.

The Tosa, in spite of its rapidity, is navigable a short distance above this place, the barges are towed up by double teams of 6 or 8 horses on each bank. The interesting valley of Annessa (Route 105), leading up to Monte Rosa, opens out opposite Vogogna. Near Ornavasso are the white marble quarries which have supplied the stone for Milan Cathedral.

At Gravellozza, the Strona, a small stream, is crossed, which drains the Lago d'Orta, and a road, running up its l. bank leads, in 2 hours' good to walk, to the lake of Orta, *one of the most picturesque on the Italian border.* (See Routes 101, 102.) At Fariolo the Lago Maggiore bursts into view, with the Isola Madre, the northernmost of the Borromean Islands, in the distance. A little further are quarries of a beautiful rose granite, which derives its colour from the prevalence of felspar in it. That mineral is obtained here in beautiful flesh-coloured crystals.

3 Baveno—*Ina*: La Posta, near the lake, tolerably good and clean, charges moderate, but bad smells.—E. W.

The *Monte Montecroce*, rising behind the village, commands one of the finest panoramic views of the Alps, equal to, if not finer, than that from the Rigi, having at its feet the Lago d'Orta on one side, and Lago Maggiore on the other. It takes 3 hours from Baveno to reach the top, 4350 ft. above the sea-level, by Mr. Pentland's measurement. Its slopes are said to be infested with snakes. You may descend the opposite side to Orta, and return in a boat to Omegna, 2 hours' walk from Baveno. (See Route 102.)

The W. shore of the lake, as far as Sesto, being the Sardinian frontier, is lined with custom-house officers, who search all who land from the states of Austria or Switzerland.

The *Borromean Islands* may be conveniently visited from Baveno, and the traveller on his way to Milan

may send round his carriage to meet him at the Count's Stables (l'Ecurie), the nearest point, or at Sesto. A boat from Baveno, with two rowers, to go and return, costs 5 fr. if not kept more than 2 hours, beyond that, 10 sous per rower is charged for every hour. The steam-boat which navigates the Lago Maggiore passes near the islands every morning, about 9, on its way to Sesto, and again, on its way back, at 3; so that, by setting off early from Baveno, a traveller (having no carriage) might see them, and avail himself of this rapid conveyance to reach Sesto.

It takes 25 minutes to row from Baveno to the Isola Bella, passing, on the way, the Isola dei Pescatori, so called because its inhabitants are poor fishermen, whose rude semi-plastered hovels contrast abruptly with the stately structures on the neighbouring island. The *Isola Bella* belongs to the Count Borromeo, who resides a part of the year in the vast palace. An ancestor of the family, in 1671, converted this mass of bare and barren slate-rock, which lifted itself a few feet above the surface of the lake, into a beautiful garden, teeming with the vegetation of the tropics. It consists of 10 terraces, the lowest founded on piers thrown into the lake, rising in a pyramidal form one above another, and lined with statues, vases, obelisks, and black cypresses. Upon these, as upon the hanging gardens of Babylon, flourish in the open air, not merely the orange, citron, myrtle, and pomegranate, but aloes, cactuses, the camphor-tree (of which there is a specimen 20 ft. high), sugar-cane, and coffee-plant—all inhabitants of tropical countries—and this within a day's journey of the Lapland climate of the Simplon, and within view of Alpine snows.

The proverbial disagreement of doctors is nothing in comparison with the discord of travellers on the merits of this island. To Simond the sight of the island at a distance suggests the

Idea of "a huge Perigord pie, stuck round with the heads of woodcocks and partridges;" *Matthews* extols it as "the magic creation of labour and taste . . . a fairy-land, which might serve as a model for the gardens of Calypso;" *Saussure* calls it "un magnifique caprice, une pensée grandiose, une espèce de création;" while *Broekeson* sternly pronounces it as "worthy only of a rich man's misplaced extravagance, and of the taste of a confectioner." To taste, it may have little pretension; but, for a traveller fresh from the rigid climate of the north, this singular creation of art, with its aromatic groves, its aloes and cactuses starting out of the rocks—and, above all, its glorious situation, bathed by the dark blue waters of the lake, reflecting the sparkling white villages on its banks, and the distant snows of the Alps, cannot fail to afford pleasure, and a visit to the Isola Bella will certainly not be repented of.

Every handful of mould on the island was originally brought from a distance, and requires to be constantly renewed. It is probable that its foundation of slate-rock favours the growth of tender plants by long retaining the heat of a noon-day sun; but few persons are aware that, in addition to this, the terraces are boarded over during winter, and the plants protected from the frost by stoves heated beneath: thus converting the terraces into a sort of hothouse. The orange and lemon blossoms perfume the air to some distance. —L. S.

A laurel (bay) of gigantic size is pointed out, as well for its remarkable growth as for a scar on its bark, where Napoleon, it is said, cut with a knife the word "battaglia," a short while before the battle of Marengo. Rousseau once thought of making the Isola Bella the residence of his Julie, but changed his mind on reflecting that so artificial an abode would not be consistent with the simplicity of her character.

The Palace, which, with the gar-

dens, is liberally shown to strangers at all times by permission of its owners, contains pictures by the *Procaccini*, the *Charity of Ad. Sacchi*, and some by *Tempesta*. In the Chapel are three superb monuments of the *Borromeo* family: one, of the 15th century, was made to hold the relics of St. Giustina, an ancestress of the family; another, on the rt. of the altar, is by *Ant. Busti*, and is praised by *Vasari*. The large unfinished building which separates the two wings was intended for an octagonal hall and great staircase, but has never been covered in.

The *Isola Madre*, from its greater distance from the mountains, which screen the sun earlier from the others, enjoys a milder climate in winter, and its gardens will interest the horticulturist. The plants of New Holland grow luxuriantly out of doors; the two species of tea are generally in flower in October: 4 species of *Aracaria* have attained considerable size.—J. B. P.

The Simplon road, where it skirts the lake, is an almost uninterrupted terrace of masonry, studded with granite posts at intervals of a few feet. Travellers coming from Milan may embark on the lake to visit the *Borromean* islands at *Stresa*, where boats are kept.

Beyond *Belgirate*, a pretty village, remarkable for the number of villas with terraces and gardens in front: the colossal statue of *St. Carlo Borromeo* appears on the hill above the road.

2½ Arona — (*Inn*. *Posta*, close to the water, good. *Albergo Reale*, do.).

An ancient town, of 4000 inhab., with a small castellated harbour. It is built on the very margin of the lake; the principal street, in which the inn is situated, is so narrow that only one carriage can pass. The Simplon road runs through the upper part of the town. The steamer touches here twice a day; carriages can be embarked here.

The principal *Cà*. (*Santa Maria*) contains a beautiful picture by *Gaudenzio Ferrari*—a Holy Family, with shutters, bearing figures of saints, and the portrait of a Countess Borromeo, by whom it was presented to the church. San Carlo Borromeo was born at Arona, 1538, in the old castle, now nearly destroyed.

On the summit of a hill, about half an hour's walk from the town, stands the *Colossal Statue of St. Charles Borromeo*, 66 feet high, and placed on a pedestal 40 feet high. The head, hands, and feet alone, are cast in bronze, the rest of the figure is formed of sheets of beaten copper, arranged round a pillar of rough masonry which forms the support of it. The saint is represented extending his hand towards the lake, and over his birth-place Arona, bestowing on them his benediction. There is grace in the attitude, in spite of the gigantic proportions of the figure, and benevolence beams from the countenance;—altogether the effect of it is good and very impressive. It was erected, 1697, by subscriptions, principally contributed by the Borromeo family. It is possible to enter the statue and to mount up into the head, but the ascent is difficult and fatiguing, and not to be attempted by the nervous. It is effected by means of two ladders, tied together (provided by a man who lives hard by), resting on the pedestal, and reaching up to the skirt of the saint's robe. Between the folds of the upper and lower drapery the adventurous climber squeezes himself through—a task of some difficulty, if he be of corpulent dimensions; and he then clammers up the stone pillar which supports the head, by placing his feet upon the iron bars or cramps by which the copper drapery is attached to it. To effect this, he must assume a straddling attitude, and proceed in the dark till he reaches the head, which he will find capable of holding 3 persons at once. Here he may rest himself by sitting

down in the recess of the nose, which forms no bad substitute for an arm-chair. In the neighbouring church several relics of San Carlo are preserved.

A good carriage-road, but narrow in places, leads from Arona by *Gonzano* to *Orta* (Route 101). $3\frac{1}{2}$ posts. From *Orta* to *Borgomanero* is 2 posts. There is also a post-road direct from Arona to *Turin*.

The view of the peaked snowy ridge of the *Monte Rosa*, from the lower part of the *Lago Maggiore*, is magnificent. A ferry-boat conveys the traveller across the *Ticino*, which forms the outlet of the lake, into the territory of Austrian Lombardy, and the small town of

$1\frac{1}{2}$ *Sesto Calende* — (*Lat*: None, good; *Post*, best.) 5 m. from Arona, charged as 1 Piedmontese post or $1\frac{1}{2}$ Austrian post. Passports are strictly examined, and no traveller is allowed to pass the frontier unless he be provided with the signature of an Austrian minister—in default of which he is sent back to *Turin* or *Berne* to procure it. *Sesto* is said to have been a Roman station, and to have received its name from a market held here on the 26th or 27th of the month—*Sexto Calendas*. It stands on the left bank of the *Ticino*, just below the spot where it quits the *Lago Maggiore*. The *Cà. of St. Donato* is a structure of the middle ages.

A Steamer starts at one o'clock every day, but Sunday, for the head of the lake, stopping at Arona, and calling off the Borromeo Islands. It corresponds with the velocifers (omnibus) to Milan, which sets out within half an hour of the arrival of the steamer. For fares, and other particulars respecting the *Lago Maggiore*, see Route 91.

The road to Milan lies over the beginning of the great plain of Lombardy, between avenues of cabbage-headed mulberry-trees, hedges of graceful acacia, and rows of vines

trained between fruit-trees, not so as to intercept the splendid views of the Alps which in places bound three-fourths of the horizon.—H. M.

The country is excessively fertile, but the road usually most disagreeable from the dust. The posting is not on a good footing, and the rate of driving is very slow—even the prospect of double *buonamano* has little effect in accelerating the postillions. The name of every village is written on the wall at the entrance. The first which we pass is Soma, containing an ancient castle of the Visconti, fringed with swallow-tailed battlements, and a remarkable cypress-tree of great age, one of the largest known. It is stated to have been a tree in the days of Julius Cæsar?; it is 121 ft. high and 23 ft. in girth. Napoleon respected it at the time of the construction of the route of the Simplon, causing the road to diverge from the straight line on account of it.

Near this was fought the first great battle between Scipio and Hannibal, commonly called the Battle of the Ticinus, in which Scipio was worsted.

1½ Gallerati.—Beyond this is

¾ Cascina delle Corde (of the ropes), also called Cascina del Buon Gesù. At Busto, a mile to the W. of this, is a church designed by Bramante, and containing frescoes by *Gaudenzio Ferrari*.

1½ Rho.—Outside the town is a very handsome church, designed by Pellegrini; the façade, recently finished, is by Pollack. Near this are extensive rice-grounds, the vicinity of which is very unhealthy.

The road terminates and enters Milan by the *Arco del Sempione* (della Pace), commenced by Napoleon, and finished by the Austrian government 1836.

1½ MILAN — (*Inns*: *Gran Bretagna*; *Albergo Reale*, good; *La Villa*, excellent; *Croce di Malta*, good and quiet.) For a description of Milan, see THE HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN NORTHERN ITALY.

ROUTE 60.

TOURTEMAGNE TO INTERLACHEN, BY THE LÖTSCHTHAL, AND KANDERSTEG.

Tourtemagne in Route 59.

From Gampel to Kandersteg is 10 hours; a guide is required at least from Kippel to Kandersteg. *Joa. Ebener* of Kippel is recommended, and there alone refreshments can be obtained. A path runs up the rt. bank of the Rhone from Loèche to Gampel.

* A mile or so above Tourtemagne a bridge over the Rhone leads to the village of Gampel, at the mouth of the Lötschthal, a very narrow and steep valley, rising, not in terraces, but with a rapid and continuous ascent. After crossing the *Louza* at Gampel a steep ascent succeeds, commanding fine views over the Rhone. The path next enters a gorge. About an hour from Gampel there is a fall, not visible from the road, of no great height, but a large volume of water. Beyond the chapel of *Koppigstein*, which is constantly swept away by avalanches, you recross the *Louza* to its rt. bank. For the first 1½ hour not a green field or patch of corn is passed; at the end of that time a group of cottages occurs in a lovely scene of meadow, wood, and rock, overhung by superb peaks, after which the character of the valley is more cheerful as far as

3 Perden, where it turns sharply to the east. At the angle, the view along both branches of the valley is superb; the upper portion is wider and longer than that which has been passed, extending to the great *Lötsch-gletscher*, a branch of the sea of ice around the *Jungfrau*, overhung by the *Lauterbrunn Breithorn* on one side, and the *Aletsch-horner*, or some of their off-sets, on the other, while on the south the *Nesthorn* and other very lofty mountains rise almost perpendicularly in icy peaks. The curé's house at

Kippel, 15 minutes from Ferden, affords the best, if not the only, accommodation. Good guides may be had. The nephew of the curé is a capital mountaineer, but few or none can speak anything but their own German patois. A direct, but difficult, and, it may be, dangerous route (pass it cannot be called), lies over the crest of the Bernese Alps to Lauterbrunn, passing under the Tschingelhorn, and descending by Tschingel-gletscher and Steinberg to Lauterbrunn. (See Route 27.) It meets the route above described from Lauterbrunn to Kandersteg, somewhere about the summit of that pass. The descent from the Tschingel is steep enough to be formidable; what difficulty there may be in crossing the main chain the writer cannot say. The passage of the Lötchberg presents no difficulty. The first hour is through magnificent larch woods, after which there is about three hours over pastures, bare stony slopes, and beds of snow to

2 The Col, 6960 ft. above the sea-level, overhung by the grand precipices of the Halm-horn, which forms the eastern end of the Alts group. By giving about 3 hours more to the excursion, a high peak to the E., called the Hoch-horn, may be ascended. A less time might probably suffice if the shortest route from Kippel were taken; our guide did not suggest it till we had nearly reached the Col, from which it is one stunde (1½ hour), chiefly over ice. Some fearfully steep slopes are to be crossed, from which the eye plunges down right into the Gasterenthal, 3000 to 6000 ft. beneath. A singular and most striking scene occurs in passing round an isolated steepie of rock, rising out of the ice, with a pool of clear blue water at its foot. Between it and the peak lies a narrow isthmus of ice, sloping steeply down on either side; after passing this, the icy shoulder of the mountain is to be wound round, with empty space on two sides;

and then the last ascent, up a sharp pile of stones, which we estimated at 5 minutes, and found to take 15. The view is superb. To the S. and S.W. Monte Rosa, the Matter-horn, and Mont Blanc towering far above nearer mountains, are the leading objects. To the E. the Tschingel-horn and other points of the chain on which we stood, extending to the Jungfrau and the Aletsch-horner. To the W. a sea of lower mountains towards the Simmenthal, and an extensive view over the Bernese lowlands, which, however, was obscured by a coming storm which hastened our descent to a more secure position. Retracing our course for a good way, we then descended over bare rocks and beds of snow to the lower part of the Halm-gletscher, and reached, in a short 2 hours from the Hochhorn, the point where the direct route across the Lötchberg quits the glacier, after lying across it probably for 1½ to 2 miles. Thence there is about 1½ hour of very steep descent into the Gasterenthal. The river is to be crossed by a bridge, which must not be missed: thence to Kandersteg, about 2 hours. (See Route 27.)

This, though over the ice, was formerly a mule path of some traffic, but fell into disuse when the road over the Gemmi was made; it is now impassable for mules. The glacier is much crevassed, but not dangerous. 8 hours is abundantly sufficient to go from Ferden or Kippel to Kandersteg, so that the whole distance from Tourtemagne to Kandersteg might be accomplished in one long day, and the bad quarters of the Lötschthal avoided. From Ferden two or three parallel passes lead to the baths of Leuk in 5 or 6 hours.—A. T. M.

Notes on the passage of the Halm Glacier.

"I passed this on the 29th Aug. 1844 (guide Gilhom Erster of Kandersteg, a very steady old fellow), from Kandersteg to Kippel in 8 hours.

The ascent to the Glacier is very steep, and when I passed there were several slopes of thin frozen snow, inclined at a very considerable angle, which required great caution. The surface of the glacier was not dangerously crevassed. In one place we came upon a piece of the old rudely-paved road in the midst of the snow. From the Col the view was very beautiful. Monte Rosa, with 3 or 4 of her summits clearly distinguishable, and the long ridge which forms the western barrier of the valley of St. Nicolas running up into an immense mountain, with two conical summits, I presume the Weisshorn and Dent Blanche, farther to the westward the view was confined by neighbouring mountains, over which your correspondent 'A. T. M.' must, I suppose, from the higher position he gained, have obtained a view."

b. *Upper part of Lötschthal and the passes leading from it.* (Guide, Joseph Appener of Kippel.)

"The upper part of this valley has a due N.E. direction, is terminated at its upper end by the Lötsch Glacier, and is bounded on either side by parallel ridges of great altitude; that on the left hand being the main range of the Bernese Alps, that on the right consisting of several lofty and connected summits which we will now describe.

"First, in the angle of the valley, and above Ferden, is the Bietschhorn, next the Nesthorn (also called Jungfrau), next Breithorn, which must not be confounded with the Bernese Breithorn on the opposite ridge, and last the Stockhorn. Opposite the Stockhorn is the mountain, in Keller, called Gromhorn, and the depression or furca between them is the dividing point between the Lötsch and Aletsch Glaciers, and is, as I was assured, practicable; another Col, that namely between the summits of the Stockhorn and Breithorn, to which however the ascent looks very

awkward, serves as a short cut from the upper Lötschthal to Brieg in the Valais, descending by the Ober-Aletsch Glacier and the Bell-Alp. This pass is known to Appener, who is a most excellent mountaineer, but neither he, nor indeed any other person in the valley speaks anything but his own German patois."

Route from the Upper Lötsch Thal, over the main ridge to Lauterbrunn. (Aug. 1844.)

A little above the village of Zscouten, and about 2 hours' walk from Kippel, is a narrow valley, leading up into the main chain of the Bernese Alps; the name, as well as I could catch it from the pronunciation, is Mindere-Thal; there is no indication of it in Keller's map, which is not very minutely accurate in its topography of these mountains; but it runs nearly north and south, and must originate near the south side of the mountain called by him Tachingelhorn, but which is in fact the Gspalt-horn. This valley or gorge is followed till the glacier is approached which fills up its head, and which is here inaccessible *en face*; a detour has therefore to be made to the left, over very steep ground, and the glacier is again approached at a point where its inclination is smaller, and at a height where it is already covered with perpetual snow. Here the rope came into requisition, and the day's work began in earnest. Slowly after slope of snow was passed, the few crevasses which the snow had not completely hidden being approached by Appener just in the right place; until after nearly three hours of walking up to the calf of the leg in snow, we reached a long range of weather-beaten rocks which shut out all view in front, and were announced to form the summit of the range. The scenery hitherto had been more remarkable for the novelty of the different mountain-peaks within sight, than for the magnificence of

any one in particular: the southern face of the Bernese Alps, and the northern pinnacles of the Aletsch-hörner (mountains not usual to be looked at from this point of view, and not a little difficult to identify), with the sloping fields of snow across which our track was visible for a fore-ground. The ridge we had attained was in no sense of the word a Col or pass, but a tolerably level and uniform elevation, with a wall of rocks of no great height, forming a continuous crest or battlement, but the grand coup d'œil was to come. Stopping through an interval between the rocks, the scene changed at once. In place of the gradual slope by which we had ascended, immediately beneath our feet the ground fell away in front and on either hand, to the level of the Great Tschingel Glacier, several hundred feet below us, with just enough snow heaped up against the ridge on which we were standing to make the descent practicable. We were at a point immediately above the centre of the glacier, of which we could see the two extremities sinking, one into the Gasterenthal, and the other into the valley of the Ammertal; directly in front, on the opposite side of the glacier, was the Kien-thal, with the Niesen at the far end of it, but the mist was hanging over the Lake of Thun. Appener's knowledge of the pass was here critically tried: at the base of the snowy precipice on which we were standing, just where the bank of snow touched the glacier, was evident to the right and left, as far as we could see, an enormous crevasse, or *bergachgrund*, gaping to receive the avalanche of snow which would be inevitably occasioned by our attempting to descend that way; while immediately beneath us, the convexity of the descent intercepted our view of the bottom of the ridge. My Kandersteg guide and I turned to Appener in despair; he, however, laughed, and said that we should soon see that

below where we were standing there was no schrauf at all, and so it proved, or rather, as is most probable, the convex configuration of the descent at that point had thrown the snow more forward, and filled it up. Once upon the level of the glacier we felt all our anxieties over, and ran quickly over the hard snow, and after one or two faults among the crevasses below the Muteli-horn, reached the track usually taken between Gasteren and the Steinberg."

"Time, Kippel to the snow, 3 hours; over snow to the summit, nearly 3 hours, descent to Lanterbrunn (very quick), 5-hours; total, 11. At the Capricorn I found the route was unknown to any of the guides, Joseph Appener is the only safe man to take. He told me he had tried it with Professor Stender of Berne, some years before, but the bad weather turned them back."—E. W.

From Kandersteg Lanterbrunn may be reached in one very hard day by the Tschingel (Route 27), or by a route not less laborious, but more secure, up the Gschinen-thal, a lovely little valley, crossing the Düdengrat (Route 26), the summit of which is probably 3 to 3½ hours from Kandersteg, descending into the Kienthal, and again mounting a pass of equal height, called the Klein Furca, and thence down the Sefinen-thal into the valley of Lanterbrunn. The whole of this unfrequented route, which is far less savage than that by the Tschingel-gletscher, lies through scenery of the highest interest, in which romantic beauty is combined with the sterner features of Alpine scenery. From Kandersteg to Lanterbrunn not less than 13 hours going should be allowed.—A. T. M.

ROUTE 61.

AOSTA TO SION, BY THE VALFELLINE AND COL DE COLLON—EVOLENA TO SEMBATT, BY THE COL D'ENNA. 9 and 3½ or 3 days; a high and difficult pass.

"The way follows the St. Bernard route for a short distance; then turning downwards, crosses the St. Remy branch of the river Bottier, near its junction with the Valpelline branch, a very beautiful spot, and proceeds through rich fields to the village of Valpelline, 2½ hours. Here the valley narrows, and the ascent becomes rapid. Passing the village of Oyace, picturesquely situated on a high barrier of rock which crosses the valley (1 hour 40 minutes), you reach in another hour Biona, and in 4 hours more the chalets of Prerayen: total from Aosta, 9 hours of rapid ascent. Cultivation extends high up the valley, which lies exposed to the afternoon sun, and is very hot. There is a good horse-road to Prerayen, which belongs to the Jesuits of Aosta, who resort thither in the summer, and the chalets in consequence afford somewhat better quarters than most of those in Piedmont. There is no inn anywhere in the Valpelline.

"The head of the valley is bounded by a very grand chain of snowy mountains, branching from the main chain at the Dent d'Erron (?), which separates the Valpelline and Val Tournanche. From Prerayen to Breuil is said to be only 6 or 7 hours, not difficult, and not much glacier. It looks very steep, however, and I could not learn much about it.

"Started at 6 next morning, to cross the Col de Collon. The way lies up a steep lateral valley, a little below Prerayen. Reached the foot of the great moraine at 7. The glacier has retreated from it a good half mile during the last 30 years; on the side of Evolena, on the contrary, the ice has not diminished. There are two practicable routes to the upper plateau of the glacier; one over rocks, which Professor Forbes took in 1842, the other following the bottom of the valley to the foot of the glacier, which is to be mounted by climbing steep slopes of frozen snow, not without difficulty. These being sur-

mounted, a broad plain, and two or three long slopes lead to the Col, which I reached at 9 h. 10 m. The glacier on this side does not seem dangerous.

"The height of the Col, by Professor Forbes's measurement, is 10,333 English feet. To the left is a crest of rocks, in a cleft of which is stuck a small iron cross, dated 1754. A hard varnish of rust is formed on it, which seems to protect the metal from further decay. The view from the Col is very grand. No distance, however, is visible, nothing but spires of rock and swells of snow.

"The descent towards Evolena is more dangerous, the glacier which on this side is called Arolla, being much more extensive, and more crevassed. Quitted the ice in 1 h. 15 m., after which the descent is over very steep rocks, not much better than the Little Coluret, beds of snow and moraines very rough and fatiguing. Reached the turf and the foot of the glacier in 2 h. 40 m. from the Col; under less favourable circumstances it might take double the time. The valley thus far is close and winding, so that no distant views can be had; but it is of the grandest character.

"The lofty jagged ridge to the east, which divides the glacier of Arolla from that of Ferpecte, is called by Professor Forbes the Dents des Bouquetins. To the west, another very grand glacier descends from the other side of the Mont Collon, communicating probably with the head of the Val de Bagnes. From the foot of the glacier to Evolena is about 4 hours of very grand and beautiful scenery. Total from Prerayen to Evolena, about 10 hours. Thence to Sion an easy day of 6 hours, I suppose. The lower part of the valley does not appear to be first rate. I have not seen it.

"There is no inn at Evolena; and the people seem rude and unaccommodating. After some difficulty I

got lodgings, and was civilly treated at the house of a family named Fullonier, where there are two brothers who have crossed the Col d'Errin as guides. Time from Evolena to Zermatt 9 h. 35 m., excluding stoppages. It might take much more.

"An hour above Evolena the valley forks into two branches; the one leading to the glacier of Arolla and Col de Collon, the other to the glacier of Ferpecte and Col d'Errin, as Forbes has called it; the pass being apparently without a name in the country. The scenery of the latter branch is even finer than that of the former. From the hamlet of Handera, near the junction, to the foot of the glacier, there is a rapid ascent. The termination of the glacier is remarkably fine. The ice is pure, and very high, ending on one side in a vertical section cresting a precipice; on the other sweeping grandly over it; and the effect is much increased by the near neighbourhood of fine larches.

"From hence a rapid ascent, skirting deep precipices, leads to the chalets of Abricolla, distant about 3 hours from Evolena. They are rude and more dirty than is usual in Switzerland, and the traveller who means to sleep at them should take up straw from below. The view from these heights is extremely fine.

"Started at half-past four: and by the advice of one of the Fulloniers, who accompanied us part of the way, we kept at a level, or gradually ascending, along the mountain-side, instead of descending, as Forbes had done, to the glacier—a depth of several hundred feet perpendicular. In about an hour we reached the glacier, which was then a dazzling sheet of snow, hard frozen, and inclined at an angle which rendered great caution necessary in traversing it. Less than an hour brought us to the edge of a precipice, opposite to a bare rock in the middle of the ice, called Motta Rotta. Here the sun had melted out

space enough just to form a narrow, slippery, and dangerous path, along which we proceeded eastward, shouldering the ice on one side, and with the deep precipice on the other. At the end of it we dismissed Fullonier, having passed the difficulties on this side of the passage. From hence to the level of Motta Rotta is a succession of slopes, free from danger, and from that level an immense undulating snow plain extends to the Col, which lies to the right of a slightly elevated point, called by Professor Forbes the Stockhorn, the height of which he makes 11,760 feet, 600 feet higher than the Col du Géant. We reached it in 3 h. 20 m. from Evolena, having gained an hour on Professor Forbes by the new route. His route lay at the foot of the precipice along the top of which we had passed.

"The Col is formed by a ridge extending from the Dent Blanche (which lies between the valleys of Anniviers and of Zmutt) to the main chain between the Dent d'Errin and the Mont Collon. It thus encloses the great glacier of Zmutt, which it separates from the glacier of Ferpecte. Professor Forbes rates the view from it above any that he had seen in the higher Alps, even above that from the Col du Géant. The spectator is centrally placed between the Cervin, the Dent d'Errin, and the Dent Blanche, with the whole chain of Monte Rosa in full view. To these is to be added the Strallhorn (Cima de Jan?) nearly of the same height, between which and Monte Rosa the pass of the Weisenthorn is seen, at the same, or a higher, level on which he stands. None of these mountains is less than 14,000 feet high.

"There are two possible descents; one down the face of the cliff, a little W. of the Stockhorn, which Professor Forbes tried in 1862; and failed to achieve, owing to a precipice of some 30 feet, next the ice, which could not be passed. He was therefore driven

to take the way which I followed, still further to the W., which, though involving a considerable circuit, I should think always preferable, unless the glacier below were in a very dangerous state. The descent is shorter, and less rapid, and the rocks are masked by slopes of snow, which however are steep enough to present dangers of their own. The upper basin of the Zmutt glacier being thus reached, a black blunt point in the chain of rocks which holds up this upper glacier serves for landmark but as the ice is much crevassed, there is many a circuit to be made; and the passage took a good hour. The next descent is over a slope of rocks, ending, within 100 feet of the bottom, in a precipice, down which it is possible to descend by a very steep couloir, when the glacier, which is here considerably inclined, is in too bad a state to traverse higher up. In 1843 the quantity of snow rendered it possible to reach and traverse the lower glacier to the W. of the couloir; and we struck across in the direction of Mont Cervin, and reached the lateral moraine at 12 h. 15 m., having left the Col at 8 h. 30 m. Another hour brought us off the ice; and 1½ hour more to Zermatt (Route 106). The descent of the valley of Zmutt struck me more than ever. I believe it to be the finest thing of its kind in the Alps; and it is seen to advantage by keeping on the S. side of the river, where the path runs through magnificent larches, at a great height above the stream.

"The whole of this route, from Aosta to Zermatt, is not to be surpassed in point of grandeur and varied interest by anything in the Alps. It is to be recollected also that (adding to them the Weissenthor) there are no passes more long, more dangerous, and more difficult.

"For some account of the ascent of the Weissenthor, see Route 106. The view from it I thought even superior to that from the Col d'Erria."—A. T. M.

ROUTE 66.

CONSTANCE TO ST. GALL, BY THE
LAKE OF CONSTANCE.

3 Posts = 27½ Eng. miles.

The Lake of Constance.

Constance is described in Route 7.

Eight Steam-boats navigate the lake of Constance, making voyages 4 or 5 times a-week between Constance and Schaffhausen, daily between Constance and Ueberlingen; Ludwigs-hafen, Friedrichshafen, Rorschach, and Lindau. The time and place of starting are promulgated in a printed tariff, which will be found hung up in all the inns near the lake. It takes 5 hours to go from Constance to Lindau, and 3 to Rorschach or Friedrichshafen. The steamers take carriages.

The lake of Constance, called by the Germans *Boden See*, and anciently known to the Romans under the name *Lacus Brigantinus* (from Brigantia, the modern Bregenz), is bordered by the territories of 5 different states—Baden, Würtemberg, Bavaria, Austria, and Switzerland, and a portion of its coasts belongs to each of them. It is about 44 miles long, from Bregenz to Ueberlingen, and 30 from Bregenz to Constance; about 9 miles wide in the broadest part; 964 ft. is its greatest depth; "which exceeds that of any other lake in Switzerland, and it abounds in fish, of which 25 species have been enumerated."—H. It lies 1255 ft. above the sea.

Its main tributary is the Rhine, which enters at its E. extremity, and flows out under the walls of Constance. The accumulated deposits of the river have formed an extensive delta at the upper end of the lake, and are annually encroaching further.

Its banks, either flat or gently undulating, present little beauty of scenery compared with other Swiss lakes, but they are eminently distinguished for their fertility, and its S. shore is studded with a picturesque

line of ruined castles or hill-forts of the middle ages.

It is only at its E. extremity, in distant glimpses of the snow-topped mountains of Vorarlberg, that it displays any alpine features.

Its waters, on an average, are lowest in the month of February, and highest in July, when the snows are melting: it sometimes swells a foot in 24 hours at that season.

Post-horses may be obtained from Constance to St. Gall, see Introduction, § 5.—The stations are from Constance to

1½ Hub.

(From Hub to Rorschach 2 posts.)

2 St. Gall.

Diligences go 3 times a-day in 8 hours. You may take the steamer to Rorschach (3 hours), and the diligence thence to St. Gall (3 hours).

On quitting Constance the road passes the Augustine convent of Kreuzlingen, which still (?) maintains 10 brothers of the order. Though the foundation is very ancient, the existing edifice dates from the end of the 30 years' war, in the course of which the preceding building was destroyed.

The Church possesses some curious wood-carvings; a representation of the Passion with 1000 small figures, and a vest embroidered with pearls, the gift of Pope John XXII. in 1414.—B.

The canton of Thurgovia, which occupies the S. shore of the lake from Constance to Arbon, is distinguished for its surpassing fertility. Instead of rocks and mountains, and alpine pastures, the characteristics of other parts of Switzerland, this canton presents richly-cultivated arable land, waving with corn and hemp; the place of forests is supplied by orchards; it is, indeed, the garden and granary of Helvetia. The country is at the same time thickly peopled, abounding in villages and cheerful cottages.

1½ The nunnery of Münsterlingen, about 4 miles on the road, was sup-

pressed in 1838, and converted into an hospital. The surviving sisters are allowed to occupy one wing of the building during their life-time. The old convent near the water was the scene of the reconciliation between the Emperor Sigismund and Duke Frederick of Austria, 1418.

2 Uttwyl.

After passing Romanshorn, a village built on the point of a tongue of land, the E. end of the lake, with the distant Alps towering above it, comes into view. On the opposite shore of the lake is Friedrichshafen and the Villa of the King of Württemberg, in which he usually passes a part of the summer. See HAND-BOOK FOR SOUTH GERMANY.

2 Arbon (*Isa*: Krentz; Traube), a walled town of 660 inhab., close upon the lake. The Romans, under Augustus, built a fort here, upon the high road from Augst and Windisch to Bregenz, which they called *Arbor Felix*. It was abandoned by them to the Allemanni in the 5th century. The Castle, on an eminence overlooking the lake, was built 1510, but its tower is said to rest on Roman foundations. The belfry, detached from the church, is boarded, not walled, on the side nearest the castle in order that no force hostile to the lords of the castle should be enabled to shelter themselves in it, or annoy the castle from thence. The monk of St. Gall is said to have died at Arbon (640), and the place was a favourite residence of Conradin of Hohenstauffen.

A little beyond Tübach the road divides. Travellers bound direct for Coire will proceed (L.) at once on to Rorschach, 2 posts from Hub (Route 67), while the road to St. Gall turns S. (rt.)

A gradual, but long ascent, leads up-hill the whole way from the borders of the lake along a pleasing valley, near the upper end of which, 1000 feet above the lake of Constance, is situated

9½ St. Gall (St. Gallen).—*Inns*: Hecht (Brochet), very good; Rösch (Cheval), Lion, very good.—J. D.

St. Gall, capital of the canton, is situated in an elevated valley on the banks of a small stream called the Steinach, and has a population of 10,000 souls. It is one of the principal seats of manufacturing industry in Switzerland. The manufacture of muslins, known as Swiss muslins all over Europe, is the most flourishing; but the spinning of cotton is also rapidly increasing. There are extensive bleacheries in the town, and the neighbouring slopes are white with webs.

The antique walls, however, which still surround the town, and the ditch, now converted into gardens, tell of a totally different period and state of society, and recall to mind the ancient history of St. Gall. If we may believe the legend, it was in the early part of the 7th century that St. Gallus, a Scotch monk (? Irish), left his convent in the Island of Iona, one of the Hebrides, and, after travelling over a large part of Europe converting the heathens, finally settled on the banks of the Steinach, then a wilderness buried in primeval woods, of which bears and wolves seemed the rightful tenants rather than men. He taught the wild people around the arts of agriculture, as well as the doctrines of true religion. The humble cell which the Scotch missionary had founded became the nucleus of civilization, and fifty years after his death, when the fame of his sanctity, and the miracles reported to have been wrought at his tomb, drew thousands of pilgrims to the spot, it was replaced by a more magnificent edifice, founded under the auspices of Pepin l'Heristal. This abbey was one of the oldest ecclesiastical establishments in Germany. It became the asylum of learning during the dark ages, and was the most celebrated school in Europe between the 8th and 10th centuries. Here the works of the authors of Rome and

Switz.

Greece were not only read but copied; and we owe to the labour of these obscure monks many of the most valuable classical authors, which have been preserved to modern times in MSS., treasured up in the Abbey of St. Gall; among them Quintilian, Silius Italicus, Ammian Marcellinus, and part of Cæsar, may be mentioned. About the beginning of the 13th century St. Gall lost its reputation for learning, as its abbots exchanged a love of piety and knowledge for worldly ambition, and the thirst for political influence and territorial rule. The desire of security, in those insecure times, first induced the abbot to surround his convent and the adjoining building with a wall and ditch, with 13 towers at intervals. This took place at the end of the 10th century, and from that time may be dated the foundation of the town. He and his 100 monks of the Benedictine order thought it no disgrace to sally forth, sword in hand and helmet on head, backed by their 300 serfs, in the hour of danger, when the convent was threatened by ungodly laymen. The donations of pious pilgrims from all parts of Europe soon augmented enormously the revenues of the abbots. They became the most considerable territorial sovereigns in N. Switzerland; their influence was increased by their elevation to the rank of princes of the empire; they were engaged in constant wars with their neighbours, and were latterly entangled in perpetual feuds with their subjects at home. These bold burghers, who, in the first instance, owed their existence and prosperity to the convent, became, in the end, restive under its rule. In the beginning of the 15th century the land of Appenzell threw off the yoke of the abbot; at the Reformation St. Gall itself became independent of him; and in 1712 the ecclesiastical prince was obliged to place the convent under the protection of those very citizens whose ancestors had been his serfs.

E

The French revolution caused the secularisation of the abbey, and the sequestration of its revenues followed in 1805. The last abbot, Pancratius Forster, died in 1829, a pensioner on the bounty of others, in the convent of Muri.

The *Abbey Church*, now cathedral, was so completely modernised in the last century, that it possesses little to interest the stranger.

The buildings of the deserted *Monastery* date from the 17th and 18th centuries, and the part of it which formed the abbot's *Palace* (*Die Pfalz*) now serves for the public offices of the Government of the canton. In it is preserved the *Convent Library* (*Stifts Bibliothek*), which still contains many curiosities, such as numerous Latin classics, MSS. of the 10th and 11th centuries, Greek New Testament of the 10th century, Psalms of the 9th century, various ancient MSS. either from Ireland or transcribed by Irish monks; also a MS. of the *Nibelungen Lied*.

The Churches of St. Laurens and of St. Mangen are remarkable for their antiquity.

The finest edifice is the *Orphan House*, outside the town; to the N.W.

At the *Casino Club* will be found an excellent reading-room.

The *Freudenberg*, the neighbouring mountain on the W. of the town, commands from its summit, about 3 miles off, a fine panorama, including the lake of Constance and the mountains of St. Gall and Appenzell, with the *Sentis* at their head. A carriage-road leads up to the top, where an inn is built.

Diligences go from St. Gall daily to Constance (3 times); to Zurich, by Winterthur (in 12 hours), to Glarus (in 10 hours); to Feldkirch by Altstätten; to Bregenz and Innsbruck; to Coire, by Rorschach, Aletetten, and thence to Milan by the Splügen and Bernardino.

The posting tariff for Canton St. Gall is given in the Introduction (§ 5).

ROUTE 67.

CONSTANCE OR ST. GALL TO COIRE,
BY RORSCHACH, RHEINFELDE, RARATE,
AND THE RATES OF FREYBURG.

8 St. Gall posts = 61½ Eng. miles. The Swiss posts along the S. and W. shores of the lake of Constance are considerably longer than the German posts. Persons bound from Constance to Feldkirch may travel post cheaper and quicker than by the steamer—which does not proceed direct to Bregenz, and stops at many places on the way. Rorschach is as near to Feldkirch as Bregenz.

This road is supplied with post-houses (see Introduction, § 5). It is traversed by *Diligences* twice a-day in 12 hours. Travellers posting should endeavour to reach Pfaffers in one day, as the intermediate stations are not good sleeping-places.

There is a direct and very interesting road (Route 68), though hilly, from St. Gall to Altstätten, avoiding the detour by Rorschach and the lake of Constance. The pedestrian, with the aid of a guide, may reach Coire by Appenzell, crossing the mountains to Wildhaus (Routes 68 and 71).

1½ Rorschach—(*Jan*: Post; *Krona*, tolerable). This little lake-port and town of 1650 inhab. is the principal corn-market in Switzerland, held on Thursday. The grain required to supply the greater part of the Alpine districts of N. Switzerland is imported from Russia, in boats, across the lake, and is deposited temporarily in large warehouses here. Much muslin is made at Rorschach.

Steam-boats go daily between it and Friedrichshafen, in Württemberg, and the steamers from Constance and Lindau also touch here regularly, corresponding with the diligences to Milan, Augsburg, Ulm, Stuttgart, and Munich. The deposits of the Rhine are, it is said, forming themselves into shallows between Rorschach and Lindau, which may soon impede the direct navigation of the lake between

these two places. On the slope, a little above the town, is the large dilapidated building, called *Stettelery*, or *Marienberg*, a palace once of the proud abbots of St. Gall, now a government school. Its Gothic cloister, and vaulted refectory with bas-reliefs, deserve notice (date 1513). It commands a fine view from its terrace. Near it, perched on a projecting sandstone rock, is the desolate *Castle of St. Anna*, with its square keep. From the top of the hill, behind *Rorschach* (1 hour's walk), you may obtain a view over the whole lake of the influx of the Rhine, and of the town of *Bregenz*.

Skirting the foot of low hills clad with vineyards, beneath which the yellow-bellied pumpkins may be seen baking in the sun, the road passes along under the shade of fruit-trees, but soon quits the margin of the lake to cross the flat delta of the Rhine. The district around the mouth of the river abounds in marsh, and is by no means healthy.

1 *Rheineck*—(*Inn*: *Brochet* (post), clean, but dear; necessary to make a bargain.)—a village of 1370 inhab., on the l. bank of the Rhine, about 4 m. above its embouchure, situated under vine-clad hills, surmounted by a ruined castle, which was destroyed 1445 by the *Appenzellers*. There are several other castles on the neighbouring heights.

St. Margarethen, a pretty village completely embowered in a grove of walnut and fruit trees, is situated near the *Austrian ferry, over the Rhine*,* which must be crossed in going to *Feldkirch*, *Bregenz*, or *Lindau* (see *Hand-book for S. Germany*); but it is not passable after dark. Our road leaves it on the l., and turns soon afterwards due S. up the valley of the Rhine, through a highly cultivated country rich in grain, especially maize, and abounding in orchards. Only the low grounds on the immediate margin of the river are flat and

unhealthy marsh, interspersed with gravel-beds, which the traveller should get over as fast as possible, on account of malaria. The Rhine here is a wide, shallow, muddy, and unsteady stream, constantly changing its channel and overflowing its banks: it is not navigated except by wood rafts, which float down it.

[The road from *Feldkirch* to *Coire* is considerably more interesting for its scenery than that on the l. (Swiss) side of the Rhine, and the expense of posting is reported to be less. It runs through *Feldkirch* (crossing the Ill), through the small principality of *Lichtenstein*—*Vaduz*—*Balsers*—and over the *Luxiensteig* by *Mayenfeld* to *Coire*. (See *Hand-book, South Germany*.)]

Oberied—*Inn*: *H. du Cheval*.)

1½ *Altstätten*—(*Inn*: Post; tolerable; the *calle à manger* is a sort of public tap-room; *Rabe* (Corbean), miserable—a town of 6420 inhab. in a fruitful neighbourhood. The postmaster at *Altstätten* has no pretences to make you take an additional horse either to *Sennwald* or *Rheinegg*, and he ought to be resisted. There is a road from this over the hill of *Stoss* to *Appenzell*, by *Gais* (Route 68): very steep, but quite practicable for light carriages. It takes two hours to reach the top. The view from it over the Alps of the *Vorarlberg* is fine, and the route interesting. Another road, over the *Ruppen*, leads in 3 hours to *St. Gall*, by *Trogen*.

1½ *Sennwald*—(*Inn*: Post, barely tolerable)—a village at the foot of the *Kamor* (5830 feet high, 3 hours' walk), commanding a fine view over the Alps of *Appenzell*, *Vorarlberg*, and *Grisons*. Down to the 17th century, the district which we now traverse belonged to the powerful barons of *Hohen Sax*, many of whose castles, reduced to ruins by the *Appenzellers*, may still be discerned upon the heights on the W. of the Rhine valley. One of this family, a

* Stages from *Rheineck* to *Hohen Sax* 1½ post—*Feldkirch* 1 post.

brave and noble soldier, and a Protestant, occupied with difficulty from the massacre of St. Bartholomew at Paris, and on his return home was murdered by his nephew. After this foul deed, it is the popular belief that the blessing of God was withdrawn from the race; it is certain they never prospered. In 1616 their vast domains were sold to Zurich, and the family became extinct soon after. The body of the murdered man is still preserved in a perfect condition, in a coffin with a glass lid, dried like a mummy, under the church-tower of Sennwald. This circumstance, and the story connected with it, have given to the remains a reputation for sanctity, so that, though a Protestant, the Catholics have stolen some of the limbs as relics, and once actually carried off the body across the Rhine, it was, however, speedily reclaimed.

Werdenberg — (*Im Kaufhaus*) — was the seat of a noble family of that name, who played an important part in early Swiss history. The Stamm-schloss, the cradle of the race, still stands in good preservation above the town. A cross road runs hence through the vale of Toggenburg, and past Wildhaus, Zuingli's birthplace, to Schaffhausen (Route 71).

1 Sewelen, hence to Wildhaus is $2\frac{1}{2}$ posts, and to Mallesstadt, $2\frac{1}{2}$ posts. Below

$2\frac{1}{2}$ Sargans (described in Route 14), which we pass a little on the rt., the roads from the Grisons, and from Zurich, meet that from St. Gall.

2 Ragatz — *Inns*. Hof Ragatz, originally the summer residence of the abbots, and now a bathing establishment, and supplied with water from the hot springs of Pfeffers, conveyed hither in wooden pipes, 12,500 feet long. very good accommodation. Charges — table-d'hôte at 12, 56 kr., dinner at other hours — in the salle, 1 fl. 40 kr., in private 2 fl., wine not included. Breakfast, tea, or coffee, honey, bread, and butter, in the salle, 20 kr., in private 24 kr.; a wan-

light, 30 kr.; private baths, 30 kr. There is accommodation for 60 persons in the house. Hôtel de la Tamina (*Poste*), civility and tolerable entertainment. Ragatz is a village of 600 inhab. situated at the mouth of the gorge (*tobel*), through which the torrent Tamina issues out to join the Rhine. It thrives from its central position at the junction of the great roads from Zurich, St. Gall, Feldkirch, Coire, and Milan, and from its vicinity to the mineral springs of Pfeffers, which cause it to be much resorted to as a watering-place, especially since the gloomy and uncomfortable old baths have been supplanted by the cheerful new establishment.

No one should omit to visit the OLD BATHS OF PFEFFERS, situated a little way up the vale of the Tamina, one of the most extraordinary spots in Switzerland, and now made accessible by a new road cut in the rocks of the gorge. Small charrs are kept at the hotel to drive thither, and the charge for one is 1 fl. 30 kr. The distance, not being more than $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles, is performed in $\frac{1}{2}$ of an hour, and it takes only 20 minutes to return. It is a delightful walk, the scenery very romantic, the torrent forming waterfalls at every step, and floating down the logs of wood. Much of the interest and original singularity of the spot, however, is destroyed by the improvement of the access to it.

The Old Baths are situated in two large piles of building connected together by a chapel. They are built on a narrow ledge of rock, a few feet above the roaring Tamina, and so deeply sunken between the rocks that they may be said to be half buried; so that in the height of summer, the sun appears above them only from 10 to 4.

The hot springs of Pfeffers were not known to the Romans. There is a story that they were discovered by a hunter, who, having entered into the abyss of the Tamina, in the pursuit of game, remarked the column of vapour arising from them. For

many years nothing was done to facilitate access to them, and patients desirous of profiting by their healing virtues were let down to the source from the cliffs above, by ropes, and, in order to reap as much benefit as possible, were accustomed to pass a week together, both day and night, in them, not only eating and drinking, but sleeping, under hot water, instead of under blankets. The cause of the virtue of the water is not very evident, as a pint contains scarcely a grain of saline particles; it has a temperature of about 98° Fahrenheit.

The situation of the old baths is both gloomy and monotonous, hemmed in between dripping walls of rock, and shaded by dank foliage, with only a narrow strip of sky overhead, and with small space or facilities for locomotion and exercise, unless the patient will take the road to Nagats or scale the sides of the valley above him. To one fresh arrived from the upper world, its meadows and sunshine, a visit to Pfeffers has all the effect of being at the bottom of a well or a mine. The atmosphere is kept at one regular temperature of chilliness by the perpetual draught brought down by the torrent; and the solitary and imprisoned ray of sunshine which about noon, and for an hour or two afterwards, finds its way into these recesses, is insufficient to impart warmth or cheerfulness. It is to be presumed, that few English travellers would be disposed to make any stay here. A passing visit of a few hours will satisfy the curiosity of most persons. No one, however, should depart without visiting the

Source of the hot spring.

A few yards above the old baths, the sides of the ravine of the Tamina contract in an extraordinary manner, so as to approach within a few feet of each other; a little farther they even close over and cover up the river, which is seen issuing out of a cavernous chasm. A bridge of planks across

the Tamina leads to the entrance, which is closed by a door. The bridge is prolonged into the gorge, in the shape of a scaffolding or shelf, suspended by iron stanchions to the rocks, and partly laid in a niche cut out of the side. It is carried all along the chasm as far as the hot spring, and affords the only means of approach to it, as the sides of the rent are vertical, and there is not an inch of room between them and the torrent, for the sole of a foot to rest. Formerly the passage was along two, sometimes one plank, unprotected by railings, at present a platform, 4 feet wide, furnished with a hand-rail, renders the approach to the spring easy for the most timid, and perfectly free from risk. Each person pays 24 kr. for admittance. A few yards from the entrance, the passage is darkened by the overhanging rock. The sudden chill of an atmosphere never visited by the sun's rays, the rushing and roaring of the torrent, 20 or 30 feet below, the threatening position of the rocks above, and the trembling of the planks on which you tread, have a grand and striking effect; but this has been diminished by modern improvements, which have deprived the visit to the gorge of even the semblance of danger. In parts, it is almost dark, where the sides of the ravine overlap one another, and actually meet overhead, so as to form a natural arch. The rocks in many places show evident marks of having been ground away, and scooped out by the rushing river, and by the stones brought down with it. For several hundred yards the river pursues an almost subterranean course, the roof of the chasm being the floor, as it were, of the valley. In some places the roots of the trees are seen dangling through the crevices above your head, and at one particular spot you find yourself under the arch of the natural bridge leading to the staircase mentioned farther on. Had Virgil or Dante been aware of

this spot, they would certainly have conducted their herons through it to the jaws of the infernal regions.

The shelf of planks extends nearly a quarter of a mile from the baths. At its extremity, at the bottom of a cavern in the rocks, rises the hot spring; its temperature being about 100 Fahrenheit, it is received into a reservoir nearly 15 feet deep, from which it is conducted in pipes to the baths. The first baths were miserable hovels, built over the spring, and suspended, like swallow nests, to the face of the rock. the only entrance to them was by the roof, and the sick were let down into them by ropes and pulleys. The springs generally cease to flow in winter, but burst forth again in spring, they are most copious when the snow has fallen in abundance, and continue till autumn, after which their fountains are again sealed. The water has little taste or smell, it bears some resemblance, in its mineral contents, to that of Ems, and is used both for bathing and drinking.

After emerging from the gorge, at the spot where he entered it near the baths, the traveller should next ascend the valley above it, as far as the staircase (Stiege), reached by a natural bridge of rock, beneath which the Tamina, out of sight and hearing from above, forces its way into the gorge of the hot springs. Ascending this staircase, formed of trunks of trees, you reach an upper stage of the valley, formed of gentle slopes, and covered with verdant pasture on one side, and with thick woods on the other. The two sides are separated by the deep gash and narrow gorge, along the bottom of which the Tamina forces its way. On turning to the l. a little wooden shed is perceived on the very edge of the precipice, and projecting over it; this contains a sort of crana, intended to lower down provisions, &c. into the baths, which lie so nearly under the cliff, that heavy articles can be let down from

above through a trap door in the roof. This is, perhaps, the best point for obtaining a general view of the baths and this singular spot in which they are sunk. On looking over the verge of the precipice, you perceive, at the bottom of the ravine, at the vast depth of 600 feet below, the roofs of the two large buildings, like cotton factories, in size and structure. The upper valley, also, with its carpet of bright green, its woods, and the bare limestone cliffs which border it on either hand, and above all, the huge peak of the Falknis, rising on the opposite side of the Rhine, form a magnificent landscape.

About 1½ mile from this point, on the rt. bank of the Tamina, stands

The Convent of Pfäfers, a vast edifice, but not otherwise remarkable: it was built 1668, in place of one destroyed by fire. It resembles a church in the centre, like all the convents of the Benedictine order. It is finely placed on an elevated mountain-platform, commanding, on one side, the valley of the Rhine, backed by the majestic Falknis; on the other, opening out towards the lake of Walenstadt and the peaks of the Riesen Kurfürsten. This Benedictine monastery, founded 712, was suppressed, after an existence of 10 centuries, in 1838, by a decree of the government of the canton of St. Gall, in consequence of the finances of the convent having become involved, and at the request of a majority of the brethren. "The Government wisely acquiesced in their petition, and allowed a pension of 2000 fl. to the abbot, and 800 fl. to each of the monks, on condition it would be spent in the canton. In consequence, the agents of the canton took possession of the convent and all that belonged to it, among which were the establishments of the baths, and the summer residence of the abbot; now the hotel."—D. S.

The convent once possessed a very extensive territory; its abbots were princes; but the French, as usual, ap-

propriated their revenues; and at the termination of the French rule, but a small part of their property was restored to them, including the baths. This is now appropriated to pious works, the education of the people, &c. The revenues of the convent were valued at 216,865 Swiss florins.

Near the convent stands the ruined castle of *Wartenstein*.

The *Kalanda*, or *Galandenberg* (the mountain on the rt. bank of the Tamina, above the old baths, which separates the valley from that of the Rhine), is sometimes ascended on account of the view from its top—a 5-hours' walk.

There is a path from Pfäfers direct to *Reichenau*, the post station beyond Coire, up the valley of the Tamina, crossing at its head the pass *La Foppa am Kunkels*, a walk of about 24 miles. Another footpath leads up the *Kaltusser-Thal* to *Glarus*, 15 m. (Route 76).

Diligences from *Ragatz* to *Zürich* daily, 11 hours; to *St. Gall* twice a day by *Rorschach*, and once by *Uznach* and *Toggenburg*; to *Constance*, to *Feldkirch*, to *Coire*, twice a day; to *Milan*, daily; to *Bellinzona*, by the *Bernardin*, twice a week.

The pedestrian traveller, going from the old baths to Coire, need not return to Ragatz, but may proceed by the Convent of Pfäfers, whence a path strikes down directly to the bridge over the Rhine, called *Untere Zoll-Brücke*, a walk of about 2 hours.

A *char-à-banc*, with one horse, may be hired from Ragatz to Coire for 10 *swanzigern*.

The high road from Ragatz runs along the l. bank of the Rhine as far as the *Untere Zoll-Brücke* (Lower Toll bridge), the only bridge on the Rhine between the Lake of Constance and *Reichenau*. It was entirely swept away by the tremendous flood in the autumn of 1834, which did immense injury to the valley. In crossing this bridge, the traveller passes out of *canton St. Gall* into the *Grisons*. The

valley of the Rhine has a grand appearance from this point. The peak of the *Falknisberg* is a conspicuous and striking object in the view to the N.E. The Rhine alone is unpicturesque, from the width of its bed and the large space of unsightly sand and gravel left bare in summer. Its bed is constantly rising, so as to threaten more fearful inundations; and a plan has been proposed of cutting a new channel for its unruly stream, from this point as far as the Lake of Constance. A short way above the bridge, the *Landquart*, an impetuous torrent, descending from the valley of *Prettigau*, enters the Rhine. The road up it is described in Route 81. *

Beyond this, the Convent of Pfäfers is visible from the road; the snowy heights of the *Galandenberg* rise into sight on the opposite bank of the Rhine; and the ruins of feudal castles, perched upon rocky knolls, overlooking the valley, give a highly picturesque character to the scene. One of the most conspicuous is *Haldenstein*, nearly opposite Coire.

N.B. From Ragatz to Coire in 2½ St. Gall posts, and 1½ *Grisons* post.

1½ *Coire*, Germ. *Char*; Romanisch, *Quera*. — (*Inns*: *Weisses Kreuz* (White Cross), good; *Post*, or *Freyeck*, good also; *Capricorn*, or *Steinbock*, outside the town, very civil people, and a moderate and good house). The wine of the *Valtellina* is generally consumed in the *Grisons*, and may be had of the best quality here.

The capital of the *Grisons*, the *Curia Rhetorum* of the Romans, is an ancient walled town of 5000 inhab. (500 Rom. Catholics), about a mile from the Rhine. Its prosperity arises almost entirely from the high roads upon which it stands, which form the channel of communication from Italy into Switzerland and Western Germany, and unite the great commercial towns of Milan and Genoa, south of the Alps, with Zurich and St. Gall on

the north. Coire is the staple place of the goods transported over the two great Alpine carriage roads of the Splügen and Bernardin. It is the place of meeting of the Council of the Grisons; a member of which claims the title of "Your Wisdom" ("Euer Weisheit").

The town has narrow streets, and stands on uneven ground, at the entrance of the magnificent Glen of the Schalkli-thal; some curious domestic architecture will be found in it. The *Bishop's Palace* and the quarter around it, inhabited by the Roman Catholics, occupy the summit of an eminence, and are separated from the rest by walls and battlements, closed by two fortified gates. Here is situated the *Church of St. Lucius*, or the *Dome*, a very singular Byzantine building, the oldest parts of which date from the 7th century. The detached portal, its sculptures, and the monsters which support its pillars and form the capitals, are very curious—"they are the prototypes of those existing in the Lombard churches." The statues of the Four Evangelists standing upon lions and similar specimens of sculpture in the remarkably curious crypt, are probably as old as the fourth century, and exhibit traces of the Frankish period. Within, there are one or two singular old paintings—one attributed to *A. Durw* (?). In the sacristy are preserved the bones of St. Lucius, "a British king, according the 'English Martyrologie,' and the founder of St. Peter's Ch., Cornhill," and one or two specimens of church plate, a bishop's crozier, a monstrance of the 14th century. The crypt is supported by a single pillar, the base being a monster.

The *Episcopal Palace* (*Hof*), near the church, is an antique building; the staircases and halls are singularly decorated with stucco-work; and the chapel, within a tower, is said to be one of the earliest specimens of Christian architecture. Coire is the oldest

bishopric in Switzerland. Behind the Palace is a kind of ravine, lined with vineyards, across which a path leads to the *Roman Catholic Seminary*, from which is a remarkably picturesque view of the town.

Besides the roads from Coire to Italy by the Splügen (Route 88) and Bernardin (Route 90), and those to Zürich and St. Gall, and along the rt. bank of the Rhine to Feldkirch and Bregenz, several new lines lead in different directions through the Grisons. A carriage road commenced some years ago, between Coire and the *Rogadina*, over the *Julier Pass*, is now finished. See Route 82.

Diligences every day twice to Zürich in 13½ hours (Route 14), communicating with steamers on the Lakes of Wallenstadt and Zürich: to Milan by the Splügen in 22 h.; to Bellinzona by the Bernardin in 17 h.; to Lindau by Feldkirch and Bregenz in 13 h.; to St. Gall (twice) in 12 h.

Post-horns are kept on all the great high-roads leading from Coire through the Grisons and canton of St. Gall. The postmaster at Coire will furnish travellers with a printed tariff of the charges and distances. (See also Introduction, § 5.)

Money.—The canton of the Grisons has a coinage of its own; though the traveller need not perplex himself with the intricacies of this currency, since Napoleons and francs, Austrian florins and swansigars, and Brabant dollars, are current on all the high roads; but may desire his bills to be made out in francs or florins. It will probably suffice to remember that 1 Grison flor = 2 swansigars, or 1 French fr. 74 centimes.

1 Fr. fr. = 34 Grison kreutzers.

1 Brabant dollar = 3 Gris. flor. 20 kr.

1 Napoleon = 11 fl. 36 kr.; 1 0-franc piece = 2 fl. 63 kr.; 1 Ducat = 6 fl. 50 kr.

The Grison florin, or golden, is composed of 60 kr., or 70 blüengers.

1 batz. = 6 blüengers.

The Romansch Language.

A newspaper is printed at Coire in the *Lingua Romanscha*, a dialect peculiar to the Grisons and neighbouring alpine country of Tyrol, derived, like the Italian, Spanish, and French, from the Latin, but corrupted by the admixture of other languages. In this remote part of Europe it has kept its ground since the destruction of the Roman empire. It is said, however, to be gradually disappearing before the German language.

It may be divided into at least three distinct dialects:—1. The *Ladin*, spoken in the Lower Engadine and vale of Münster: it comes nearest to the Latin, and is, perhaps, not very dissimilar from the vulgar tongue spoken by the Roman peasantry, as described by Livy. 2. The *Romansch* of the Upper Engadine, the valleys of Bregaglia, Oberhalbstein, Scharms, &c. 3. The *patois* of the Gison highlanders in the vale of the Vorder and Hinter Rhine.

The difference between the three may be shown in the following translation of the first sentence in the Lord's Prayer:—

Pater noster qui es in celis.

1. *Bab nosa, qual es ti eis ent-schiel, &c.*

2. *Pap nosa, quel ti est en celi, &c.*

3. *Pap nosa, quel chi esch in'ls celi, &c.*

The word *Rhein* in *Romansch*, means running water.

According to a very obscure tradition, the inhabitants of this part of the chain of Rhetian Alps are the descendants of some Tuscan fugitives, driven out of Etruria by invasions of the Gauls. Many curious resemblances have been traced between the existing names of obscure villages of these remote valleys and those of places in ancient Etruria and Latium—as *Lavin*, *Lavinium*; *Thusia*, *Tuscia*; *Ardez*, *Ardea*; *Romein*, *Roma*; *Falisc*, or *Fläsch*,

Falisci; *Medallein*, *Medullinum*; *Peist*, *Pestum*; *Umbrien* and *Mount Umbrail*, *Umbria*.

Owing to the scanty literature, there being but few printed books, except a translation of the Bible, one or two of the New Testament, and a few other books, the *Romansch* language is not rich in words. From the circumstance, however, of its having been made the language of the pulpit at the Reformation, when the greater part of the population of the Grisons became Protestant, it has kept its ground till the present day.

The whole of *Romansch* literature may be comprised in about 30 books, mostly religious works, including the Bible, liturgy, and catechisms. The first grammar and dictionary of the *Romansch* language was published by a clergyman named *Conradi* at Zurich, in 1820 and 1823. In 1836 a newspaper, called *Il Grischun Romansch*, was printed in the *Romansch* dialect at Coire.

History and Government of the Grisons.—The government of the Grisons deserves some consideration from the traveller.

It must not be supposed that the conspiracy on the Grütli, in 1307, and the exploits of Tell, gave freedom to the whole country now called Switzerland, or even influenced more than a very small part of it—the forest cantons—except in as far as such a spirit-stirring example is capable of influencing the minds of a neighbouring people. For more than a century after the first Swiss union, that part of the country of Rhetia now called Grisons, groaned under the tyranny of almost numberless petty lords, who, though they possessed but a few acres of land, or even no more than the number of square feet on which their castle stood, yet assumed the rights of independent sovereignty, waging perpetual petty war with their neighbours—oppressing their own subjects, and pillaging all travellers—the ancient form of

levying duties and customs. The best notion of the state of society which existed during this period of the *Faustrecht* (club-law), may be formed from the quantity of feudal ruins which stood not only in the main valleys of the Rhine, but even the lateral valleys and gorges of the Rhetian Alps. At last a day of retribution came. The peasants rose in revolt, and threw off the yoke of the nobles—with less violence than might be expected, chiefly because the great ecclesiastical potentates, the Bishop of Coire, the Abbots of St. Gall and Disentis, and some of the more influential barons, sided with the peasants, directing, instead of opposing, the popular feeling.

The result of this was a Rhetian Confederacy, quite distinct from the Swiss Confederacy, composed of *Three Leagues* (*Bünden*)—the Upper, or Grey League (*Ober, or Graue Bund*), 1424 (named from the simple grey home-spun coats of those by whom it was formed); the League of God's House (*Ca Di in Romansch, in Germ. Gotteshaus Bund*), so called from the church of Coire, the head and capital of this league, 1396, and the League of the Ten Jurisdictions (*Zehn-Gerichte*), of which Mayenfeld is chief town (1420).

The government produced by this revolution presents, perhaps, the most remarkable example the world has yet seen of the sovereignty of the people and of universal suffrage. Not only every valley, but, in some cases, every parish, or even hamlet, in a valley, became an independent commonwealth, with a government of its own, with peculiar local administrative rights and privileges, in many instances existing at the present day. Sometimes one of these free states, sometimes several together, form a commune or *schnitz*, literally *slice* (*gemeinde or gericht*), each commune has its own general assembly, in which every citizen of the age of 18, sometimes younger, has a vote,

and by which the magistrates and authorities, down to the parson and schoolmaster, are elected. A number of communes form a *Hoch-Gericht*, under a magistrate, styled *Landamman, Podesta, or Landvogt*. Above this comes the Diet of the League; and, above all, the Diet of the Three Leagues. There are still 26 *Hoch-Gerichte*; the number of communes was 49, that of the smaller communities is not known. Amidst such a labyrinth of government—a complication of machinery, wheel within wheel—it is difficult to understand how any government could have been carried on; and we accordingly find the history of the Grisons little better than a long series of bickering, fraud, revolts, conspiracies, murders, intrigues, and peculations. The wisest decisions of the diet of the canton were annulled or frustrated by the votes of the general assembly, accordingly as the interest or caprice of the most influential popular leader might sway those meetings at the moment. Two great families, those of Planta and De Salis, in the end, long monopolized the chief influence, as well as the patronage and offices of the federal government.

Such, then, was the practical result of this democracy of the parent state in theory.

The Grisons were united with the Swiss confederation in 1803, and are represented by a deputy in the diet. The Three Leagues are still composed of 26 high jurisdictions (*Hoch-Gerichte*), each possessing its own constitution, which often differ entirely from one another. The supreme federal government of the canton is vested in the great council of 70 members, which meets at Coire.

ROUTE 68.*

ST. GALL TO ALTSTÄTTEN AND COIRE
BY THE RATHS OF GALL, APPEN-

* Additional information respecting R. 68 would be acceptable to the Editor.

HALL, AND THE PASS OF THE STONE, WITH INCURSIONS TO THE WEINBAD, THE WILDKIRCHLEIN, AND THE MOOS GENTEL.

This is a much shorter road from St. Gall, or Constance, to the Splügen than that by Rorschach (R. 67), and is perfectly practicable for a light carriage. The excursion to Appenzell may be made from Gais. It is a very striking and interesting route.

The canton Appenzell lies somewhat out of the beat of travellers, completely surrounded (enclavé) by the territory of canton St. Gall, and shut in, at its south extremity, by the Alps; no great high roads pass through it; and Appenzell itself lies in a cul de sac of the mountains, except for such as will take the difficult paths over the high Alps and glaciers. On this account, it is but little visited by English travellers. The canton is divided into 2 parts or districts, called *Rhodan*, quite independent of each other, but enjoying only one vote at the diet. Outer Rhodan is a very thickly peopled district, having 8781 inhabitants to the German sq. mile. These are almost exclusively engaged in manufactures, chiefly of cotton, muslin, tambouring, &c. Inner Rhodan, on the contrary, is a land of herdsmen; its high and bleak mountains produce nothing but rich pasturage and sweet grass, upon which vast herds of cattle are fed. The government, in both states, is a pure democracy: the General Assembly, or *Landsgemeinde*, is composed of every male born in the canton. In travelling through this somewhat primitive district, two unusual objects attract the traveller's attention,—the pillory, by the road-side, furnished with a collar (carcan), a hole for the neck, a padlock, and a chain; and the bone-houses, or *ossuaires*, in the church-yards, destined to receive the skulls and bones, which, after lying a certain number of years below

ground, are dug up to make room for others; and, having been ticketed and labelled with the names of their owner, are laid out for show on shelves in the bone-house.

St. Gall to Appenzell, $2\frac{1}{2}$ stunden = 11½ Eng. m.

Thun to Gais, $2\frac{1}{2}$ stunden = 7 Eng. m.

St. Gall to Altstätten, $4\frac{1}{2}$ stunden = 18 Eng. m.

The road quits the canton of St. Gall and enters that of Appenzell (Auser-Rhodan) a little before reaching, by an excellent road,

1½ Teuffen—(Inns: Hecht; Bär). The inhabitants of this village are chiefly engaged in the manufacture of muslin. Grabenman, the carpenter, who built the celebrated bridge of one arch at Schaffhausen, was born here.

1½ Gais—(Inns: Ochs (Bœuf); Krons (Couronne); the two best, and both said to be good. Rooms cost from 4 fl. to 10 fl. weekly; table-d'hôte, 1 fl.; whey, 20 kr. daily—it is brought from the high Alps every morning. The bread is very good here. This little village of 42 houses, mostly converted into lodging-houses by the peasants their owners, irregularly scattered over lawn-like meadows, is situated in a bare bleak country, with scarce a tree or shrub; nothing but pastures around, at an elevation of 2900 ft. above the sea level. Yet the reputation of its pure and bracing air, and of its cure of goat's whey (molken-kur; cure de petit lait), annually attract hither many hundred invalids from all parts of Europe; and during the season, in July and August, the principal inns are generally crammed full.

The peasants' houses are particularly neat and clean, trimly painted outside, as though they had just issued from a bandbox.

Gais lies at the S. side of the *Göbris*, and the view from the top of

that mountain is delightful, and may be attained with little trouble, in 1 hour, on horseback.

The native songs of the cow-herds and dairy-maids of Appenzell are highly melodious.

It is a walk of about 5 hours from Gais to Herisan (see Rte. 69).

2 miles to the E. of Gais, on the road to Altstetten, is the *Chapel of Stoss*, erected on the summit of the steep pass leading down to the Rhine Thal, to commemorate the almost incredible victory gained by 400 men of Appenzell over 3000 Austrians in 1405. The Archduke of Austria and the Abbot of St. Gall had hoped to take the Swiss by surprise with this preponderating force. But a handful of the mountaineers, under the conduct of Count Rudolph of Werdenberg, assembled in haste, gave them battle, and defeated the invaders, with a loss of 900 men, losing only 20 of their own party. The blood of the slain discoloured the mountain torrent which flowed past the battle-field as far as its influx into the Rhine. The view from the Stoss over the valley of the Rhine, 2000 ft. below, and of the snowy mountains of Tyrol and Vorarlberg beyond, is of great beauty.

A very steep descent leads from the Stoss to Altstetten. You hire a spare skid at the top of the hill, and go down with both wheels locked. From Stoss to Altstetten, in the valley of the Rhine, is 1 hour's drive, about 5 miles. It takes 3 hours to ascend. (See p. 195.)

An excellent new road over the Rappen leads from St. Gall to Altstetten, $2\frac{1}{2}$ posts by Trogen; not so steep as that over the Stoss. A diligence follows it: time 4 hours with 6 horses.

Coire. (Route 67.)

It is a distance of $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles S.W. from Gais to

2 Appenzell—*Inne*: Hecht (Pike); Weisses Krentz; respectable _ale-

houses). Though the chief place of the district of Inner Rhoden, this is but a dull and dirty village of 1400 inhab., consisting of old and ill-built houses, with two convents, and a modern church, painted with representations of banners and flags taken by the Appenzellers in the 16th century, and contains nothing remarkable in it. It derives its name from the country east of the Abbot of St. Gall (*Abbas-sella*, *Abbas Colla*), having been anciently built here, when the country around was an uninhabited solitude.

The *Landsgemeinde*, or Assembly of the canton, meets on a square, near a lime tree, every year. In the Record Office, *Archiv*, are preserved a number of banners, conquered by the Appenzellers of old, and the only surviving trophies of their valour. Here are the flags of Constance, Winterthur, Feldkirch; the Tyrolean banner and free ensign, inscribed "Hundert Tausend Teufel," conquered at Landek, 1407; the Genoese banner of St. George, and two captured from the Venetians, 1516, in the battle of Agnadel.

It is stated on all hands that a remarkable change greets the traveller, on entering Roman Catholic Inner Rhoden, from Protestant Outer Rhoden. "He exchanges cleanliness and industry for filth and beggary. What may be the cause of this, is not a subject suitable for discussion here. The Appenzellers are passionately fond of gymnastic exercises; and a part of every holiday is devoted to wrestling and boxing matches. *Harling* the stone is another frequent exercise. A mass of rock, varying in weight from half to a whole cwt., is poised on the shoulder, and then cast forward a distance of several feet. In 1805, a man of Uräsch hurled a stone, weighing 184 lbs., 10 ft. The Appenzellers are also capital shots: rifle-matches are held almost every summer on the Sundays, and the cracking reports resound on all sides.

The laws of the canton (especially of Unter Rhoden) restrict dancing to 3 or 4 days of the year; but, as the people are much addicted to this amusement, the law is frequently infringed, and the peasants will often cross the frontier of the canton in order to enjoy unmolested their favourite amusement.

There is a road from Appenzell to Herisan. (See Route 69.)

About 2½ miles S.E. of Appenzell is Weissbad, "an excellent boarding-house and bathing establishment, situated in a beautiful and retired spot, at the foot of the Santis, surrounded by pleasure-grounds, from which run walks leading up the mountains. The house is capable of accommodating 300 visitors. I have seen few places in the course of my travels where a person fond of exploring and desirous of tranquillity, combined with accommodation on a superior scale (to be procured without trouble or effort on his part), could spend a few days in greater enjoyment."—*Dates and Distances.*

In addition to the cure of goat's whey, there are also mineral springs at Weissbad, and the bath-houses contain 80 baths.

Three small torrents, issuing out of 3 Alpine valleys deeply furrowed in the sides of the Santis, in whose glaciers they take their rise, unite at Weissbad, and form the river Sitter. About 5 miles up the middle valley is the singular hermitage and chapel of the Wildkirchlein. It is reached by crossing the Alpine pasture of the Ebnetalp, which, in spite of its elevation of 5094 ft. above the sea, is in summer a perfect garden, unfolding a treasure to the botanist, and affording the sweetest herbage to the cows.

In a recess scooped out of the face of a precipice, 170 ft. above these pastures, a little chapel has been perched. It was built 1756 by a pious inhabitant of Appenzell, and dedicated to St. Michael, and on that saint's

day mass is celebrated here annually. A bearded Capuchin occupies the hermitage adjoining and will conduct strangers through the long caverns hung with stalactites, which perforate the mountain behind his dwelling. The pilgrimage will be repaid by the charming prospect from the window which he opens.

The Santis, the highest mountain in Appenzell, 7700 feet above the sea-level, may be ascended from Weissbad. The view from the top is much extolled, and a panorama of it has been engraved. Various paths lead up to it; the best and easiest, which is also perfectly safe in the company of a guide, leads by way of the Megginalp (3 Stunden), Wagenflake (2 Stunden); to the summit (1 Stunde), a walk of nearly 20 miles.

In 1682, an engineer named Buchmüller, while making trigonometrical observations on the summit, accompanied by a servant, was struck by lightning. The shock took away his senses, and he remained in that state nearly an hour; when he came to himself he found his servant dead beside him, and himself so severely injured in one of his legs, that it was with the utmost difficulty and danger that he could crawl down to the nearest human habitation.

A steep and difficult path leads S. over the bridge of the Santis from Weissbad to Wildkirchlein, the birth-place of Zwingli, in Toggenburg (Route 71), a distance of 20 miles.

Another path, tedious, in parts dangerous, and not to be tried without a guide, leads in 4 or 5 hours from Weissbad to Sennwald in the valley on the Rhine. It passes over the shoulder of the Kamer, on the right hand of that mountain, whose top commands a remarkable panorama. Even from the road to Sennwald, the traveller has a delightful prospect over the Santis and Canton Appenzell, on one side, and over the lake of Constance, Tyrol, and the Rhine, on the other.

ROUTE 69.

ST. GALL TO RAPPERSCHWYL ON THE LAKE OF SURICH, BY HERISAU AND THE HEINRICHENRAD.

12 Stunden = 42½ Eng. miles.

A diligence runs daily from St. Gall to Lichtensteg by Flawyl to Zurich in 12 hours, and twice a-day to Herisan.

There is a post road from St. Gall, by

- 1½ posts, Flawyl.
- 2½ — Lichtensteg.
- 1½ — Utsnach.
- 1½ — Rapperschwyl.

About 4 miles from St. Gall, a little beyond the village of Bruggen, the road crosses the gorge of the Sitter by the magnificent Krätzeren Brücke, a bridge 590 ft. long, and 85 ft. above the stream. Here the post road by Flawyl strikes off. A little after we enter canton Appenzell.

2. *Herisan*.—*Inns*: Löwe (Lion), the best;—Hecht (Brochet).

Herisan, the flourishing and industrious chief village of the Protestant district of Appenzell, called Auser-Rhoden, contains 2900 inhab., stands 2334 ft. above the sea, and is advantageously situated at the junction of two streams, the Glatt, and Brühlbach, which turns the wheels of its numerous manufactories. "It is a very singular place from its extraordinary irregularity of construction, and is quite unlike any other town in Switzerland." There are beautiful walks on the surrounding heights; two of them are topped by ruinous castles, the Rosenberg and Rosenberg, which, according to the story, were once connected together by a leathern bridge. The lower part of the *Church Tower*, in which the Archives are deposited, is the oldest building in the canton, dating probably from the 7th century.

The articles chiefly manufactured here are muslins, cottons, and silk, the last a recent introduction:

10,000 persons are employed in Auser-Rhoden, in weaving muslins, and a very large number in embroidering them.

There is a direct road from Herisan to Appenzell (Route 68), by Waldstadt (1½ Stunden); Urnäsch (1½), and Gonten: (1) in all 5 Stunden = 16½ miles.

About a mile to the E. of Herisan is the watering-place called *Heinrichsbad*. The *Badhaus* is the most elegant establishment of the sort in Switzerland, after Schinznach, surrounded by agreeable pleasure-grounds, the creation of one Heinrich Steiger, a rich manufacturer. Two springs rising out of gravel, and variously impregnated with iron, carbonic acid, &c., are used for drinking, and to supply the baths. Goat's whey and asses' milk are also furnished to those invalids for whom they are prescribed. Accommodation in a cowhouse is provided for invalids suffering from diseases of the chest. The neighbourhood is exceedingly picturesque.

Through an undulating country, we reach the frontier of Appenzell, and re-enter that of its grasping neighbour, St. Gall, before arriving at

3 *Peterszell*: 3 miles beyond the ruined Castle of Neu-Toggenburg, lies

3 *Lichtensteg*, (*Inns*: Krone,) a town of 744 inhab. on the rt. bank of the Thur, the ancient county of Toggenburg. A picturesque and handsome old *Place*, composed of lofty buildings with porticoes, forms the principal street. The 2 roads to Zürich by Flawyl and Herisan unite here.

Opposite Wattwil (*Inns*: Rössli; Löwe), a pretty manufacturing village, about 1½ mile farther, stand the convent of Santa Maria and the Castle of Iberg.

The road soon after surmounts the steep ascent of the ridge of Himmelwald. From its top a beautiful

prospect expands to view; in front the lake of Zurich, with the castle, town, and bridge of Rapperschwyl, in full relief on its margin; behind it the pine-clad and snow-topped Alps of Schwytz and Glarus; on the E. the remarkable peaks of the Sieben Kuhnfirsten, and behind the fertile vale of Toggenburg. The road divides on the opposite side of the hill; those bound for Glarus or Wallenstadt, take its l. branch, leading to Uznach:—we follow the rt. to Eschenbach, and

7 Rapperschwyl. (Route 14.)

ROUTE 71.

SCHAFFHAUSEN TO COIRE BY TOGGENBURG AND WILDHAUS.

About 90 stunden = 56 Eng. miles. Diligence 2 or 3 times a-week.—R.

From Wyl to Coire the road is supplied with post-horses.

A good carriage-road leads through Schlatt and Neusom to

5 Frauenfeld, in Route 9.

3½ Wyl (*Inn*: Post), a little town of 1064 inhabitants, in the valley of the Thur, distant about a mile from its l. bank. We here leave on the l. the road to St. Gall, and continue up the l. bank of the Thur, as far as Dietfurth, where we cross to

1½ Lichtensteg. (Route 69.)

At Gonserbach, a little before Lichtensteg, a small and nearly solitary *Inn* (*Hirsch*), by the roadside, offers a convenient resting-place for travellers passing from Schaffhausen to the Grisons;—clean beds, but charges exorbitant.

Ebnat.—*Toggenburg*, as the long and fertile valley of the Thur is called, extends for nearly 40 m., from Wyl up to the source of that river, "and a splendid specimen of a Swiss valley it is, embracing within its range almost all the various features of Alpine scenery, save that there is scarcely a tract of level alluvial bot-

tom to be found in its whole extent; its sides being everywhere steep or undulating."—T. F. It is bounded by high mountains; on the N. by the Sents, and on the S. by the peaks of the Kuhnfirsten. It was anciently governed by counts of its own. When their line became extinct, 1436, the district was claimed by canton Zurich. In the feud which ensued, the Zurichers were worsted; it fell to the Abbot of St. Gall; and, since 1805, forms part of canton St. Gall. It is thickly peopled; its inhabitants, an industrious race, are chiefly occupied with the manufacture of muslin and cotton.

1½ Neslau.—*Inn*: Krone.

The inn is said to be good at Alt St. Johann. An extra horse up the ascent.

Upon the high ground dividing the valley of the Thur from that of the Rhine, stands the remote village

1½ Wildhaus.—(*Inn*: Krone, good) 3450 ft. above the level of the sea, and at the S. base of the Sents. It is remarkable as the birthplace of the Swiss reformer, Ulrich Zuingli. The house in which he first saw the light (Jan. 1, 1484) still exists; it is an humble cottage of wood; its walls, formed of the stems of trees, its roof weighed down by stones to protect it from the wind. It has resisted the laroads of time for more than 350 years; and the beams and trunks which compose it are black with age. Zuingli's family were humble peasants; he quitted home when 10 years old, to go to school at Bale.

Wildhaus to Sennewald 2 posts.

Wildhaus to Sewelen 2½ posts.

The road descends into the valley of the Rhine near Grabs, and soon after reaches

Werdenberg, which, with the following stations, is described in Route 67.

2½ Sevelen.

2 Ragatz.

2½ Coire, in page 199.

ROUTE 72.*

WESSEN TO GLARUS, THE BATHS OF STACHELBERG, AND THE PANTENBRÜCKE—PASS OF THE KLAUSEN TO ALTORF.

Wesen to Glarus $1\frac{1}{2}$ post.

A diligence leaves Wesen for Glarus on the arrival of the diligence from Zürich daily. It is a drive of 2 hours; 2 hours more to Lintthal, and again 2 hours on foot to the Pantenbrücke. Diligences run daily from Glarus to Lachen (*Ins: Ours*), a village of 1200 inhab. on the margin of the Lake of Zurich, where coaches to Zurich, Lucerne, and St. Gall cross and take on passengers.

The canton of Glarus consists of one great Alpine valley, and of several secondary or tributary valleys, branching off from it, and penetrating deep into the high Alps. There is but one carriage-road into it, which terminates, after a distance of 26 miles, at the baths of Stachelberg; and, except for pedestrians, there is no egress save the portal which has admitted the traveller. It is a truly Alpine district, abounding in very wild scenery.

The road from Wesen crosses the Linth canal (Route 14, p. 32.) by the Ziegelbrücke, and passes the jaws of the valley of Glarus, flanked by precipices almost perpendicular, and backed by the vast mass and snowy head of the Glärnisch Mountain.

The road from Zurich and Rapperschwil to Glarus passes through Lachen on the S. side of the Lake of Zurich, and along the E. bank of the Linth canal to Nieder-Urnen, where that from Wesen joins it.

$1\frac{1}{2}$ Näfels — (*Ins: Hirsch; — Schwerdt*)—in the gorge of the valley, a village of 1800 inhab., and the chief place in the Roman Catholic division of the canton, is a Swiss battle-field of some celebrity. 11 simple stones,

* Additional information is desired respecting this route.

set up on the meadow of Reuti, hard by, mark the spot where in 1386, 1800 men of Glarus met a force of 6000 Austrians, who, having taken Wesen by treachery, had burst into the canton, ravaging and plundering the country as they advanced. When tidings of this reached the ears of Matthias am Buhl, the lands-captain, he hastily collected a handful of shepherds, and not only checked the career of the foragers, in spite of the disproportion of numbers, but after 11 distinct charges, aided by volleys of stones and rocks discharged from precipices above, which threw the Austrian cavalry into confusion, finally repulsed the invaders, with a loss of 2500 of their number left dead on the field.

The anniversary of the fight of Näfels is still celebrated through the canton by an annual festival. An engagement took place at Näfels, in 1799, between the Austrians and French.

From Mollis, the village opposite Näfels, the river Linth is conducted into the lake of Wallenstadt by the artificial canal constructed by Escher (*see p. 32*). In the churchyard of Mollis the heroes of Näfels are buried.

The valley of the Linth is subject to much danger and injury from its sudden rises, and the swelling of its tributary torrents. The broad fringe of unsightly sand and gravel visible on both sides of the Linth, the common drain of the district, will show what mischief that river occasions after storms of rain, and during the melting of the snows. The whole of the lower part of the valley is at times converted into a lake; and the little patches of ground, which have cost the peasant much hard labour and care to cultivate, are at once overwhelmed and ruined. The limestone mountains of this district abound in caverns, which serve as reservoirs for the melting glaciers. In the spring and early summer, the rocks

appear to stream from every pore, while every gorge and hollow sends forth a raging torrent.

1½ *Glarus*, or *Glaris*—(*Jau*: *Aigle d'Or*, not large, but very comfortable, *Rabe*). This little village, the capital of the canton, is chiefly remarkable for its secluded situation at the base of the *Glärnisch* and *Schilt*, encompassed by the *Alpa*, whose bare and bleak precipices and tops contrast remarkably with the milder verdure about their base. The inhabitants, 4390 in number, are distinguished by their industry and enterprise, which has converted Glarus into a place of manufactures, especially of cotton, printing of muslins, &c. They are reported to retain that simplicity of manners which their seclusion from the rest of the world would lead one to expect.

They possess a *Club* (*Casino*), and a *Free School* for 700 children, erected by private subscriptions, and reflecting much credit on the public spirit of the citizens. The houses, chiefly of stone, and many of them ancient, are frequently ornamented outside with fresco paintings; one of them bears the figure of a knight in armour, and a Turk fighting, the origin of which is not satisfactorily accounted for. The Gothic church is open to Protestant and Romanist alike. The *Linth* is crossed by two bridges.

The name *Glarus* is said to be a corruption of *Hilarius*, a saint to whom a shrine was built among these mountains at a very early period.

Diligence to *Lachen*, where it meets the coach to *St. Gall* and *Lucerne* to *Zurich*.

There is one manufacture peculiar to the canton *Glarus*, that of the *gross cheese*, called *Schabziger*. It owes its peculiar appearance, smell, and flavour, to an herb (*Mellilotus caerulea*; blue melilot; Germ. *Honig-klée*), which is partly cultivated for this purpose in gardens within the canton, and partly imported

from others. To fit it for use, it is dried, ground to powder, and, in that state, mixed with the curds, in the proportion of 2 lbs. of the herb to 100 lbs. of curds. The cheese is said to be made of cow's milk, like any common cheese, and not of goats'. The curds are brought down from the high pastures into the valley in sacks, and, after having a due proportion of herb incorporated with them, are ground in a mill resembling that used for making cyder. After being thoroughly kneaded by this process for an hour or two, it is fit for pressing. The cheese is ripe for use after a twelvemonth's keeping. A large quantity of it is exported to America; and the manufacture of it is considered a lucrative trade. The natives attribute its peculiar character to some virtue in the pastures on which the cows are fed.

Many mountain paths, practicable only on foot, ramify in various directions from *Glarus*—

a. The pass of the *Pragel* to *Schwytz*, by the *Muotta-thal* and the *Klon-thal*; the latter a most beautiful pastoral valley, a tributary of the *Linth*; the finest part of it is not more than 8 miles from *Glarus*.—(*Route 73.*)

b. The pass of the *Klausen* to *Altorf*.—(Described below.)

c. 4 passes into the Valley of the *Vorder Rhine*:—

(a) To *Dissentis*, over the *Sand-firn* (8999 ft.), 13 stades.

(b) To *Brigels*, by the *Kistengrat* (8650 ft.) 2 st.—(*Route 73.*)

(c) To *Paix*, by the *Paalzer* pass, 9 st.

(d) To *Flims*, by the *Sagres* pass, 8½ st.

The most interesting excursion is that up the valley of the *Linth*. A good road leads along the rt. bank of the river, about 13 miles, to the village of

4 *Linthol* (*Jau*: *Löwe*), where, in a remote spot, surrounded by torrents, rocks, and glaciers, a handsome hotel

and bathing establishment, called the *Baths of Stachelberg*, have been built. It has greatly risen in repute as a watering-place within a few years, and on account of the exquisite beauty of its situation, and the virtue of its concentrated alkaline sulphurous spring, which distils, drop by drop, from a fissure in the Brunnberg, is much resorted to. The period of the "cure" is fixed at between 20 and 24 days. The hotel stands on the l. bank of the Linth, here crossed by a wooden bridge, and is surrounded by walks and pleasure-grounds.

Above the baths the vale of the Linth becomes wilder and more savage, and at length contracts into a chasm, low in the depths of which the river worms its way, while a narrow and steep path alone leads along the edge of the precipice. 5 miles up (2 hours' walk), at a spot where the gorge is deepest, a singularly bold bridge of a single arch of stone, 20 ft. wide, and 900 ft. above the torrent, has been thrown across it. This is the *Pantebücke*, an object of considerable romantic beauty, from the boldness of this work of man in such a scene of wild nature, and from the depth of the gulf below. It is often visited by ladies; but the excursion, though not dangerous, is fatiguing.

A waterfall considerably higher up on the Linth, above the bridge, is said to be peculiarly grand, and superior to the fall of the Fatsch, yet but little visited.

The valley of the Linth terminates in a group of magnificent mountains, whose tops are occupied by vast fields of never-trodden glaciers. The Dödi, or Todiberg (12,800), is the giant of this portion of the chain of Alps, and its summit has never been ascended. A difficult and dangerous path, practicable only in the height of summer, leads across these glaciers to Disentia.

The *Klausen pass—Stachelberg to Altorf*.—The distance is about 22 miles; 3½ hours to the top; 3¼ to

Altorf; the path is so well marked that guides may be dispensed with: it is practicable for horses. It turns out of the valley of the Linth to the W., about a mile above the baths, and ascends the valley of the Fatsch, or Urner Boden, keeping along its l. bank; a very stiff pull of 1½ hour. Within a mile above the junction of the Fatsch and Linth the valley belongs to canton Uri. It abounds in fine mountain pastures, and many of the inhabitants of the Schächen-thal pass their summer here among the cows. Urner Boden is a scattered hamlet of 60 houses, with a church, extending the whole length of the valley. The culminating point, or Klausen pass, is a ridge of 8150 ft. high, connecting the snowy chain of the Clariden Alps on the N. with the shattered Zingel, Glatten, and Camli. On the top stands a little chapel.

The path descends by long and steep zigzags into the Schächen-thal; on the l. hand is seen the very pretty cascade of the Staabi. Opposite the chapel of St. Anne a bergfall occurred in 1833, which arrested for some time the course of the Schächen, and produced a small lake. At the village of Unter Schächen, the first on the Uri side (a small inn), another branch of the valley opens S., and sends forth the main stream of the Schächen. The Spitze, the mountain on the l. bank of the torrent, discharges dangerous avalanches in spring. At Spiringen and a little lower down, near the chapel of St. Anthony, there are inns, tolerably good for this country.

It was over the steep and barely accessible ridge of the *König Culm*, which walls in this portion of the valley to the N., that Savarot's memorable retreat was conducted, 1799. Having pounced down, as it were, upon the French from the heights of the St. Gothard, and driven them before him to Altorf, he there found his progress barred by the lake of Lucerne, without a boat

to cross it, his troops exhausted by fatigue and famine, and the country so completely drained by war as to be quite incapable of supporting them. The only alternative that remained to him, was to attempt to join the forces of the allies, through the horrible defile of the Schächen; and to cross the rarely-trodden summit of the high Alps. The only passage up this valley was by a mere path; so that his army was obliged to advance in a single file, abandoning much of their artillery and baggage. Their march lasted 14 hours; and before the rear-guard had left Altorf, the van had reached Muotta. Many of the Romans sank from fatigue by the wayside, and perished; others fell into the hands of the French, who hovered in their rear; the valley was strewn with dead bodies of men and horses, with arms and equipments. The remainder of this memorable march is described in Route 75.

Barglen, the birthplace of Tell, stands at the mouth of the Schächen-thal. (Route 24.)

Altorf, or Altdorf, p. 106.

ROUTE 73.

FROM THE BATHS OF STACHELBERG IN THE LINT-THAL, TO BRIGELS IN THE VALLEY OF THE VORDER RHINE, OVER THE KISTENGRAT.

"After crossing the Pantenbrücke (p. 210) which is nearly 2 hours good walking from the baths of Stachelberg, the path over the Kistengrat turns rather sharply to the l., and ascends through pleasant woods and green pastures for a time. 2½ hours from the Pantenbrücke, always rising, brings you to the summit of the little secluded nook in which the chalet of the Limern Alp, the highest belonging to the Lint-thal, is built. It consists of three miserable hovels of loose stones, one a-piece for the cows, the goats, and the men. This is separated from the black precipi-

tous face of the Selbenast Mountain by a deep chasm, the bottom of which can scarcely be seen from the edge. Here a man and 2 boys, with 3 or 4 cows and some goats, pass 3 months of the year in seclusion, taking with them their supply of flour and bread. On the 1st Sept., 1843, in consequence of leaving the baths of Stachelberg too late, I was compelled to pass the night in this miserable hovel, because the snow on the mountain was declared impassable at that time of day (1 o'clock). After quitting the Limern Alp, there was no semblance of a path, and I found the snow, which in the middle of the day before had been declared by the guide and peasantry to be quite impassable, from its softness, had become early in the morning so hard and icy, as to be nearly impassable in the steeper parts from its slipperiness; so great is the difference made by a few hours. It took us quite 3½ hours to go from the chalet on the Limern Alp to the village of Brigels, and of these 3½ were on the snow. We passed close by the Mütten See, leaving it on our left. It was then a mass of snow and ice, no water being visible. In a different state of the snow a path is sometimes taken across a lower part of the mountain, leaving the Mütten See on the right, but it was too steep and slippery for us to attempt. We crossed a higher part of the mountain by aid of the solitary foot-tracks of some shepherd, made when the snow was softer, as the guide said, in search of some lost sheep, and which we luckily discovered just at the steepest part, where a slip would have carried one down over a precipice of unknown depth. The views of the distant Alps from the summit are very fine, and the descent into the valley of the Vorder Rhine, near Brigels, affords one continuous view of that valley from above Disentia, almost to its junction with the valley of the Hinter Rhine, and is also very fine; but the expedition was hardly worth

the trouble and danger, although it enabled me to see the upper part of the Linth-Thal and the Pantenbrücke and the greater part of the valley of the Vorder Rhine without returning on my footsteps. Much depends on the season, the weather, and the state of the snow; but it is at least 9 hours from the baths of Stachelberg to Brigels, and one should start at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4, or at latest 5, o'clock in the morning. The Auberge at Brigels is poor and bad, and neither German nor French was understood; it is a Romansch village, and French money in 1843 would scarcely pass. The village itself was nearly destroyed by fire a few years since, and many of the houses are new. The chalet on the Limern Alp is a little out of the way, and it would save time to carry refreshment and avoid it.—J. H.

ROUTE 74.

RAPPERSCHWYL TO THE RIGI, AND TO SCHWYZ BY EINSIEDELN, WITH EXCURSION TO MORGARTEN.

8½ stunden = 27 Eng. miles.

The road is practicable for light carriages, but it is by no means good, and is very hilly.

The Abbey of Einsiedeln, though one of the finest buildings in Switzerland, will bear no comparison with the churches of Italy, and, except on account of the pilgrims and during the season of the pilgrimage, is not worth going out of one's way to visit.

After crossing the long bridge of Rapperschwyl (Route 14) the road enters canton Schwyz, and soon commences the steep ascent of Mount Etsch, which takes 2 hours, and requires an extra horse or horses; charge for 1 horse 30 batz, and 6 batz trinkgeld; for 2 horses 50 batz. Many delightful views are obtained in ascending, over the lake of Zurich, and the summit commands a good view of the Mythen (Mitras), Rigi, and

other mountains in that direction. The holy hermit Meinrad, the founder of Einsiedeln, originally fixed himself on the top of the Etsch, but the concourse of people attracted to the spot by his reputation for holiness, drove him in search of solitude deeper into the wilderness. A little chapel stands on the spot supposed to have been occupied by his cell. Near it is an inn. From this chapel the first view of Einsiedeln is obtained; the descent thither occupies 1½ hour.

The road is studded at intervals with chapels called stations, each containing a representation of some event in the Passion of our Lord, according to the Romish tradition, at which the pilgrims may stop and *kill* their beads.

The river Sihl is crossed by a covered bridge, called (Teufels-brücke) the Devil's bridge, before reaching

3½ EINSIEDELN (French, Notre Dame des Ermites; Lat., Monasterium Eremitarum). Inns: there are 55 inns and 20 alehouses here, mostly designed for the reception of poor pilgrims, and distinguished by a singular variety of signs. The best is the Ox, tolerably good, but dear; the charges are raised during the pilgrimage.—C. D. Pfau (Paon); Adam and Eve.

The Abbey of Einsiedeln, which forms the nucleus of a village of a few hundred inhabitants, is situated on a naked undulating plain 3000 ft. above the sea, producing little but pasture. It is partly sheltered by a range of wooded hills on the S.E.

The Monastery itself, an extensive building in the modern Italian style, is imposing, less from its architecture than its size and its situation in so remote and naked a solitude. The existing edifice dates from the 18th century (1719), and is the 6th or 7th raised on this spot since the first foundation of the abbey, the others having been destroyed by fire. It occupies a stately site upon the hill side, separated from the humbler

buildings of the village by a wide square.

The origin of the abbey is thus accounted for in the histories published under the authority of the monks. — In the days of Charlemagne a holy anchorite named Meinrad, of the noble house of Hohenollern, repaired to this remote wilderness (then called the Finsterwald) to end his days in solitude and prayer, devoting himself to tend a little black image of the Virgin which had been given to him by St. Hildegarda, abbess of Zurich. This holy man was murdered by two robbers in 861; but their foul deed, which they had hoped would escape detection on a spot so remote from the haunts of men, was brought to light by two pet ravens reared by Meinrad, which pursued the murderers with croaking cries, and flapping wings, over hill and dale, as far as Zurich, where their guilt was detected, and they suffered for it on the place now occupied by the Raven inn. The reputation of sanctity, however, surrounding the spot where the saint had lived, increased so much after his death, that his cell was rebuilt, and a church founded by a community of Benedictine hermits (Einsiedlern). The first abbot was Eberard, and it is affirmed by the monkish legend, and perpetuated in the bull of Pope Pius VIII., that when the Bishop of Constance was about to consecrate the church on the 14th of September, 948, he was aroused at midnight by the sounds of angelic minstrelsy, and was informed next day, by a voice from heaven, that there was no need for him to proceed with the sacred rite, as the church had been already consecrated by the powers of heaven, and by the presence of the Saviour! The pope pronounced this a true miracle, and, in consideration of it, granted plenary indulgence to all pilgrims who should repair to the shrine of Our Lady of the Hermits, in the words inscribed upon the church, "*Hic est plena remissio pec-*

catorum à culpa et à pena." The consequence of this has been that during 9 centuries there has been an almost uninterrupted influx of pilgrims from the surrounding countries to this shrine, and of wealth to the monastery. In process of time these pious benefactions increased its revenues and domains to an enormous extent; it ranked second to St. Gall alone of all the monasteries in Switzerland. Its abbot became a prince of the holy Roman empire, with a seat in the diet. He had his hereditary officers, his chamberlain, marshal, and cupbearer; and these posts were filled by personages of noble or princely rank. He also enjoyed the right of criminal jurisdiction and the power of life and death in several parishes and circles. Down to the 16th century the abbots themselves were of noble families.

The French revolutionary invaders of 1798 stripped Einsiedeln of its resources and treasures, and carried off the figure of the Virgin to Paris, but the monks, on abandoning the convent, transported with them into Tyrol a duplicate figure, which they assert to be the authentic original. Notwithstanding these untoward circumstances, the abbey remains at the present day the richest in Switzerland, and the Black Virgin, whether an original or a copy, has lost none of her reputation. The average annual number of pilgrims who receive the sacrament in the church is 150,000. In the course of the year 1700 there were 202,000; in 1834, 36,000 pilgrims repaired to the shrine within a fortnight. Every parish of canton Schwytz, and most of the other Roman Catholic cantons, send an annual deputation hither, headed by the landammann and the authorities. The Roman Catholics of Switzerland, indeed, for the most part, make 2 or 3 journeys hither, in the course of their lives. Many of the pilgrims are deputies paid by others, wealthier sinners, to do penance for

their principals, who remain at home, and a pilgrimage thus performed by proxy is rendered equally efficacious with one made in person.

In 1835 the convent contained 77 monks of the Benedictine order, including lay-brothers, novices, &c.

In the square in front of the convent stands a fountain with 14 jets of water, from all of which the pilgrims drink, as it is traditionally reported that our Saviour drank from one, but from which of them is not known. In the centre of the pile of conventual buildings stands, as is usual in Benedictine monasteries, the Church, which has been compared with that of St. John Lateran at Rome. The interior is somewhat gaudily ornamented with inferior paintings, marble and gilding. A few feet from the entrance stands the Shrine or Chapel of the Virgin, of black marble, with a grating in front, through which, by the glare of an ever-burning lamp, the spectator perceives the palladium of the temple, a little black figure of the Virgin and Child, attired in gold brocade, glittering with jewels, and bearing crowns of gold on their heads. The space in front of the shrine is rarely free of worshippers, and commonly hundreds, nay, at times, thousands of devotees may be seen prostrate before it. The walls of this part of the church are literally covered with votive tablets, rude paintings in oil, on which no kind of accident or misfortune is omitted, though they are chiefly devoted to representations of escapes from fire and water, all effected by the supposed miraculous interference of the image. Its influence, however, is not limited to incidents of private life; many of the great events of history, such as the victory of the Roman Catholic cantons at Kappel, are classed among the triumphant interpositions of our Lady of the Hermita. 250 new votive tablets were hung up in 1835, older ones being removed to make way for them.

In the Chapel of the Magdalene, a church of itself in size, on the l. of the choir, are 28 confessionals, over each of which is written the language in which confessions will be received in it, either German, Italian, French, or Romanach.

The Treasury, once so rich in church plate, was plundered by the French in 1796, and one splendid monstrance alone remains, but it is not readily shown. The monastery includes, besides the lodgings for the Abbot, and the brethren, a handsome refectory, a kitchen, an hospital, a library containing 26,000 vols., a museum containing some fossils and minerals, a free school and boarding-school, the pupils of which are taught by the monks, and a large cellar running under the greater part of the edifice. During meals, passages of some approved author, such as Lingard's History of England, Cobbett's History of the Reformation, &c., are read aloud to the assembled brotherhood, and even at times portions of newspapers.

Zwingli, the reformer, was curate of Einsiedeln from 1516 to 1519. Theophrastus Paracelsus von Hohenheim was born here, or in the neighbourhood, in 1498.

The following description relates to the last jubilee celebrated at Einsiedeln, in September, 1834.—

"This place is annually visited by many thousand pilgrims, especially on the 14th September, and whenever the 14th falls on a Sunday the festivities are greater than usual.

"For the last ten days, even before we left Baden, and while in the French territory, we have met at almost every step troops of pilgrims plodding on their way to this Swiss Loretto. The parties seemed generally members of one family, or of one village, from the similarity of their dress, and they were invariably repeating their aves and pater-nosters aloud as they passed along, or uniting together in singing a hymn. They consisted almost entirely of the lower

class of peasants, who repair to this spot from far and wide. Alsatia and Lorraine, the Black Forest, Scania, the Grisons, Bavaria,—and the whole of Switzerland, all contribute their quota to augment the throng, thousands usually issue out of Tyrol, but the Austrians this year have refused to let any persons go into Switzerland without passports, which has served as a complete preventive to their undertaking the journey.

"It was growing dusk as we entered the valley in which Einsiedeln lies. Just as we began to descend our attention was roused by the repeated reports of cannon, which, though loud in themselves, awakened echoes in the adjacent hills, which made it appear as though a whole broadside had been fired. Soon after, the deep-toned bells of the convent began to sound, the firing ceased, and the long and loudly repeated prayers of the pilgrims whom we passed on the road proclaimed that it was the hour of vespers.

"As we drew nearer the bells had ceased, and we heard the sound of a drum and band of music. This odd jumble of noises, profane intermixed with sacred, which gave me no very distinct idea of what was going forward, was afterwards explained by the intelligence that the pilgrimage is not considered a religious matter only, but is mixed up with somewhat of festivity—which induces the brotherhood of the convent to pay for *salutes* and *fear de joie*, while they encourage the forming of a band of music composed of the townspeople. Their performance is pretty much on a par with that which is found in the booths of a fair in England,—but under its escort we entered the town. The musicians had just paraded to the end of the street of which Einsiedeln consists, and were returning, followed by a crowd large enough to stop our progress till it had passed. The one street which I have mentioned is, with scarcely an exception,

composed entirely of inns and pot-houses, principally for the reception of the poorer pilgrims. As the band passed by, every window was crowded with projecting heads, which had a curious effect, lighted up by the solitary lantern which dangles in front of each house.

"The inn where I was lucky enough to find lodging (with the threat of having two other persons put into the same room, in case more visitors should arrive), is directly in front of the convent and church, and as soon as I had finished my supper I issued out to explore it. I found it already crowded with pilgrims, partly met to keep the eve of the festival, partly to take up their night's lodging in the church. For though a bed may be had in the town for the value of a halfpenny, and a supper for as little, many of these people are so poor that they cannot afford to pay for a bed; their only food is a crust of bread and a bit of cheese, which they bring with them, and they must pass the vigil in the open air if the church be not opened to receive them.

"As I elbowed my way into the church I found it dark except one solitary lamp before the altar, and a few candles, brought in by the people themselves and laid on the pavement, or placed on their laps to enable them to read their prayer-books. The crowd was very great, for though the gloom prevented my seeing the extent of it, the sounds which burst on my ears as I entered the door were such as could only arise from thousands. It was a confused mixture of noises, singing in all tones and tunes, many very shrill, and, as a base to this, a low long-continued murmur or buzzing. I found that the singing proceeded from many distinct parties in different parts of the church, each composed of the members of one family or parish, who were now practising here the hymns they were accustomed to sing together in concert at home, but without

any attention to the tone which their next neighbours were cheating. The partial but vivid light thrown upon viages hard and soft, though mostly of the former character, and the total blackness of the background, would have furnished a painter with many a novel effect. The low and uninterrupted buzzing came I found from a vast and dense crowd stationed near the entrance of the church, in front of the chapel which contains the miraculous black image of the Virgin, the ostensible object of this pilgrimage, which shines in silk and jewels, lighted up by a great number of lamps. The little chapel stands in the middle of the church, and is open only on one side, on which the image can be seen through an iron grille. Fortunate were those among the crowd of devotees who could manage to place themselves in a position where a view was to be obtained of it. By far the greater part were quite out of sight of it, but still all persevered with the same devout mumbling of prayers, with expressions of extreme devotion, intent upon their books or rosaries.

• Next morning I was suddenly awakened by a great concussion, which shook the house and made me start. It was again the discharge of cannon and rockets to open the festival. Daylight had not yet dawned, but I heard the sound of numerous footsteps pacing across the square to the church. About half-past nine I repaired again to the church. I knew how thronged it would be, and therefore took the precaution of securing admission to the gallery, from which I looked down upon a sea of heads, into which the bases of the pillars of the church appeared to be sunk. Every aisle and angle was crammed, and whenever a movement was made by those endeavouring to enter or depart, the space was instantly filled up as though a drop of water had been displaced. I know no mode of giving

an idea of the numbers; the exact number cannot be ascertained till to-morrow, when a census is made of the persons to whom wafers have been distributed by the priests in the communion. I placed myself immediately above the high altar, so as to see the whole ceremony of high mass performed in its greatest pomp. The legate sent by the Pope as resident in Switzerland, who officiated, was an archbishop; he was attended by two bishops. The splendour of his robes, which he put on one after the other—the mitre and crosier, assumed or laid down from time to time, as different parts of the ceremony were performed—the satin shoes—the purple train, borne up by attendants as he moved to and fro between his throne and the altar—had a very imposing effect.

• To have an idea of the great solemnity of the whole ceremony, you must take into consideration the host of fervent worshippers assembled before the altar, filling the whole body of the church as far as the eye could reach, aided by the effect of the most solemn music, performed by a full band and two organs. The whole was worked up to a height at the moment when the legate finally receives the cup, and afterwards bestows his benediction and absolution upon the congregated pilgrims. The thunder of drums, trumpets, and diapasons of the organs, was, as it appeared to me, assisted by some machinery, by which the roof of the church was struck in order to produce the effect of the building having been shaken: at the same moment a signal is given on the outside, the bells begin to toll, and the cannons are fired off from the neighbouring hills. Thus over, the organs commence some popular overture, from Mozart or Rossini, and the people rush out to bargain for relics at the booths erected round the church, which gives the square in front the appearance of a fair. The commodities for sale were limited to

the wants of the pilgrims, temporal and spiritual, and appeared to be confined to umbrellas, holy tapers to burn in the churches, rosaries, little medals with a figure of the Virgin of the Hermita, and bread and shoes.

The ceremonies of this festival did not terminate until the evening. As it began to grow dusk the long and stately facade of the building was illuminated by rows of lamps, and a temporary altar, erected on one side of the square, opposite the main entrance, was entirely studded with lamps, till it became one blaze of light. While this was preparing, the vast square gradually filled with people, until the assembled multitude amounted to not less than 30,000 persons, chiefly pilgrims. When all was ready, the great doors of the church were thrown open, and out marched a venerable procession of ecclésiastics, their abbot at their head, preceded by banners and crucifixes, and followed by a long train of torch-bearers. Lifting up their melodious voices in a solemn chant, they conveyed the sacred elements towards the altar, as is usual, under a canopy, escorted by soldiers, and accompanied by a band of music and a moveable organ on wheels. While the mass was being performed in the open air I called out among the throng: the view looking towards the altar was so singular as that in the opposite direction. The blazing altar, the long line of torches and tapers burning and glittering in the night, had a most singular effect, increased by the illuminations of the town behind; every house was lighted up, and, as they are all built in the Swiss fashion, with gables outward, they looked like so many fiery pyramids. No sooner was mass finished than the procession retired again into the church, the crowd disappeared also into it, the exterior lights were extinguished—in half an hour the whole square was dark and empty: it seemed like a dream. The interior of the church,

Stett.

however, was still filled with people; the whole being studded with lamps, especially the chapel of the Virgin: the throng of worshippers before it seemed undiminished, and many lingered in front of it, on bended knees and with eyes fixed on the image, till late in the night.

Next morning I left Einsiedeln on my way out of Switzerland: I set out about 6, and all the way passed through one continued line of dirty, ragged, and brown-winged pilgrims, on their way home, chanting, without cessation, their psalms and aves, &c., which their confessors had prescribed for them to repeat between the time of their departure from and return to their homes. I passed across the Lake of Zurich by the long bridge of Rapperschwyi; and in the evening crossed the Lake of Wallerstadt. Still I had not got out of the line of pilgrims; 2 boats full set sail along with that which conveyed me; and the wind which filled our broad and unwieldy sail, and carried us quickly along, wafted with it the same responses and chants which I had heard from the pilgrims on the road.

"We Protestants, of course, would condemn, or possibly laugh at all this; still, I cannot help thinking, from the fervid earnestness of the poor pilgrims, that their journey, notwithstanding superstition was its object, might still be productive of good; and I remembered how the humble publicans went home justified, rather than the self-exalted and uncharitable Pharisee."—*M.S. Journal.*

There is a path under the Mythenberg (Mitre hill), called the *Hecken*, by Alpthal from Einsiedeln to Schwytz, shorter than the carriage-road. It takes 4½ hours to walk—a guide is needed. Near the top is an inn, from which the peak, called *Hochschill* (4470 ft.), is ½ hour's walk.

The carriage-road to Schwytz makes, at first, a considerable de-

tour: the footpath is shorter, crossing the Katsenstrich, a considerable track of upland meadow or common, direct to Altmatt.

St. Rothenthurm, a village of nearly 800 inhabitants, is the place of meeting of the general assembly of the canton Schwytz, convened here every two years, in the open air, on the first Sunday in May, or, if the weather be bad on that day, on the first fine Sunday after. The landammann is president, and every citizen above the age of 18 has a vote. These meetings afford no favourable specimen of the working of universal suffrage, as they frequently terminate in rioting and violence. For example, in May, 1838, 2000 voters collected here, the show of hands was declared to be in favour of the government; but the Liberal party being dissatisfied with the result, a battle ensued, in which the hustings were broken and many persons much injured. The democrats, enraged at their defeat, published a manifesto, calling on the "Liberals to meet in their districts, and expel the rich from their assemblies as their ancestors expelled Gessler, since the government of the rich has become a government of murderers."

Rothenthurm receives its name from a Red Tower still standing and forming part of the defences of a long wall or rampart (*letze*), erected by the Schwytzers along their W. frontier, to ward off the inroads of their lordly and lawless neighbours. It extended hence as far as Arth.

About 2 miles W. of Rothenthurm, on the confines of the canton of Zug, and on the margin of the small lake of Eggen, is MORGARTEN, memorable in Swiss annals as the scene of their first struggle for independence, as the spot where the chivalry of Austria were worsted, and their leader, Duke Leopold, compelled to fly with disgrace, on the 15th of November, 1315, 8 years after the expulsion of the Austrian bailiffs. Fired with the hope of revenge and with feel-

ings of hereditary hatred, the duke led on his mail-clad cavalry along the narrow strand between the lake and the hills. Just where the ascent into the upland country of Schwytz commences, running up a narrow defile, the Austrians were met by the confederates, a more handful of men in comparison with their host, but of hardy frame and resolute spirit, posted on the ridge of the Sattel, near Haselmatt. The first bold charge of the Swiss, rushing on with swords and clubs, was aided by a discharge of rocks from the heights above, which quickly threw into confusion the ranks of heavy-armed knights. They attempted to fall back, but their evolutions were prevented by the infantry pressing on in their rear. Without room to manoeuvre, or even to turn (for the naturally confined margin of the lake was at that time diminished by an unusual increase of its waters), the proud knights were totally at the mercy of their light-armed foes. Many, in order to escape the sword, perished by plunging into the lake; the rush of the cavalry overwhelmed the infantry behind, and in a short while the whole army was thrown into panic and disorder. The Austrians lost the flower of their nobility, and Leopold with difficulty escaped. This astounding victory, the Marathon of Swiss history, was gained in an hour and a half, over a force of 20,000 well-armed men, by 1300 mountaineers, who now for the first time met an army in the field.

The appropriate memorial of their success erected by the Swiss was, according to custom, a Chapel, dedicated to St. James; and service is performed in it annually on the anniversary of the fight. It is still standing on an eminence above the lake, at the foot of the hill of Morgarten, close to the village of Schoren, by the road-side as you descend from Rothenthurm.

The little village of Illnau, on

the opposite (E.) side of Rothenthurm, was the cradle of the family of Roding, one of the oldest and noblest in the canton, and whose name appears oftener with credit than any other. There is scarcely a battle in which they are not mentioned, and they have 45 times filled the office of landamman, the highest in the state. In 1798 Aloys Roding, a hero worthy of such an ancestry, led on the brave inhabitants of these mountains to oppose, in defence of their liberties and constitution, a far outnumbering force of French under General Schauenberg. The Swiss met the invaders in the valley of Rothenthurm, and drove them back as far as the lake of Egeri and the field of their ancient victory of Morgarten. This proved but a temporary gleam of success. Their victory had cost them so large a number of men, that they were unable to renew the contest; and an overwhelming force of French marching into the canton rendered all further resistance hopeless.

A long descent, commanding a fine view of Schwytz, of the singular and picturesque Mythen (Mitre) mountains behind it, and of the lake of Lowerts, with part of the fall of the Roseberg (p. 43-44), leads through Battel, past the chapel of Ecce Homo, to Seenen, a small village, having two good inns, memorable as the birth-place of Werner Stauffacher, one of the three conspirators of the Gruth (p. 58), nearly 4 hours' drive from Einsiedeln. A small chapel, adorned with rude fresco of scenes from his life, and the battle of Morgarten, is dedicated to his memory. It was built in 1400. The *Bauenhof* is as old as 1111. (See p. 203.)

3. Schwytz. (Route 17.)

"Travellers bound from Einsiedeln to the Rigi or Lucerne, need not enter Schwytz. Soon after leaving Seenen, a road branching off to the rt. leads, in about 1½ hour, to Golden (where the ascent of the Rigi

begins, and horses may be hired at the Cheval Blanc, p. 49. 80). Their vehicles should be sent round to meet them at Küssnacht, if they are going to Lucerne. The summit of the Rigi may be easily reached in 3 hours from Einsiedeln."—C. D.

ROUTE 76.

SCHWYTZ TO GLARUS, BY THE MUOTTA THAL, THE PASS OF THE FRAGEN, AND THE ELÖWTHAL.

10 standen—39½ Eng. miles.

A very rough char-road ascends the valley as far as Muotta. There is also a footpath from Schwytz by which Muotta may be reached in 3 hours. "Delightful scenery, too little visited, yet inferior to nothing in the Bernese Alps. A guide is not needed when the snow is off the ground."—G. P. The road crosses the plain to Ibach, a village of scattered houses at the mouth of the Muottathal, which here assumes the character of a contracted gorge, higher up it opens out, and exhibits considerable capabilities for cultivation; it abounds with exquisite scenery. The road ascends the l. bank of the stream, traversing Ober Schönbach, down to which point the Russians, under Sowerrow, drove the French commanded by Massena, Mortier, and Soult, in his desperate attempt to force his way through them to join the Russian army at Zurich, in 1799. "The bridge near this, which carries the road over to the rt. bank, was taken and retaken many times; the mingled blood of the two nations crimsoned the stream which swept down their floating bodies."

Beyond Ried there is another bridge, near which is a pretty waterfall, and a third brings the traveller to 2½ Muotta, or Muttan ("a neat and cheap little Inn, next door but one to the church—between it and the bridge"—C. J. H.) the principal village of the valley, on the rt. bank of the stream. The parish contains 1400 inhabitants. In the neighbour-

hood is the *Nunnery of St. Joseph*, a very ancient and primitive convent, founded 1280. The sisters are poor, and their mode of living homely; they make their own clothes and their own hay; the superior is called *Frau Mutter*. They receive visits from strangers without the intervention of a grating, and will even give a lodging to a respectable traveller. Whoever avails himself of this must remember that the convent is too poor to afford gratuitous hospitality.

On the night of the 27th and 28th of September, 1799, the inhabitants of the remote and peaceful valley of Muotta were surprised by the arrival of an army of an unknown nation and tongue, whose very name many of these had never heard, which came pouring down upon their cottages and green fields from the heights of the *Kinsig Cohn*, by pathless abysses and precipices which the very shepherds cross with difficulty and dread. These were the 24,000 Russians under *Sawarow*, whose previous march out of Italy has already been detailed in Routes 34 and 72. Here the general first heard the news of the defeat of *Kornakow* and the main Russian army at *Zurich*. He at first gave no credence to the report, and would have hung the peasant who communicated it as a spy and traitor, but for the intercession of the lady mother of *St. Joseph's* nunnery. He was now beset on all sides; part of *Lacourbe's* division followed his rear, *Molitor* occupied the summit of the *Muotta thal*, and *Mortier* and *Massena* blocked up its mouth. The bold attempt to cut his way out, through the forces of the latter general, was defeated, as already mentioned, chiefly by the unexpected arrival of a fresh reinforcement under *Lacourbe* in person, though with vast loss to the French. The veteran conqueror was compelled for the first time in his career, to order a retreat, and to adopt the only alternative of ascending the valley and crossing the

Prigel into *Glarus*. The detachments of *Molitor's* advanced guard were quickly driven in before him, and the greater portion made prisoners. *Sawarow's* rear-guard, however, encumbered with sick and wounded, was greatly harassed by *Massena*; but the republicans were again repulsed with loss, and driven back nearly to *Schwytz*. *Sawarow* expected to be able to reach *Zurich* from *Glarus*, there to join and rally the broken forces of *Kornakow*; but *Molitor*, in person, warned of his approach, took possession of the position of *Nafels*, blocking up the outlet of the *Lieth thal*, as *Massena* had intercepted his passage down the *Muotta thal*, and the Russian once more found his plans foiled and baffled. Fearing to be hemmed in on all sides by the French, he gave his troops a few days of rest at *Glarus*, rendered absolutely indispensable by the fatigues they had undergone, after which he once more took to the mountains, ascending the *Bernst thal* (Route 76) to the *Grisons*.

The path from *Muotta* to the pass of the *Prigel* (*Sawarow's* line of march) is rather steep and stony, but is practicable for horses. It is exceedingly easy, and clearly marked throughout, but is better on the *Glarus* side than on the other. There is no inn short of *Riedern*, but chalets all the way and on the top. The distance from *Muotta* to the lake of *Klön* is calculated at about 18 miles; about $3\frac{1}{2}$ to the foot of the ascent, 4 to the cross, nearly 3 to the summit of the pass, and 6 to *Auen*, on the lake of *Klön*.

$3\frac{1}{2}$ The summit of the *Pass of the Prigel*, 5900 ft. above the sea, is the boundary-line of cantons *Schwytz* and *Glarus*. It is rarely free from snow before the month of June. "I was accompanied from *Muotta* to the top by the priest, on his way to pronounce the 'Benediction' of the upper pastures, a custom which takes place annually, as soon as the snow is suf-

faintly melted to allow of the cattle grazing."

The Klönthal, into which the traveller now descends, is exceedingly beautiful. On the rt. hand it is walled in by the Glarnisch rising in an abrupt and sheer precipice, terminated by a sharp edge of ice, and on the l. by the Wiggis, scarcely less abrupt. Deep in the recesses of this charming valley lies a beautiful Lake about 3 miles long, embedded deeply at the foot of the Glarnisch, whose vast grey precipices descend at this point almost perpendicularly into the water. "It is surrounded by meadows of the most verdant green, covered until the end of autumn with flowers. The precipitous tracks along the side of the valley, along which some adventurous French pushed forward in pursuit of the Russians, are pointed out. Ebel deservedly calls the Klönthal 'une des vallées les plus gracieuses qu'il y ait dans les Alpes.' Two Swiss have inscribed on a rock at the foot of the Glarnisch, by the side of a waterfall, an epitaph in memory of Solomon Gessner, the pastoral poet, author of the 'Death of Abel,' who used to repair hither from Zürich, and spend the summer in a chalet. This spot is about 3 miles from Glarus. A field path should be taken, just opposite a waterfall in descending the last slope upon the hamlet Auen, at the W. end of the lake. It is about 16 m. from Muotta, 7 from Glarus. The gorge, through which the waters of the lake descend to the Linth, is very grand. After passing through Riedern, the traveller soon reaches the high road, and turning to the rt. ascends the Linththal about a mile to

4 Glarus, in Route 72.

ROUTE 75 a.

FROM MUOTTA TO THE BATHS OF STACHELBERG IN THE LINTH-THAL BY THE BISI THAL.

"From Muotta a good horse-path leads up the Bisi Thal to the hamlet


of Eigen; the scenery is very fine and well worth a visit; it is much narrower than the Muotta Thal, with over-hanging precipices, and well wooded. Out of the Bisi Thal, after passing the scattered hamlet of Eigen, a bad path, practicable only for the pedestrian, leads across the mountains to the baths of Stachelberg and the Lanththal. No one should attempt this without a guide. After leaving the Bisi Thal the scenery is the most savage conceivable. The summit of the mountain between the valleys, across which the path runs, is a rugged sunken plain of bare rock, many miles in extent, without vegetation of any kind except on a central green oasis (a little verdant plain), where the soil has collected, the whole surrounded by snowy peaks. The path is only traceable in many parts by the little piles of stones put up by the shepherds to guide themselves; and the streams, instead of finding their way into the valley as usual, tumble in cascades into the bowels of the mountain. Of these I passed three, each of the size of an ordinary millrace, and each tumbling into the ground. This arises from the strata of the rock being perpendicular, or nearly so, which has also caused the soil to be washed down by the rain, leaving the upturned strata of rock naked and bleached by the weather, something like a crevassed glacier turned to rock, and rugged in the extreme. On the side of the Linth-Thal this savage plain is bounded by awful precipices which overhang the baths of Stachelberg, and it is flanked by two bold peaks right and left. It took me 12 hours on foot from Muotta to the Baths, but I was alone without a guide, and missed the path for a time; but I do not think it can be less than 9 or 10 hours' good walking, which it is usually called, or even more. As I made my way safe in the end, I may be thought to have been repaid for my temerity by the lonely sublimity of my situation; for while

alone on the brink of the precipices on the side of the Linth-Thal, craning over to try and see where the path could possibly descend, and where I might have dropped a stone perpendicularly 1000 feet at least, a thunder-storm came on, and the lightning flashed below me, the clouds for a time hiding the valley. The weather cleared up again, or I should at least have passed the night on the mountains, if I had not been lost altogether. As it was, I received no other damage than a good wetting and considerable fatigue—injuries which the contents of my knapsack and mine host's tolerable supper and good bed soon repaired. The descent to the Baths is very steep and fatiguing: there is no suberge by the way."—J. H.

ROUTE 76.

GLARUS TO COIRE, UP THE SERNFT THAL.

13½ stunden = 43½ English miles. A char-road as far as Elm; beyond that a footpath, difficult and fatiguing.

About 3 miles above Glarus the valley of the Linth divides into two branches. Out of the l. or E. branch issues the Sernft; it is sometimes called Kleinthal, to distinguish it from the larger W. branch, or Linth-

About ½ way to Enghi (Inn), rt. there is rather a fine waterfall; ¼ hour beyond this an isolated view of the Glarnisch, very noble. This mountain, owing to its position, is one of the most striking in Switzerland, seen from whatever side. 2½ Matt, another village, stands on the rt. bank of the Sernft, and at the mouth of the minor vale of the Kraochthal, up which runs a path to Sargans, over the Rieten pass, 7 stunden.

The quarries in the Plattenberg, a mountain of the grauwacke and clay-slate on the l. side of the valley, opposite Matt, furnish excellent slates for roofing or for writing. Most of

the schools in Switzerland are supplied from hence; and the slate was formerly exported down the Rhine to Holland and the Indies. This slate is well known to geologists for the beautiful and perfect casts of fossil fish, in which it abounds. The lower portion of the valley is unhealthy, as may be learned from the occurrence of goitre and cretinism (those afflicted with the latter are here called Tölpel—dolt, blockhead—§ 19); but the inhabitants of the upper extremity are a fine and hardy race.

3½ Elm is the highest village in the valley.

"There is a way from Elm to the Baths of Pfeffers—a fatiguing walk of 13 hours. The path ascends the Unter-thal, crosses the ridge of the Ramia into the Weistannen Thal. There is a tolerable path as far as a chalet on the E. slope of the pass; beyond this there is scarcely any trace of one, and the passage is not practicable for mules. From this chalet you turn to the S. of E., and cross 2 ravines into the Kalfusser Thal, a mile or two below the source of the Tamina, which rises at the head of that valley, in the glacier of Sardona. The scenery of the Gorge of the Tamina is magnificently grand. The Kalfusser Thal terminates at Vättis, at the foot of the Calanda-berg, where the river suddenly alters its course, and bends to the N. There is no village where refreshment or accommodation can be obtained between Elm and Vättis."—W. C.

At Vättis there is a little inn; it is 4 hours' walk up the valley from Pfeffers to Weistannen, where are two abominable cabarets. From Weistannen a path leads in 5 hours to Matt, over the Rieten Grat. N.B. Guides are necessary.

At Elm the bold and very wild valley of the Sernft divides again, and minor paths ramify hence—l. Up to the head of the valley, and over the pass of Panix; the entrance of the pass is between 2 projecting

spurs of the mountain; the defile within ascending in steps. 2. The pass of the Segnes, which we propose to follow. Near the Tachungel is the *Martinsloch*, a singular hole or gap in the precipice, through which the sun shines two or three times in the year upon the village of Elm.

There is a passage, difficult to find without a guide, from Elm to *Stuholberg* time to the top of the pass 1½ hour, descent 2 hours, not practicable for horses, and the upper part very indistinctly marked.

Souwarow, after the almost incredible march detailed in the preceding route, remained like a stag at bay for three or four days at Glarus for the purpose of resting his wearied troops, though not a day was passed without skirmishes more or less severe with the enemy. At length, finding it hopeless to attack a French force so greatly superior in numbers to his own, he adopted the tremendous, but only remaining alternative, of again leading his exhausted and diminished followers over the high crest of the Alps, in order to rescue them from annihilation, and enable him to unite himself with the scattered fragments of the Russian army in the Grisons. He broke up from his quarters on the 8th of October. The lateness of the season, the difficulties of the passage, and the vastly superior force pressing on the heels of his dispirited soldiers, rendered this a far more hazardous enterprise than that which he had previously accomplished. The miserable path up the valley would barely admit two men abreast: along this the army painfully wound its way in single file. The difficulty of the ascent was greatly increased by a fall of snow 2 feet deep, but, as though the hardships of the way were not enough, the indefatigable French, ascending the opposite bank of the *Serapt*, allowed the Russians no respite from their harassing assaults. Numbers lay down, exhausted from

fatigue, to perish on the snow; many, slipping down the insecure fragments of slate, and along the rocks, polished by the frost, were hurled over the precipices, and crushed in the abyss below, while the enemy's bullets were not slow to further thinning their ranks. After 9½ days of toil, and four nights of little repose, since they were spent on the bare surface of the snow and the glaciers, where many men were frozen to death, Souwarow crossed the ridge of *Pania*, between 7000 and 8000 ft. above the sea, and on the 10th of October gained the valley of the Rhine at *Ilanz*. Even on reaching the descent into the Grisons, many perished in attempting to cross the fearful chasm of the *Araschka Alp*. For months and months the foul birds and beasts of prey were gorged with their bodies, and the bones of many a warrior are still blanching in the crevices and ravines of the *Jatur*. Thus terminated a march of 18 days' duration, perhaps the most extraordinary ever performed by an army, incessantly engaged, fighting a battle almost every day, and obliged to traverse a country totally unknown, and completely destitute of resources. This remarkable retreat was accomplished with the loss of all his artillery, the greater part of the beasts of burden, and one-third of his men.

The Segnes pass, the best way from Glarus to Coire, ascends a minor valley running in a S.E. direction behind the village of Elm. The height of the pass above the sea is 7500 ft. It is about 15½ miles from this to the first village in the Grisons valley of Segnes.

- 4½ Flims } described in Route 77.
- 1½ Trins }
- 2½ Coire, in Route 67.

*. Any additional information respecting Routes 75, 76, 77, 78, derived from personal knowledge, would be very acceptable to the editor.

ROUTE 77.

COIRE TO ANDERMATT ON THE ST. GOTTHARD, UP THE VALLEY OF THE VORDER RHEIN, TO DISSENTIA, AND ACROSS THE GURRALP.

50 stades = 65½ English miles.

By the road now in progress, charrs can ascend the valley of the Vorder Rhein as far as Ilanz, where horses can be procured, until the road is carried higher, to go to Dissentia.

"It is scarcely possible to walk from Reichenau to Andermatt in less than 2 days. As far as Dissentia the scenery is, in parts, very fine, not unlike Doonside in Scotland. Thence to Andermatt is desolate and uninteresting. The number of small castles on heights above the Rhine is remarkable; it is as much the castellated Rhine here as below Mayence."—W. M.

The Great post-road from Coire (Route 67), up the valley of the Rhine, is followed as far as

1½ Reichenau (described in Route 87), where the waters of the Vorder and Hinter-Rhein unite. A new carriage-road is at length in progress up the Vorder Rhein valley, and completed, and fit for a char, as far as Flims; it is well constructed, though narrow. The want of roads and of inns (except at Ilanz), the pothouses which supply their place being of the most inferior kind, has hitherto prevented this beautiful district being visited by travellers as much as it deserves.

Quitting the high way, our road strikes up the side of the hills on the l. bank of the Rhine, to the village of Taminas, directly over Reichenau.

N.B. The path along the S. bank of the river below Ilanz is still more interesting than that on the N. At one place it crosses a fine ravine by a covered wooden bridge, 90 paces long.

For some distance, along the road on the N. bank, the traveller enjoys a beautiful view up both valleys of the Rhine. The entrance of that of

Hinter-Rhein, up which runs the road to the Splügen, is guarded by the castle of Rhotzema, backed by villages and church-towers without number. Beyond Trins the road turns aside from the Rhine, and bends round a little monticule rising in the midst of the valley into a small sequestered upland basin, in the midst of which lies

3½ Flims, a village 2360 ft. above the sea, named from the number of sources around it, *ad flumina*. "The traveller, who would avoid being starved and plundered, is cautioned against entering a sort of roadside-inn near the E. entrance of Flims, on the rt., kept by a chattering fellow who talks French."—J. P. Here the path to Glarus, by the Segus Pass (Rte. 76) strikes off. After continuing some time out of sight of the Rhine, we join it again, after a steep descent, about 3 miles beyond Laz.

3½ Ilanz (in Romansch, Glion, or Ilon).—(*Inn*: Croix Blanche, "clean and respectably provided with good beds, an obliging and honest landlord; charmingly situated, close to the bridge over the Rhine, opposite Ilanz."—J. P.) Ilanz is the only place in the valley deserving the name of town, and is the capital of the Grasse Hund, or Grey League, p. 203. Its 568 inhabitants speak the Romansch tongue, and this dialect prevails in a large portion of the valley. This place, situated on the rt. bank of the river, exhibits marks of poverty, though the country around is fertile; its walls are in a state of dilapidation.

Ober Saxen, a village on the same side of the Rhine as Ilanz, and about 4 miles higher up, is German, while all the villages around it are Romansch. In its vicinity stand 4 ancient castles, now picturesque ruins, about 1½ mile apart from one another. Their names are Moorock, Schwarzenstein, Riedburg, and Axenstein. Before reaching Ober Sax, the road crosses the river, but again crosses to the l. bank before arriving at

4. Trons (in Rhotian, Tron)—

(*In*: Casa Nuova—"not well reputed"—J. F.)—a village in a singularly beautiful situation, at a little distance from the Rhine. Its 800 inhabitants are Catholics, and speak Romansch. There are iron-works in the vicinity. Trons is chiefly remarkable, however, as the cradle of liberty among the Rhaetian Alps, the Geröll of Grimm history. Beneath the shade of the neighbouring forest the peasants met at the beginning of the 15th century, to concert plans for liberating themselves and their children from the oppression and slavery of their feudal lords, three or four of whose castles, now in ruins, may still be seen frowning down from the neighbouring crags.

Near the entrance of the village stands the decayed but venerated trunk of a Sycamore (*Acer Pseudo-platanus*; German, *Ahorn*), now probably 6 or 7 centuries old, a mere trunk, cloven and hollow, beneath whose once-spreading branches the deputies of the peasants met the nobles who were favourable to their cause, in March, 1424, and took the oath of fidelity to one another, and to their free constitution then established. Such is the origin of the *Gast Leigue*, *Grass Bund*, so called from the grey beards, or the grey homespun garb of the venerable assembly. A vigorous young shoot has sprouted forth from the hollow trunk, and is protected by a railing. Close to the sycamore tree stands the little Chapel of St. Anne, whose portico is adorned with the mottoes, "In libertatem vocati estis;" "Ubi Spiritus Domini, ibi Libertas;" "In te speraverunt Patres;" and with two fresco paintings. One represents the first formation of the League, the principal figures being the Abbot of Discontia, in the robes of his order, the Count of Sax, with a white flowing beard; and the lord of Rhaetia. The other picture shows the renewal of the oath in 1778: the deputies here appear with starched frills, and hair powdered and frizzled; in silk stockings and walking-sticks.

It is recorded that the deputies on the former occasion brought their dinners in sacks on their backs, which they hung up by girth to the rocks, while they quenched their thirst in the brook which traverses the meadow of Tavanosa. The more courtier-like deputies of the second meeting were more sumptuously feasted in the mansion of the Abbot.

The inhabitants of the upper part of the valley, about Discontia, are Roman Catholics, as will become apparent from the increased number of churches and crosses. The mountains which bound it change from limestone to primitive rocks, and give a different character to its scenery.

Opposite Samviz (*Samna-vien*, abounding in cherry-trees) the valley of that name opens out, it stretches many miles S., far into the Alps. Beyond it the eye is arrested by the view of the Abbey and village of

2½ *Discontia* — (*In*: Rhaetia, tolerable)—The *Benedictine Abbey* of Discontia (in Romansch *Mustar* or *Monster*, from Lat. *Monasterium*) is venerable as one of the oldest ecclesiastical establishments in Switzerland, founded, it is said, by the Scotch Monk Sigbert, a companion of St. Gall, and as the nucleus of early civilization in this wild and remote country. It stands on an elevated terrace, with a small village of the same name clustered round its base, and near the head of a rather long ascent. It is protected by a forest above it from falling avalanches, on the l. bank of the *Verder-Rhine*, at the junction of the two Alpine torrents which unite in forming that branch of the river. The word venerable will not apply to the actual building, for, though dilapidated, it is modern, having been built since 1792, when the ruthless French invaders burnt it, and along with it the library formed in the 7th and 8th centuries. It must be allowed that provocation was given for this act of vengeance, by the barbarous and cruel murder of a party of French soldiers, who

had been disarmed and taken prisoners by the Swiss Landsturm, and who were here set upon by the infuriated inhabitants of this part of the valley, and literally cut or torn to pieces. The abbey has, however, an imposing appearance, from its size and position, towering above the humble hovels of the village below, as its rich and powerful abbots, in the middle ages, lorded it over their vassals. They were, at one time, firm allies of the House of Habsburg, and the abbot and his banner occupied the van at the battle of Morgarten. At a later period, however, 1494, Abbot Peter of Pontanigen was one of the founders of Grison liberty, who met under the sycamore at Trons. Disentis is situated at a height of 3700 ft. above the sea-level.

There is a steep and difficult foot-path hence over the Lukmanier to Bellinzona (Route 78), another up the Medelser Thal, and thence down the Val Piora to Airolo, 10½ stundes; a third, difficult and dangerous, runs N. over the Dödi-Grat, by the Sandalp, to the Baths of Stachelberg (Route 72); a fourth by the Krutal Pass and Maderaner Thal, to Amsteg (Route 84).

"Disentis is a convenient station for travellers bent on exploring these and other passes. In 1845 the business of letting horses for the mountains was in the hands of an individual, who charged exorbitantly for very poor cattle, viz., 11 fr. a-day for each horse, with a bonnemain of 1 fr. a-day to each of the guides. At Olivone, better and cheaper conveyances (chairs) may be hired for 20 fr. to Andermatt, and fresh riding-horses may be engaged there to cross the Oberalp back to Disentis."—J. F.

The path from Disentis up to the Oberalp leaves the Medelser Thal on the l., and ascends the vale of Tavetsch by the l. bank of the Vorder-Rhine, now reduced in breadth and volume to a mountain-torrent. The path passes the villages Mompstavetsch, Sedrun, or Tavetsch, the chief place

in the valley, and Roos. A narrow gorge now leads out of the lower into an upper valley. This part of it is dreadfully exposed to avalanches. In 1808 one fell from the Rasmatsch upon the village of Selva and killed 43 human beings, and 237 head of cattle. Here begins the last and most difficult part of the ascent; all regular track disappears, and the numerous furrows worn by the feet of the cattle perplex the traveller, who will hardly be able to find his way without a guide.

4 Ciamot is the last village in the valley deserving that name, and provided with a church; it is 5000 ft. above the sea. The valley of Tavetsch is the cradle of the Vorder-Rhine. It is supplied from 3 branches, having their source in the vast mountains which wall in its upper extremity. The l.-hand branch flows from the foot of the Crispalt, on the S. side of the valley, the middle from the glaciers of the Sernadun (Cima de Badua), the third comes from the Val Cornara on the S. At Ciamot the l.-hand branch is crossed, and the middle branch followed for about a mile, after which, adieu to the Rhine; a constant ascent leads the traveller to the summit of the pass of the Oberalp, 6174 ft. above the sea, by the cross between the Ciamot and the Neugallen.

On reaching the opposite declivity, a small lake, famed for its trout, lies at the foot of the traveller. This is the Oberalp see, one of the headwaters of the Rhine: it is beset with bogs, across which the traveller must pick his way cautiously. This spot was the scene of a hard struggle between the French and Austrians, in 1799. The path winds along the N. or rt. side of the lake. The vale of Urseren, with Hospital in the distance, now opens out to view, and a long and wearisome descent, first through a naked valley of pastures, and then down an arduous and broken declivity, brings the traveller to

8½ Andermatt, on the St. Gothard.

(Route 34, p. 110.) To walk hence to Disentia will require 5½ hours.

ROUTE 78.

PASS OF THE LUKMANIER—DISENTIA TO OLIVONE IN THE VAL BLEGNO.

10 stunden = 22½ English miles. "A path, much frequented in summer, and practicable throughout, on horse-back, though not without difficulty towards its two extremities." The valley of Medels, up which it lies as far as Sta. Maria, runs in a direction nearly due S. from Disentia, and is traversed through its whole length by the Middle Rhine. The entrance to it is by a rocky and wooded gorge, about 2 miles from Disentia, in the midst of which the Rhine forms two cascades, and beyond which the valley opens out into a wide basin, lined with pastures and forests, in the remotest parts of which the bear is still found, while the chamois abounds on the granite peaks forming the highest summits of the surrounding Alps. "The path scales the steep and craggy ridge to the rt. of the gorge, of which it affords but a very imperfect view, and then descends into the Thal, with the Caraglia high on the rt."—J. F. Platta is the principal place in the Medels Thal. Per-datch is situated at the opening of the Val Cristallina, which runs in a S.E. direction, and sends forth one branch of the Middle Rhine. It is celebrated for its rock-crystals, out of which the shrine of St. Carlo Borromeo, in the Duomo of Milan, was formed. Another branch comes from the W. out of the Lake Dun, at the end of the Val Cadelina; and a third, between these two, issues from the foot of the Monte Suro.

5 Sta. Maria, a hospice, kept up for the benefit of poor travellers, nearly on the culminating point of the Pass of the Lukmanier (in Latin, Mons Lemaninus; in Romansch, Lukmanj, or Quain Sta. Maria),

5740 ft. above the sea. "At this Hospice, which is still kept up by the monks of Disentia, though very wretched in appearance, the traveller may procure forage for his horse, and a meal of coarse bread and drinkable wine for himself."

It is said that the army of Pepin passed this way, A.D. 754, on his invasion of Italy. Poles, stuck into the rocks, mark the direction of the path across the Col. Horse-paths branch off from the hospice to Airolo, through the Val Termini, or Val Forno, the Val Piora, by Alanca, Brugnascio, and Madrano: 5½ stunden.

The path to Olivone and the Val Blegno descends the Alpine Val Camocia, to

2 The Hospice of Camocia; and, a few miles lower, to that of

2 Camperio, both founded, it is said, by St. Carlo Borromeo, for the reception of travellers.

The first glimpse of the spires and plain of

1 Olivone, from the wooded steep of the Lukmanier, is very striking, and the village itself is one of the most charming spots in the Alps. "The small Inn kept by Stephano Bolo is comfortable in all respects, though of no inviting exterior, and rather high-priced."—J. F.

Olivone is the highest village in the Val Blegno, and stands at the point where the lateral valley of Camocia joins it; it has about 740 inhab.

The Val Blegno (Germ. Polenzthal) is traversed by the stream of the Brenno, which enters it from a narrow cleft in the mountain; and a tolerable char-road has recently been formed along the l. bank of the stream, from Olivone to Biasca, on the route of the St. Gothard (Route 34, p. 114), a distance of 4 stunden.

Many of the chocolate-boilers and chestnut-roasters, who swarm in the streets of the cities of Italy, come from the Val Blegno.

ROUTE 81.

THE PRETTIGAU,—MAYENFELD TO
FIDERIS AND DAVOS.

Mayenfeld (*Im, Alte Post*) is an ancient walled town of 1200 inhab., on the rt. bank of the Rhine, but at a little distance from the river. It stands on the high road from Bregenz to Coire, about 12 miles N. of the latter place, opposite to Ragatz, with which it is connected by a ferry. It is the chief town of the League of the 10 Jurisdictions (*Zehngerichtsbund*). There is a cross-road direct from Mayenfeld to Malans, but it is better to follow the high-road as far as the Zollbrücke, and there to turn off on the l. to Malans, a village of 1054 inhab., overlooked by several ruined castles, and situated near the mouth of the Prettigau (*Pratigovia*, i. e. valley of meadows; in Romansch, *Val Partens*). The entrance of that valley is through a narrow gorge or defile, called *Kluis*, a mile long, broken through by some geological phenomena, so as to give passage to the waters of the Landquart, a furious torrent. This pass was once commanded by the castle *Fragstein*, whose ruins are still visible; a wall, extending down to the Landquart, once closed the passage into the valley. The valley abounds in fine scenery, is shut in by high mountains and glaciers, is nowhere of any expanse, but rich in pasture-land, and famed for its large breed of cattle. It contains a population of about 10,000, who all speak German, though the names of places are all Romansch. The rt. or N. side of the valley is occupied by the Alpine chain of the *Rhätikon*, which separates it from the *Vorarlberg* and from the vale of *Montafan*. Its most remarkable summits are the *Falknis*, overlooking the Rhine, the *Scena Plana*, and the *Fermond* (*Ferrens Alpe*), on the borders of the *Engadine*. It is crossed by

several passes—one is called *Drumertor*.

"The Prettigau may be approached by the traveller coming from Coire by a cut branching off from the main road a little below *Zizers*, without going round by Mayenfeld or Malans. A new char-road leading up the valley was finished 1845, as far as *Grüsch*, but beyond that point the passage for a wheeled vehicle was of the utmost difficulty."—J. P.

The road ascends on the rt. bank of the Landquart by *Grüsch*. Thence the path runs by *Schiessloch* to *Rätinam*; above which it crosses the stream and scales the heights to

Fideris. About 2 miles S. of the village, in a wild and romantic nook of the mountains, stand the *Baths of Fideris*, considered efficacious in cases of intermittent fevers, supplied by several alkaline acidulous springs, the strongest of their class in Switzerland, and strongly resembling *Seltzer* water. Visitors are accommodated in two *Bath-houses*, capable of lodging more than 200 persons. The visitors are almost exclusively Swiss.

"There is a decent-looking inn at the village of *Fideris*, but you are surer of accommodation at the *Baths*, where the *table-d'hôte* is well supplied, and the scene is always amusing."—J. P.

Above, and to the rt. of the village of *Fideris*, rises the ruined castle of *Strableck*, and, on the rt. bank of the Landquart, opposite, that of *Castels*, which was stormed and taken, in 1622, by the peasants, armed with sticks alone, from the soldiers of the Emperor *Ferdinand*, who at that period wanted to make himself master of the passes of the *Grisona*, to extinguish the Protestant religion in this country, and to seize and banish its ministers. A path leads S. in 3½ hours, over the mountains, into the *Schallik-thal*.

About 13 miles above *Fideris*, on the rt. bank of the Landquart, lies *Klosters* (*Im: Hirsch*, a low and poor

house near the bridge), a village named after a convent suppressed 1528.

A path perfectly practicable in a char, but said to be neither very easy nor much frequented, goes hence S. over the Statz into the Davos-thal. Another path runs E. over the *Schvettis* into the Engadine, up the valley of *Vareina*, and down the valley of *Säms*. *Säms* is 9 stunden from *Klosters*.

Davos (pronounced by the people, *Davasa*, identical with *Plas* of Keller's map, and a grotesque and curious old town), is the chief place in the valley. The *Rathhaus* was formerly decorated with more than 30 wolves' heads slain in the neighbourhood—proof of the prevalence of those animals. A wolf-net (*wolfgarne*) is still hung up here, but the animals have diminished greatly in number.

"The building is at present used as an *Inn*, and in its primitive style these mountains perhaps do not afford a better. The Davos-thal below *Plas* retains its pastoral character as far as *Glaris*. Farther down it is much contracted, and at *Schmelsboden* is the seat of extensive iron-works."—J. F.

"At *Alvemen* you find yourself again in a more peopled and cultivated region: on the l. appears *Filisur* (p. 231), at the debouchure of the *Albula*, and the Davos-thal ends at the junction of the streams."—J. F.

ROUTE 82.

PASS OF THE JULIER, FROM COIRE UP THE VALLEY OF OBERHALBSTEIN, TO THE BATHS OF ST. MAURITZ, IN THE ENGADINE.

16½ stunden=82½ English miles.

A carriage-road finished 1839. It is traversed regularly by a diligence, having relays of horses at *Lenz*, *Mühlen*, *Selva Plana*, and *Schanf*.

On quitting *Coire*, the traveller

leaves on the l. the entrance to the *Schalflk-thal*, and passes through the villages of *Malix*, *Churwalden*, and *Parpan*; then, over a barren heath, to

4½ *Lenz*—(*Inn*: *Krone*; a tolerable dining-place.) Here the road divides; one branch, a path, runs to the *Albula* (Route 83), the other is the carriage-road to the *Julier*. Beyond *Lenz*, the *Romanisch* tongue (p. 201) is almost exclusively spoken; even German is rarely understood, except in the *inna*.

The river *Albula* is crossed, in order to reach *Tiefenkasten* (*Rom. Casté*), (*Inn* execrable), a village, situated, as its name implies, in a deep hollow, at the entrance of the *Oberhalbstein*, or valley running up to the foot of the *Julier* and *Septimer*, a distance of about 20 miles. It is scattered over with ruins of castles; no less than 10 of which may still be counted, "and concentrates in itself the most extraordinary combination of grand features in the whole *Pam*."—J. F.

The path leading to the *Albula* Pass (p. 231), turns to the l. at the entrance of the *Oberhalbstein*.

Immediately above *Tiefenkasten*, the road is carried through a remarkable gorge called the *Steia*, which has been compared, in the grandeur of its scenery, with the *Via Mala* (Route 87).

2 *Contra*. Above this lies *Savognin*, or *Schweiningen*. At

1 *Tinzen*—*Inn*—travellers are received at the house of the magistrate (*Landvogt*) *Dosch*; it is but humble quarters. This part of the valley is very bleak and bare; its inhabitants, the women especially, have a most squalid aspect. A constant and steep ascent through more picturesque scenery brings you to the village of

Molins (*Mühlen*), (a good new *Inn*, 1845), or rather an excellent hotel, in a little amphitheatre, amidst the finest scenery of the *Oberhalbstein*. To reach *Mühlen*, the road crosses

the stream, recrossing it to the next village of Saur and Marmala, brings you at length to

3½ Bivio or Stalla (the Capucin who acts as parish priest, would possibly accommodate a traveller). This very poor and inhospitable-looking village lies at the foot of two passes, the Julier and Septimer. The latter leads into the Val Bregaglia (Route 80): it takes 3 hours from Bivio to reach the summit. The S. slope is very steep. Bivio is placed in a secluded basin, shut in by high mountains, in a climate so severe that all vegetation is stunted. Not a tree can grow in the neighbourhood, and the people are reduced to bare sheep-dung for fuel. Potatoes rarely ripen at this height—5630 ft. above the sea.

It takes about 3 hours to ascend from Stalla to the summit of the Julier Pass, 8134 ft. above the sea-level. The ascent is not difficult, and the pass is remarkably safe from avalanches. Its scenery is not particularly grand, the outline of the mountains being round. On the top, the road passes between two rudely hewn pillars or milestones of granite (derived from the neighbouring mountains), believed to be Roman, called *Julian's Columns*. They are about 4 ft. high, destitute of inscription, but may have been set up as mile-stones in the time of Augustus, who caused a Roman highway to be carried from Chiavenna over the passes of the Maloja and Julier. A carriage-road was formed across this pass to St. Maurice in 1823; but, as no attempt was made, till very lately, to improve the approach to it through the Oberhalbstein, little advantage was gained by it. Flocks of Bergamisque sheep are often found on the highest pastures, near the summit of the pass, in summer. A still more easy descent leads into the Engadina, to the village of

3½ Silva Plana (*Inn*: Croix Blanche), situated between two small lakes, which are feeders and reser-

voirs of the river Inn, at the junction of the roads from the two passes of the Julier and Maloja, 5560 ft. above the sea. The bit of road hence to St. Maurice was the only portion connected with these two Passes which remained unfinished in 1845.

On the L. bank of the Inn stands

1½ St. Maurice. — *Inns*: Obere Gasthof, best; the only one affording tolerable accommodation: Mislere and Untere Gasthof the inns were shut up by the 17th Sept. 1844. This little village is rising into repute in Switzerland as a watering-place, upon the strength of its very powerful chalybeate waters, first described, 1639, by Paracelsus. The spring rises at the foot of Mount Ronegg, on the rt. bank of the Inn. A *Kurhaus* has been built over it. The water is heated to supply the baths.

The village contains but 160 inhabitants. Its situation on the W. and S. slopes of a hill is really delightful, overlooking the Inn, and several beautiful green lakes which that river forms in this part of its course. The climate is too cold to allow even barley to flourish; the surrounding land is chiefly laid out in pastures, which are let to Bergamisque shepherds; and there are some forests of larch on the neighbouring mountains. The little lake close to the village, which is generally frozen over from St. Andrew's-day (the end of November) to the beginning of May, furnishes capital trout.

In one of the most recent descriptions of the Engadina, the author mentions that, on repairing to church on a Sunday, at St. Maurice, he found the parish fire-engine drawn up by the side of the pulpit—the church, in this and other villages, being somewhat profanely used as an engine-house. He found the office of watchman filled, and its duties discharged, by a woman, and a female also occupied the situation of baker, the bake-house being the property of the parish.

The principal Excursions to be made from St. Mauritz are up the valley to the Lagai See, the source of the Inn (Route 89); to the great Bernina glacier (Route 85); and, down the valley to the pass of Finstermünz (Route 84).

ROUTE 83.

COME TO PONTE IN THE ENGADINE,
BY WEISKENSTEIN, AND THE ALBULA
PASS.

14½ Stunden = 47½ Eng. miles.

The upper part of this route is a bridle-path, but throughout practicable for light carts. As far as

4½ Lens, it is identical with the preceding route, but at Lens it turns round the shoulder of the mountain to the E., leaving Tiefenkasten on the right, and passing the village of Brions, ascends the vale of Albula. On the left towers the Castle of Belfort, on an almost inaccessible rock. In about 3 miles more we reach the Baths of Alvenca, on the rt. bank of the Albula, and between 1 and 2 m. from the village of the same name, and, crossing the mouth of the Davos Thal and the stream running out of it, follow the Albula, ascending, in a S.E. direction, to

2½ Filisur, a large white and picturesque village on its rt. bank, having a marked resemblance in its peculiarities to the villages of the Engadine. Near it stand the ruins of Schloss Greifenstein. The inhabitants of this and the adjoining valley emigrate from home to various parts of Europe, where they exercise the craft of pastry-cooks, frequently returning hither to end their days in opulence earned by industry. Two miles above Filisur are the abandoned silver-mines of Bonacolas, and 4 miles from hence the path enters the narrow ravine called *Berguner-Stein*, which, like that near Tiefenkasten (p. 229), has been compared with the *Via Mala*; "and certainly

in some respects bears a strong resemblance, though of far inferior extent and sublimity. Its outlet, however, is singularly fine."—J. F. For a distance of more than 1000 ft. the path is hewn, or blasted, out of the face of the rock, and the Albula roars at a depth of 500 or 600 ft. below.

2 Bergün (Rom. Bergogn), a village of about 600 inhab., chiefly Protestants, speaking Romansch, and mulowners or carters by profession. It is beautifully situated among the mountains. A Protestant synod was held here 1617.

A steep ascent leads to the Inn or outlet of

3 Weissenstein, 4900 feet above the sea, in the vicinity of a small lake, the fountain-head of the Albula, which furnishes a supply of delicious red trout. "A few stunted firs are scattered about the lower end, where the water is shallow; on all other sides the lake lies dark and treelless, beneath the frightful precipices that tower above." The ascent from this point is very rapid, the path lies along the N. side of the lake; traces of the Roman road may be discovered near this. A savage ravine, called *Tyrtmer-thal*, because filled with fragments of broken rocks, hurled down from the heights above, along with the avalanches, which render this part of the pass dangerous in spring, brings the traveller to

1½ the summit of the Pass of the Albula. The culminating point, marked by a cross, is 6980 feet above the sea-level; near it is another small lake. It is a scene of complete desolation. On the N. of the path rise the two peaks of the Albula—Crap Alv, or White Rock, 7560 ft.; and on the S.E. that of Piz Err, 8770 ft. high.

The descent into the Ober-Engadine is also at times exposed to avalanches.

(2 Pont, or Punt ("Inn: Couronne, not very bad). The village lies just

at the foot of the pass, and in one of the most striking and populous quarters of this singular valley."—J. F. See Route 84.

ROUTE 84.

THE ENGADINE; ST. MAURITZ TO SADDIA, AND THE PASS OF FENSTER-ROTH.

15 stunden = 49 Eng. miles.

A char-road traverses the Engadine, "barely passable in its lower part, but tolerably well constructed and kept in the upper valley."—J. F.

The Engadine, or Valley of the Upper Inn, is nearly 60 miles long, and is one of the highest inhabited valleys among the Alps, varying between an elevation of 5600 ft. above the sea, at Sils, the highest village, and 3234 ft. at Martinsbruck, the lowest. There is no other valley among the Alps where so many and such large and populous villages are to be found at so high an elevation. It has at least 20 tributary valleys. Owing to this high elevation, and the icy barrier of enormous glaciers which separates it from Italy on the S., it possesses a most ungenial, nay, severe climate. In the language of its inhabitants it has 9 months of winter and 3 of cold weather. The only grain grown in it is rye and barley, a stunted crop; and, in the upper portion, potatoes rarely come to maturity; yet it is one of the most opulent valleys among the Alps; but the source of its wealth must be sought for in another theatre than the valley itself. Its inhabitants, aware of the inclemency of their climate and of the barrenness of its soil, are but little addicted to agriculture. The surface, where not actually bare rock, is either covered with forests or converted to pasture, with the exception of small patches on the lower grounds, set apart for the plough or spade. Yet even of this the natives appear to take small account; they

let their pastures annually to the Bergamascque shepherds, and intrust the mowing of their meadows and the gathering of the hay-harvest to Tyrolean haymakers, who repair hither at the season when their labour is required. The sons of the valley, for the most part, emigrate at an early age, scatter themselves over all parts of the Continent, and may be found in most of the great capitals exercising the professions of pastry-cooks, confectioners, distillers of liqueurs, keepers of cafés, and sellers of chocolate. Many of them, in the exercise of their calling, acquire considerable wealth, and become millionaires in florins, with which they retire to end their days by the side of the stream of their native valley. They display their wealth especially in the architecture of their houses, which are distinguished by their large dimensions, by their decorations of whitewash and fresh paint. They are occasionally decked out even with fresco friezes, and pillars; reminding one of the pretension to taste of a cockney citizen's box near London, combined with the studied neatness of a Dutchman's country house, both equally unexpected and out of place amidst the savage landscape of a Giron valley. "But the unvarying features are their magnitude and solidity, the brilliancy of their whitewash, and their little windows, frequently only a single pane, imbedded 1½ foot in the massive stone wall, and better adapted to exclude the cold than to admit the light."—(J. F.) Poverty is rare, beggary almost unknown, and the people, who are, with the exception of one or two parishes, Protestants, are creditably distinguished for their morality, and are exempt from the vices common in other parts of Switzerland. Their pastors are held in great respect, but their pay is miserable; affording a striking proof of the working of a voluntary system. The Sabbath is strictly observed; strangers only are

allowed on that day to ride or drive until after church time.

The accommodation of travellers is not much studied in the Engadine. The *Inns* (except at St. Mauritz and Tarnsp) are very inferior, and the traveller who resorts to them must be prepared often to content himself with hard rye-bread, baked only once a quarter, eggs, cheese, and perhaps coffee. The universal language is the *Ladina* (see p. 201); but among the returned emigrants, in almost every village, may be found individuals speaking French, Italian, or even English. Many of the retired *patimiers* are otherwise well-informed men; so that it is seldom that the stranger will not find an interpreter. The wine of the Valteline may be had good and cheap, and pastry (made with flour imported from St. Gall) is set before the traveller in spots where wheaten bread is not to be had; indeed, some villages, which cannot boast a shoemaker or a tailor, possess 10 or 15 pastry-cooks.

The higher Alpine pastures of the Engadine are let out every summer to Bergamesque shepherds, from the valleys *Seriana* and *Brembana*, on the Italian side of the Alps—a wild, dark, and scowling class of men, but hardy and honest, clad in homespun brown and white blankets, and feeding frugally on water pollenta of maize-meal, and a little cheese. They arrive about the beginning of July, with their flocks lean and meagre, after their long march, performed generally in the cool of the night. After a solitary sojourn of nearly 3 months, spending often the night as well as day in the open air among their flocks, they return home with fattened kine and long fleeces, which are sold to the wool-manufacturers of Bergamo.

Just below St. Mauritz (p. 230), the Inn, on quitting the small lake, forms a pretty fall. The first villages passed are *Celerina* and

1 *Samedan* (*Soumo d'On*, *Romansch*; *sammun Chai*), the principal and wealthiest village in the Upper Engadine, with 500 inhab. (*Inn*: *Guillaume Tell*, a slovenly and repulsive den, but tolerable fare.—*J. F.*). Opposite to it, the valley of *Pontresina* opens out, up which runs the road to the *Bernina* (Route 85).

Beyond *Bever* the path from the *Albula* (Route 83) descends into the valley.

At the foot of the *Albula* lie *Pont* (p. 231), and *Madulein*; and over the latter village towers the ruined Castle of *Gardoval*, connected with which the following story is told:—In the days of the *Faustrecht*, before Switzerland was free, this castle was held by a tyrannical and licentious seigneur or bailiff, who greatly oppressed the peasantry around, retaining in his pay a body of lawless soldiers for the purpose of overawing his neighbours. This libertine lord in an evil hour cast his eyes on the fair daughter of *Adam*, a farmer of the opposite village of *Camogash*. The maiden was still of a tender age, but of surpassing beauty, like an opening rosebud. One morning her father, who doted fondly on her, was surprised by a summons brought by two of the bailiff's servants, to convey his daughter to the castle. The father stifled his indignation, promised obedience, and next morning set out, conducting his daughter, attired as a bride, and accompanied by a number of his friends in festive garments as to a wedding, but with mournful mien. The lord of the castle watched the approach of his victim with impatience, and rushing down to meet her was about to clasp her, when, ere his polluting lips could touch her fair cheek, her father's dagger was buried deep in his breast, and his companions, throwing off their peaceful garb, and brandishing their concealed weapons, fell upon the guards, and made themselves

masters of the tyrant's stronghold. It was immediately burnt, and from that day freedom dawned upon the north of the Engadine.

3 Zuta, or Soos, is a village of 880 inhab. An old tower still remains of the Stammhana, or original castle of the family of Planta, who, as far back as 1138, held the Engadine in fief. The climate here first becomes a little milder, Zuta being sheltered from the cold blasts descending from the Maloja.

"Scans is one of the finest and most populous villages in the valley. Here the smooth road of the Upper Engadine terminates, and the characteristic features of the habitations begin gradually to disappear. The villages below this scarcely differ in aspect from those of Tyrol."—J. P. There is a path from Scans to Davos, over the Benlotta pass, 7820 ft., a distance of about 20 m.

At the Ponte Alto, under the Camnaberg, is the division between Upper and Lower Engadine; the country is poor, and not very interesting, while the road is much rougher and more hilly.

4 Corneta, or Zerneta (*Inn*: Lion d'Or, exceedingly wretched), is a considerable village, with a handsome church, and two feudal towers, one of which anciently belonged to a branch of the Planta family, and is called Wildenberg. Up the opposite valley of Forno runs a path into the Münster Thal, by the *Buffalora Pass*—6 stunden; "6 hours' hard walking. It is a tolerable char-road, but may be mistaken without a guide. After a gradual ascent from Zerneta, it descends into a desolate valley, where is a wretched inn (2 hours) the only house between the two places. The top of the pass is reached in 2½ hours from this, and a fine view is obtained of the Münster Thal, which is reached at Tschierf (1½ hour), 2 hours more bring you to Santa Maria." By the Val Parua you may reach Bormio,

at the foot of the grand Pass of the Stelvio.

The names Lavin, Zuta, and Ardeta, three villages in this part of the Engadine, are said to be a Romansch corruption of the Latin Lavinium, Tutium, and Ardea.

The road winds much up and down to reach the villages, which are often perched on the top of steep heights, as in the case of Guarda. Between Ardeta and Fettau, it also makes a wide sweep, away from the river Inn.

Tarasp, on the right bank of the Inn, opposite Fettau, is the only Roman Catholic village in the Engadine; its inhabitants differ from their neighbours in another respect, that they do not emigrate. Though less enlightened, perhaps, they devote themselves to tilling their own land. "Tarasp has been brought into notice recently by the discovery of a mineral spring close to the margin of the Inn, below the castle, which has proved very attractive. Various hotels and lodging-houses have sprung up along the shore of the steep. In 1845 the number of visitors was estimated at nearly 400. The spot is charming, and very tolerable accommodation, with great civility, and a plentiful table-d'hôte, will be found at the Albergo Conest, the principal Inn. It is by far the best resting-place for travellers going up or down the Engadine."—J. P.

4. Schmois or Schuls (no good accommodation), the most populous place in the valley, contains 1143 inhab., and is prettily situated. There is much corn-land near this. Avalanches sometimes fall from the hill of Ballins behind.

At Schmois, the first Romansch translation of the Bible was printed 1670. (See p. 202.) Perhaps the most picturesque scene in the Engadine is near Remus, where a wooden bridge, 60 feet span, is thrown over the deep gorge called Wraunka Tobel, through which a torrent issues out of the vale of Ramosch. Above the bridge, which is called Ponte Piedra, rises

the ruined castle Chiamuff, burnt by the Austrians in 1475.

The scenery of the valley of the Inn is very grand on approaching

S Martinsbruck (Pomartino). Here the traveller, after crossing the river, leaves the Inn to find its way directly through the pass of Finstermünz; the path takes a more circuitous route, and ascends a considerable wooded eminence, forming the boundary between Switzerland and Tyrol, and enters the Austrian dominions a short while before reaching

Nauders, where there is a tolerable inn, about a mile distant from the remarkable defile of Finstermünz. (See HANDBOOK for SOUTH GERMANY.)

ROUTE 85.

PASS OF THE BERNINA, FROM SAMADAN IN THE ENGAINE TO TIRANO IN THE VALTELINE, BY PONTRESINA, AND PUSCHIAVO.

10 stunden — 32½ Eng. miles.

A carriage road is in progress (1845), which promises in a few years to render the Bernina as accessible for charrs as the Albula. This pass offers several magnificent views.

Persons going from Tirano to Chiavenna, or vice versâ, should remember that they pass out of the Austrian States and re-enter them; therefore their passport should have an Austrian visa. It would be no joke to be turned back after the day's journey at either frontier.

It is possible to take a char over the Bernina, but the road is so bad that few people could sit it out, and there would be no small danger of breaking down. Between St. Mauritz and Madonna di Tirano tolerable accommodation is to be found only at Pontresina.

The Bernina is a very lofty chain of mountains, separating the valleys of the Engadine and of Bregaglia on the N., from the Valteline on the S.

They vary in height between 8000 and 12,000 ft., the highest summits being the Ligoncio, the Monte del Oro, the Rosegg (Rosatch, and in Romansch, Rascig), the Monte della Diavaria, and the Pizzo Scalino. Several arduous paths cross it, but the most frequented is that called *par excellence* the *Bernina Pass*, a bridle-path, practicable at its two extremities for charrs, and traversed annually by 700 or 800 mules.

From Samadan the road turns S., ascending the Val Pontresina, by the rt. bank of the torrent Flatz, to

1½ Pontresina (*Inn*, Aigle, clean and well served, the best in these mountains), is a considerable village; a good specimen of the style of the Engadine. *Horses* and *guides* may be procured here for the ascent of the pass. From this place an excursion may be made in a S.W. direction to the glacier of Bernina, one of the largest in the Alps, filling the upper extremity of the Val Rosegg. The Flatz issues out of a cave of ice called Sbocadura, at its base. The glacier is stated to extend without interruption a distance of 50 miles. Several other arms or branches of this vast sea of ice descend the side valleys on the W. of our route, and appear from time to time in view.

1½ Bernina Inn—a desolate place, about 1 hour below the summit, the halting-place for the mules.

1½ At the culminating point, 7180 feet above the sea-level, you come to a succession of 3 small lakes, near the last, and most considerable of which (named Lago Bianco), a path branches off to the l., and crossing the neighbouring ridge of the Camin, passes down by La Rosa (a wretched mountain inn), and 1½ Piscadella, into the valley of Puschiaivo. This track is not wide enough for wheels.—J. F.

"The main route is continued along the rt. (W.) margin of the lakes, passing close to them for about 3 m., with a very fine glacier descending close upon it from the Bernina. The

stream which issues from the lakes falls too precipitously into the valley to be followed by a char, and accordingly the road takes a sweep to the rt., turning a shoulder of the mountain, and thus accomplishing the 1st stage of the descent at a small village called Caraglia. A fine view is obtained of the E. side of the Bernina mountain and its glacier. Hence the stream makes another rapid descent to the level of Puschio, of which, and of the beautiful lake beyond, a fine prospect is opened during the 2nd descent. The track, which lies over ledges of rock, and down narrow watercourses, tests the powers of endurance of the mountain-char; indeed no one should think of bringing one with him. To the pedestrian or mule the pass is neither dangerous nor difficult. The valley road, which is excellent, and ascends as high as Pischadella, is entered a short distance above Puschio."—E. W.

"The latter route is so full of obstructions and difficulties (in the descent upon Puschio) that horsemen generally prefer the circuit by Pischadella, though it adds 5 or 6 m. to the journey. Neither path ought to be attempted in a char, though there are instances of a char having been brought down the W. steep with great difficulty to Puschio."—J. F.

2) Puschio (*Inn*, Faucon, bad and exorbitant), a small town of 1015 inhab. in the Italian fashion, the principal place in the valley, is mainly supported by the considerable traffic of goods through it. Above it, on a height, stand the ruins of the castle of Oligati.

Nearly one-third of the inhabitants of this populous valley are Protestants, the language spoken is a corrupt Italian.

About 3 m. lower down, the road, which is here excellent, skirts the W. margin of the charming little Lake of Puschio, famed for its trout.

3 Brusio is the last Swiss village. On quitting the lake, the river passes

through a very narrow defile, barely allowing room for the road and the stream. It is a raging torrent, and as it approaches the Adda, requires to be restrained within stone dykes of solid masonry, which have, nevertheless, proved insufficient to protect its banks from inundation. Beyond this, the Valteline, or Vale of the Adda, opens out at

1 Madonna di Tirano (*Inn* good), See HANDBOOK for SOUTH GERMANY.

ROUTE 87.

COIRE TO SPLÜGEN, BY THE VIA MALA.

4 posts = 32 Eng. miles.

"A diligence or malle-poste goes daily by the Splügen, to Como and Milan, and twice a week over the Bernardino. The road is excellent all the way. It is a drive of about 6 hours, posting, from Coire to Splügen, and about 4½ hours from Splügen to Coire. Excellent inns at Andeer and Splügen.

From Coire (Route 67), to Reichenau there is not much deserving notice in the scenery of the valley of the Rhine; but the mountain Gellada, on its l. bank, is a conspicuous object. The road runs along a nearly level bottom as far as

Reichenau, which is a group of houses situated at the junction of the 2 Rhines. Its chief buildings are the Toll-house (16 kr. paid for 2 horses); the *Inn zum Adler* (*Aigle*); and the handsome whitewashed *Château*, originally a country-seat of the Planta family. At the end of the last century it was converted into a school by the burgomaster Tscharnier. In 1703, a young man calling himself Chabot, arrived here on foot with a stick in his hand, and a bundle on his back. He presented a letter of introduction to M. Jost, the head master; in consequence of which he was appointed usher, and for 8 months gave lessons in French, mathematics, and history. This forlorn stranger was no other than Louis

Philippe, now King of the French, then Duke de Chartres, who had been forced, by the march of the French army, to quit Brémgarten, and seek concealment here in the performance of the humble duties of a schoolmaster, and in that capacity made himself equally beloved by masters and pupils. His secret was known only to M. Jost. During his residence here he must have heard the news of his father's death on the scaffold, and his mother's transportation to Madagascar.

At Reichenau the road is carried over the two arms of the Rhine by two covered wooden bridges, each of one elegant arch. The lower bridge is 237 ft. long and 80 ft. above the river. The junction of the rivers is well seen from the lan garden. The more abundant waters of the Hinter Rhein coming from the Bernardin and the foot of Mount Adula are of dirty blue; while those of the Vorder Rhein, rising in the glaciers of the Crispalt and Lukmanier, are observed to be of a grey tint. The road up the Vorder Rhein to its source, and to Andermatt, on the St. Gothard, is described in Route 77.

The road to the Splügen follows the course of the Hinter-Rhein. On the rt. of it, as you ascend the hill beyond Reichenau, the *Gallows* may be seen standing in a field. A little further, on the top of a commanding rock on the l. bank of the Rhine, and approached by a long bridge, rises the Castle of Rhotuna (*Rhotia lina*): it is still inhabited.

This part of the Rheinthal, called the valley of Domleschg (*Vallis Domestica*), is particularly remarkable for the vast number of castles (21) which crown almost every rock or knoll on either side of the river, mostly in ruins, sometimes standing out boldly from a dark background of forest, at others so identified by decay, by the weather tints, and by the lichen growth, with the apparently inaccessible rocks on which they stand,

as barely to be distinguished. Their picturesque donjons and battlements contribute not a little to enhance the charms of the landscape; they serve at the same time as historical monuments to commemorate the revolution by which the power of a tyrannical feudal aristocracy, the lords of these fastnesses, was broken, and their strongholds burst by the peasants of this valley, whom they had long oppressed.

Another peculiarity of this district is the intricate intermixture of language and religion. There are scarcely two adjoining parishes, or even hamlets, speaking the same tongue and professing the same faith. Thus at Coire German is the prevailing language, and Protestant the religion of the majority; at Enna, the first village on the road, Romansch (p. 201.) is spoken. Tamins and Reichenau are Catholic and German; Bonaduz, divided from them only by the Rhine, is Reformed, and speaks Romansch. Rhotuna and Käris are two Romsch villages; but in the first the language is German, in the second Romansch. The inhabitants of Heissenberg are Protestant and German; at Thusis they are Reformed and German; at Zillis and Scharn, Reformed and Romansch. Splügen and Hinter Rhein form the boundary at once of the Romansch language and Protestant religion.

The castle of Ortenstein, on the rt. bank of the Rhine, is one of the finest and best preserved in the valley: it is still inhabited by the Travers family.

Near the village of Käris a beautiful view opens out, on the opposite side of the Rhine, up the valley of Oberhalbstein, with the snows of Mount Albula (Route 83) at the termination of the vista. The river Albula enters the Rhine between Käris and Thusis.

The Rhine valley hereabouts exhibits diurnal traces of the ravages produced by the torrent Nolla, which, rising at the base of the Pis Beveren,

on the W. of our route, joins the Rhine nearly at right angles to the direction of the course of that river. It is subject to very sudden swells after rain, when it rushes down, tearing up the rocks and carrying along with it heaps of stone, mud, and gravel, which not only overspread its own banks, but frequently block up the bed of the Rhine and cause devastating inundations. Thus a district, previously fertile and beautiful, has been in the course of a few years (since 1807) transformed into a desert, and its fields either buried under stony rubbish or converted into marsh. The evil has been annually increasing for several years past, but hopes are entertained of arresting it and recovering the land. With this view, extensive dykes are being constructed along the banks of the Rhine.

2 Thuis—(In: Post, very dirty; —Aigle d'Or)—a village of 670 inhab., finely situated on a terrace under the Heisenberg. Thuis, according to some, is only the word *Tuscia*, the country of the Tuscans, who first colonized these valleys, changed in the Romansch dialect. Thuis was almost entirely destroyed by fire 1845, and the post was removed to Katsia.

Immediately on the outside of Thuis the Nolla is crossed by a handsome bridge. On the rt., at the end of the valley, appears the peak of the Pis Beveren. By crossing the Rhine at Thuis and taking a char-road up the valley of the Albula, which is very pretty, Tiefenkasten (Route 83) may be reached after an interesting walk of 5 hours.

Above Thuis the valley of the Rhine seems closed up by the mountains; it is only on a nearer approach that the eye discovers the opening of that singular chasm which has cleft them through, affording a passage for the river, and in modern times, by artificial means, for the road. The rt. side of this colossal portal is guarded by the castle of *Reuti* (*Rhusia Alta*),

standing in the fork between the Albula and the Rhine, and from its lofty platform, 400 ft. high, looking down upon both valleys. It is accessible only from the east: on all other sides the rock is a precipice. These mouldering ruins are traditionally reported to owe their origin to Rhetus, chief of the Etruscans, who, driven out of Italy by an invasion of the Gauls, established his stronghold on this spot B.C. 287, and transplanted into the Alps the people and language of Etruria. The ruined chapel of St. John, on a neighbouring height, is stated to have been the earliest, and for a long time the only Christian temple in the valley, where heathenism prevailed to a comparatively late period.

The VIA MALA, which commences about a mile above Thuis, and extends for a distance of more than 4 miles, is, perhaps, the most sublime and tremendous defile in Switzerland. It is difficult to give with any precision the dimensions of this gorge, which has cleft the mountains through the chine. The precipices, which often rise perpendicularly on both sides of it, are certainly in some places 1600 ft. high, and in many places, not more than 10 yards apart. The Rhine, compressed within this narrow stony bed, to the width of a pigmy rivulet, is barely audible as it rushes through the depths below the road.

The rocks of slate and limestone, composing the walls of the ravine, are so hard that they appear to have suffered no disintegration from the weather; the fracture is so fresh and sharp that, were the convulsive forces from below, which divided them, again called forth to unite them, it seems as though the gulf would close, and leave no aperture behind.

When the traveller enters the mouth of the defile, the sudden transition from the glare of sunshine to the gloom of a chasm, so narrow that it leaves but a strip of sky visible over-

head, is exceedingly striking. The walls of rock, on both sides, afford naturally not an inch of space along which a goat's foot could clamber, and, in ancient times, this part of the pass was deemed quite inaccessible. The peasants gave it the name of the Lost Gulf (*Trou perdu, Verlorenes Loch*), and, when they wanted to go from Thun to the higher valley of Schams, they ascended the vale of the Nolla for some distance, clambering over the tops of high mountains, round the shoulder of the *Piz Bevera*, and descended on the opposite side at *Suvera*. A second road formed in 1470, crossed the mountains as before, but dipped down, from the village of *Rongella*, into the depths of the *Via Mala*, near the first bridge, still avoiding altogether the *Trou perdu*. This inconvenient path, after being used for more than 300 years, was superseded by the present magnificent highway constructed by the engineer *Puecchell*. Avoiding the useless detour, and the fatiguing ascent and descent, he at once plunged into the defile, and pierced the projecting buttresses of rock, which had previously denied all access to it, by the gallery or tunnel of the *Verlorenes Loch*, 216 ft. long, through which the road now passes. The view, looking back from this, through the dark vista of black rock, and the fringe of fir, upon the ruined tower of *Roat* and the sun-lit valley of *Domschegg*, is very pleasing. The grooves of the boring-rod, by which the very hard slate rock is everywhere streaked, indicate how arduous was the labour of constructing this part of the road. It was literally forcing a passage through the bowels of the earth; and the whole width of the carriage-way has been gained by blasting a notch, as it were, in the side of the mountain. For more than 1000 ft. it is carried along beneath a stone canopy, thus artificially hollowed out. The road is protected by a parapet wall, below

which, at a depth of many hundred feet, the contracted Rhine flows the foot of the precipice. The road is in places steep, and fit for only one carriage to pass. A little higher up, the gorge bulges out into a sort of basin, in the midst of which stands a solitary house, but it soon contracts again, and the scenery of the pass may be said to attain the height of grandeur beyond the first of the three bridges, by means of which the road is conveyed from side to side of the Rhine.

This portion of the pass at least, should be traversed on foot; the traveller hurrying through in his carriage is quite incapable of appreciating its awful magnificence.

The *Middle Bridge*, a most striking object, from its graceful proportions, and the boldness with which its light arch spans the dark and deep gulf below, is approached by a second small gallery, protected by a wooden roof to ward off falling stones. Hereabouts, the lofty precipices on the one side actually overhang those on the other, the direction of the chasm being oblique, and the smooth wall of rock on either side being nearly parallel, and scarcely wider apart above than below. Looking over the parapet of this bridge, the Rhine, reduced to a thread of water, is barely visible, boiling and foaming in the depths below. Indeed, in one place, it is entirely lost to view—jammed in, as it were, between the rocks, here so slightly separated, that small blocks and trunks of fir-trees, falling from above, have been caught in the chink, and remain suspended above the water. The ordinary height of the bridge above the river is 400 ft.; and the water, as mentioned above, is in one place invisible at ordinary times, yet, at the commencement of the fearful inundation of 1834 (already alluded to in several routes), the postmaster of Thun, who drove up the *Via Mala* during the storm, found that the water had risen to within a

few feet of the bridge; the rear was terrible; and, as he drew up a little further on, in consequence of the road being destroyed, two mangled human bodies were swept past him by the flood.

The road, again, is no more than a shelf hewn out of the face of the precipice overhung by the rock, so as to be almost a subterranean passage, and the width of the defile is, in places, not more than 24 ft. Near the third, or upper bridge, however, a fine structure—built to replace the one swept off in 1834—it widens out, and the road emerges into the open valley of Schams (Sexamianus, from six brooks, which fall into the Rhine from its sides), whose green meadows and neat white cottages have a pleasing effect when contrasted with the gloomy scene behind. It has, however, suffered much from the inundation of 1834, which converted the valley into a lake, destroyed a great part of the road, and rendered a new line necessary. The first village is Zillis; between it and Andeer, a stone bearing the following inscription, was set up, by the road-side, on a bridge, after the completion of the great highways over the Splügen and Bernardino:—"*Jam via patet hostibus et amicis. Cueto, Rhodi! Simplicitas morum et Unio servabunt avitam libertatem.*"

1 Andeer — Inns: H. des Bains; good and cheap—bed, tea, and breakfast, cost 1½ fr. each: the mineral baths are not much used; Poste, slowly. This is the chief village in Schams, and has 400 inhab., who, like their neighbours, are Protestants, and speak Romansch (p. 201). Over the doors of many of the cottages, quaint verses and mottoes in that language are inscribed.

The Val Sesana (?) is said to be wilder than the Via Mala. It takes 4 or 5 hours to explore it from Andeer and return. It has fine waterfalls.

Above Andeer a very large land-

slip or bergfall occurred in 1835, by the giving way of a mountain, which buried the road, and, for 16 days, cut off all communication up and down the valley. Luckily it happened in the night, so that no one was hurt.

The ruined castles visible in the valley of Schams, have an historical interest, from being monuments of the dawn of Grison liberty. In the last half of the fourteenth century they served as the residences of bailiffs, *zwingers*, or *landvogts*, dependents of the Counts of Vaux or of the Bishop of Coire, petty tyrants and oppressors of the poor—akin in character to Gessler, the victim of Tell's vengeance. At length a peasant of the Schammer Thal, named Jean Chaldar, exasperated at the sight of two horses which the chate-lain of Fardun had turned out to graze in his field of green corn, gave vent to his anger by killing the animals. He suffered punishment for this act by being long detained prisoner in a dark dungeon. One day after his release, the chate-lain of Fardun, in passing his cottage, entered as the family were at dinner, and, when invited to partake of their humble meal, evinced his contempt by spitting in the dish. Chaldar, roused by this filthy insult, seized the oppressor by the throat, and thrusting his head into the smoking dish, compelled him to partake of it, saying, "*Maigis sen la pult cha ti has co-düt*"—"Eat the soup thou hast thus seasoned." This bold deed served as a signal for a general rising; the peasants flew to arms—and the castles were stormed and burnt. One of the first that fell was Bärenburg, which is passed on the l. of the road after quitting Andeer. * It is worth the traveller's while to stop his carriage at the mouth of the Val Fur-rera, and ascend it as far as the first fall of the Averna, 10 minutes' walk. The second and more considerable falls are 1 hour's walk higher up.—S.

As soon as the road has crossed the mouth of the Val Ferrara and the stream of the Aversa, it begins to mount in zigzags into the gorge of the Rofia, which closes up the S. end of the oval vale of Schams, as the Via Mala does the N. Its scenery, though fine, is vastly inferior to the lower pass. The Rhine here descends in a cataract, called the fall of the Rofia. It does not rank as a first-rate waterfall, but the scenery around is picturesque—the sides of the valley being thickly wooded, and the river studded by saw-mills, where the timber of the neighbouring forests is sawn into planks. A timber-slide, similar to that of Alpnach (Route 19), was constructed to convey the trees to the borders of the Rhine.

The oldest mule-path which traverses this valley to Coire, crossed the river by a wooden bridge, still standing, to Suvera, where it began painfully to ascend the mountains, and proceeded along the high ground to descend again at Thnsis.

The new road leaves the bridge on one side, traverses a small gallery cut in the rock, then crosses to the l. bank of the Rhine, and soon reaches

1½ *Splügen* (Ital. *Spluga*)—*Inn*: Post; also called *Bodenhaus*; one of the best country inns in Switzerland. This little village is situated on the Rhine, at the point of departure of the two Alpine passes of the *Splügen* and *Bernardin*, at a height of 4711 ft. above the sea. It suffered severely from the flood of 1834, which swept away more than a dozen houses, in some of which the owners had been seated at their evening meal not an hour before. Five human beings perished by this catastrophe, the effects of which are still painfully visible. The covered bridge over the Rhine escaped almost by a miracle; that over the *Seranda* was soon annihilated.

Splügen is the chief place in the desolate pastoral vale of the *Rheinwald*, and anciently belonged to the *Switz*.

lords of Sax, in the vale of *Misocco*, on the S. slope of the *Bernardin*, but it afterwards joined the *Grey League*.

The atmosphere is very chilly here, and barley barely ripens.

The village prospers by the constant passage of goods and travellers to and from Italy. In autumn it is thronged with drovers; large herds of cattle and many horses then cross the Alps for the *Milan* market.

An excursion, which lies within the compass of a day, returning to sleep (the inn at *Hinterrhein* being wretched) may be made from *Splügen* to the *Source of the Hinter-Rhena*. It will occupy 5 hours going, 2 along the post road, 2 on horseback, and 1 on foot: it is described in Route 90, p. 247.

Strassburg may be reached in 36 hours from *Splügen*, going by steam across the lakes of *Wallenstadt* and *Zurich*.

ROUTE 88.

PASS OF THE SPLÜGEN,—FROM SPLÜGEN TO CHIAVENNA AND THE LAKE OF COMO.

To *Colico* 5 posts = 44½ Eng. m.

A diligence goes 5 times a week over the *Splügen* to *Milan*. With post-horses it takes 7½ hours to go from *Splügen* to *Chiavenna*, including stoppages.

N.B. Without an Austrian minister's signature on the passport, the frontier cannot be passed; and the traveller unprovided with it will inevitably be turned back on the summit of the mountain. A toll of 15 batz is paid for 2 horses between *Splügen* and the Austrian frontier.

The *Splügen* road, turning to the l. from the village of that name (p. 241), crosses the narrow wooden bridge over the Rhine, and quitting the river, begins at once to ascend. It is carried up the valley of the *Oberhausen-bach*, a small torrent

which joins the Rhine at Splügen, by an entirely new line, the old one having been demolished by the disastrous tempest of 1834. Indeed, this little valley presents one sweep of desolation: road and bridges having been entirely carried away, and enormous piles of broken rocks spread over its sides and bottom. The new line, however, on this side of the mountain, constructed by a Swiss engineer, employed by the canton of the Grisons, is, in every respect, a great improvement upon the old one. A little way above Splügen it is carried through a tunnel, 262 feet long, supported by a Gothic arch.

After surmounting the district of fir forests by an almost uninterrupted slope, the road reaches the summit of the pass, 6014 ft. above the sea, by means of 16 skilfully conducted signposts, by which the face of the mountain is scaled. Along this narrow ridge, which is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from Splügen, and more than 1800 feet above it, runs the boundary line of Switzerland and of Lombardy. Almost immediately after surmounting it the road begins to descend. Upon this slope lies the first cantoniera, or house of refuge, and, lower down, a series of tourniquets conduct to the

Austrian Custom-house and Passport-office—a group of buildings, including several very common taverns for the entertainment of travellers. Here passports are examined and luggage searched, and the traveller must often reckon upon no inconsiderable delay, especially if he arrives between 12 and 2, the dinner-hour. The custom-house stands at one end of a sort of oval basin, surrounded by lofty mountain peaks, among which, on the rt. of the road, rises that of the Splügen, and the glaciers which feed the rivers running towards Italy. It is a scene of extreme desolation, not a shrub of any kind grows here; no vegetation is seen but lichen, mosses, and a little

coarse grass. The snow often reaches up to the windows of the first story of the houses.

The route of the Splügen was completed by the Austrian Government in 1835, to counteract the new Swiss road over the Bernardino, which, had the Splügen been allowed to remain in its original condition, would have withdrawn from it all the traffic into Italy. The engineer employed in this undertaking was the Chevalier Donnegani. The old road, a mere bridle-path, proceeded from this elevated valley, or basin, direct to the village of Isola, through the defile of the Cardinal, a very perilous spot, from its dire and constant exposure to falling avalanches.

The French army of Marshal MacDonald, who crossed the Splügen between the 27th November and 4th December, 1800, long before the new road was begun, in the face of snow and storm, and other almost insurmountable obstacles, lost nearly 100 men, and as many horses, chiefly in the passage of the Cardinal. His columns were literally cut through by the falling avalanches, and man and beast swept over to certain annihilation in the abyss below. The carriage-road very properly avoids the gorge of the Cardinal altogether, but the way to it turns off from the second wooden bridge crossed on quitting the custom-house.

Near the scattered hamlet Tegiate, the descent recommences, and soon after, the road is carried through the first great Gallery more than 700 ft. long, 15 ft. high and wide, followed by a second, 642 ft. long, and, after a short interval, by a third, 1530 ft. long. These galleries, the longest on any Alpine high road, are constructed of the most solid masonry, arched, with roofs sloping outwards, to turn aside the snow, supported on pillars, and lighted by low windows like the embrasures of a battery. They were rendered necessary to protect this portion of the road from fall-

ing avalanches which habitually descend the face of the mountains, and which, if not warded off, would have swept away the road the first year after it was made.

From the entrance of the second gallery there is a most striking view down upon the roofs of the houses of Isola, and the long line of zigzags, abandoned since 1838, by which the traveller originally descended to Chiavenna. At the village of Pianazzo (a cluster of pitch-coloured hovels), the new line, after descending 2 angular terraces, turns off to the l., and from this point is carried partly in a gradual slope, partly in zigzags, to the village of Campo Dolcino. This alteration, by which nearly 3 miles of distance are saved, was rendered necessary on account of the injury done to the old line by the storm of 1834, and also by the great dangers to which that part of the route, between Isola and the Cascade of the Medesimo, was exposed from avalanches, which fall regularly into the savage glen of the Lira below Pianazzo, producing an almost annual loss of life. In 1835 6 peasants and 8 horses were overwhelmed by the snow in this glen, as they were returning from conducting the diligence on a sledge over the mountain. The postilion being nearest the rock, which fortunately somewhat overhung the road, drew the horse he rode under the cliff as soon as he heard the crash; to this circumstance he and the animal owed their preservation. Although buried, like the rest who perished, they were rescued and dug out after an imprisonment of some hours.

Pianazzo stands at the same height above the sea as the bridge over the Rhine at Splügen. The road, after passing through it, crosses the little stream of the Medesimo, within a few yards of the verge of the precipice, over which it throws itself in a beautiful fall, 800 ft. high. The view, looking down the fall from a terrace near the bridge, is very fine; it is

also well seen from the different winding terraces down which the road is carried. After crossing the bridge, the road traverses a new gallery, 22 metres long, and thence gradually descends upon

1½ Campo Dolcino, which, in spite of its sweet-sounding Italian name, is but a poor village, with a poor *lan* (Post), to be avoided, on a small dreary, grassy plain, on the borders of the Lira.

A farther improvement has been made in the continuation of the road, which, on quitting the plain, threads the gorge of St. Giacomo; an inscription, by the road-side, commemorates its completion by Carlo Donegani, in the reign of the Emperor Francis II. The sight of the tourniquets of the old road, painfully signalling out of the gorge below, which a heavy carriage could surmount only by the strength of 8 horses, will convince the spectator how great this improvement really is. It has been effected at considerable labour and expense, by cutting through the rock. The vale of the Lira presents a singular aspect of desolation, from the quantity and size of the masses of fallen rock which entirely filled the lower part of it. They are fragments of the neighbouring mountains, which are composed of a species of white gneiss, exceedingly brittle, and which, after exposure to the weather, assumes a red colour. It must have been a difficult task to carry a road through such a wilderness, between such a labyrinth of detached blocks, and it is, accordingly, in many places narrow, the turnings very sharp, and the terraces too short. The aspect of desolation in this fractured valley would be greater were it not for the rich dark foliage of the chestnut-trees, of very large size, which now begin to sprout out from among the rocks so as to mask their barrenness. The tall white Italian campanile of the church of Madonna di Gallivaggio, amid

such a group of foliages, contrasting with the tall precipices around, forms an agreeable picture. Near it, at the village St. Giacomo, whence the valley is named, the Lira is spanned by a bold bridge.

A mile or two farther on, the valley opens out, and Chiavenna expands to view, a picturesque town, beautifully situated, under an Italian sun, surrounded by hills clothed with the richest vegetation, with vines, figs, and pomegranates.

1½ Chiavenna (Germ. Clesun)—Inn: Conradi's—Post.

Chiavenna (Clavenna of the ancients), a thriving town of 3040 inhab., is charmingly situated close under the mountains, which appear to suspend over it, at the junction of the valley of St. Giacomo with that of the Meira, called Val Bregaglia. Beyond this beauty of situation there is very little here to interest the passing traveller. The town derives much benefit from its position on the Splügen road, and maintains several spinning-mills for silk and cotton. An ingenious manufacturer, named Vanossi, at one time wove here a fire-proof cloth of asbestos, a mineral which abounds in the mountains of the neighbourhood. Opposite the inn is a picturesque ruined Castle, on the top of a rock, which once belonged to the Salis family: strangers are admitted to the vineyard leading to the summit of the rock. The principal Church of St. Lawrence has a tall campanile standing within a square inclosure, surrounded by a cloister. On one side are two bone-houses, filled with skulls, and, adjoining them, in the octagonal Baptistery, is a curious ancient stone font, sculptured with rude bas-reliefs, which will interest the antiquary. The citizens keep their Valteline wine in natural grottoes at the foot of the mountains, which form excellent cool cellars, and are called Ventorali.

Near Pleura, about 3 miles up the Val Bregaglia, memorable for the

fatal fate of its inhabitants, who were buried by the fall of a mountain (see p. 246), is a peculiar manufacture of a coarse ware for culinary purposes, made out of potstone (*lapis ollaris*). This stone is easily cut, or turned in a lathe, and is able to endure heat. Pliny calls it *lapis Comensis*, from its being exported from the lake of Como: the manufacture has greatly dwindled down at present.

The road up the Val Bregaglia and over the pass of the Maloja, and the description of Pleura, are given in Route 89.

Chiavenna belonged to the Dukes of Milan down to the 16th century, when the Swiss became possessed of it, and it formed, with the Valteline and Bormio, a state subject to the canton of the Grisons. Napoleon added it to the kingdom of Italy, as lying on the S. side of the Alps; and the Congress of Vienna, by the same rule, transferred it to the Emperor of Austria.

The Fall of the Gordona, about 4 m. from Chiavenna, is worth notice. At the distance of half an hour from the town on the Riva road, the river on the rt. must be crossed. A walk of half an hour leads thence to the Fall.—S.

The lower valley of the Meira, from Chiavenna to the Lake of Riva, is by no means pleasing in its scenery, and the low ground is occupied by marsh rather than meadow; so that it is at the same time very unwholesome.

Travellers should not stop for the night anywhere between Chiavenna and Colico. Malaria hangs over the district around the embouchures of the Meira and Adda, and the stranger who neglects this warning (§ 13) may pay for his temerity by a fever. Varenna, on the E. shore of the lake, where there are good inns; Bellaggio, on the point of the promontory between the lakes of Lecco and Como, or Cadenabbia on the W. shore of the lake, are all safe and capital

quarters, and the traveller ought not to stop to sleep till he reaches one of them.

I Riva, stands near the N. extremity of the Lago Menzola, called also Lago di Riva. It is a most picturesque small lake, so walled in by mountains that, until a few years, there was no road by the side of it, and travellers were carried across it in flat barges by a tedious navigation; rendered difficult and intricate by the annually increasing deposits of mud, which form shoals between this lake and that of Como, and prevent the steamboat ascending to Riva. The naked and savage mountains around have a very peculiar outline. Their sides are furrowed with ravines, down which furious torrents precipitate themselves at some seasons, strewing the margin of the lake with wreck. The engineers who constructed the capital new road, finished in 1835, experienced the greatest obstacles in crossing the debris at the mouth of these ravines. The Codera, one of the most furious torrents, spreads out its waste of rocks and gravel in the shape of a fan, for a breadth of at least half a mile. This river at ordinary times trickles through the stones in 3 or 4 paltry dribblets, crossed by wooden bridges, under which the water is turned by the construction of artificial canals, flanked by wedge-shaped dams and dykes. After traversing this desolate space, the road is carried through two galleries excavated in the rocks and soon after emerges upon the delta of the river Adda, flowing from the E. out of the Valteline into the lake of Como. There can be little doubt that the lake originally bathed the foot of the mountain on this side; but, in the course of ages, the deposits brought down by the Adda and Meira have so far encroached on it as to form an extensive plain of swamp and morass, breathing pestilence, through which the Adda now winds in a serpentine course. The

new causeway stretches in a straight line across this morass, passing the Adda upon a long wooden bridge, too narrow for more than one carriage at a time. Near the centre of the plain the great road to the Stelvio branches off on the L. (See *HANDBOOK FOR SOUTH GERMANY*.) The Spanish Fort *Puente*, built 1603, as the key of the Valteline, on a rock, once, perhaps, an island near the mouth of the Adda, is left on the rt., and the margin of the lake of Como is reached at

I Colico, a village situated under the Monte Legnone, immediately E. of the embouchure of the Adda. It is less unwholesome than formerly, owing to the drainage of a large portion of the marsh-land. It is not, however, a good halting-place; there is an inn, but very indifferent.

Steamboats from *Como* arrive off *Colico* every day, except Sunday, about noon, and return in half an hour. They will embark or disembark a carriage; fare, first class, 3 fr. Boats may at all times be hired here to cross or descend the lake, but they are scarcely safe for carriages. The magnificent carriage-road of the *Stelvio* is carried along the E. shore of the lake, traversing several remarkably long tunnels excavated in the solid rock; it is well worth exploring, at least as far as *Varenna*, the next post station from *Colico*, where the inns are good. (Rte. 93.)

A diligence goes once a week from *Milan* over the *Stelvio* to *Innsbruck*.

(*Como* and *Milan* are described in the *HANDBOOK FOR NORTH ITALY*.)

ROUTE 89.

CHIAVENNA TO ST. MAURITZ AND THE SOURCE OF THE INN, BY THE VAL BREGAGLIA AND THE PASS OF THE MALOJA.

10 stades = 32 Eng. miles.

The carriage-road up the *Val Bregaglia* and over the *Maloja* has been finished within the Swiss territory, beginning at *Castasegna*; thence to *Silva Plana* it is a first-class carriage-

road. The first few miles within the Austrian territory are in some places steep, and paved with stones, so that it might be dangerous for a heavily laden carriage. Within the Grison territory it is excellent as far as Vicosoprano. The inns in the Val Bregaglia are bad; the best is that at Vicosoprano. There is no good inn between Chiavenna and St. Mauritz.

The road ascends by the rt. bank of the Maira, in face of a pretty cascade formed by the Acqua Fraggia descending from the N. About 3 miles above Chiavenna it passes on the opposite side of the river, the grave of the village of *Pleura*, or *Piura*, buried, with its 2430 inhabitants, by the fall of Monte Conto, on the night of the 4th of Sept. 1618. It was a beautiful and thriving place, peopled by industrious inhabitants, and contained numerous villas, the summer resort of the citizens of Chiavenna. It now lies beneath a heap of rocks and rubbish, 60 ft. deep, which fills up the valley. Every soul within it perished, and the long continued excavations of all the labourers that could be collected from far and near failed in rescuing anything alive or dead, except a bell and two lamps, from the ruins. All traces of the catastrophe are now nearly obliterated, and the spot is grown over with a wood of chestnuts. The inhabitants received many previous warnings, which were unfortunately despised. For ten years previous large crevices had existed on that side of the mountain; and heavy rains preceded the catastrophe. Masses of rock fell the day before, fens were formed in the mountain, and the shepherds had observed their cattle fly from the spot with marks of extreme terror. For two hours after, the course of the Maira was dammed up by the fallen debris, but luckily the river soon worked its way through, without producing a débâcle.

The Val Bregaglia (Germ. *Bergell*) is fertile and picturesque: it is shut

in by high mountains. Many of its inhabitants emigrate, and adopt the profession of chimney-sweepers, which they exercise in some of the large towns of the Continent. After passing through Santa Croce, and Villa (Pontello), the road quits the Austrian territory and reaches the Swiss frontier at

3 *Castasegna*. Above this, the white mulberry no longer flourishes, and this is therefore the limit of the culture of the silkworm. A little way within the frontier (rt.) is the *Castle of Bouda*, belonging to that branch of the Salis family (*Soglio*) which is settled in England. The ruined Castle of Castelmur on the l. bank of the Maira is conspicuous by reason of its tall donjon, 100 ft. high, from which two walls, 15 ft. high and 10 thick, descend into the gorge to the river side. The valley was formerly closed here by a gate, and the castle formed the key of the valley.

2½ *Vico Soprano* (*Vesprun*), a village of 504 inhab., on the l. bank of the Maira, 3360 ft. above the sea.

Casaccia (Inn, bad.—E. W.), a village situated at the S. side of the Septimer, and on the W. of the Maloya, over both of which mountains the Romans conducted highways in the age of Augustus.

The road over the Septimer, 7360 ft. high, leads by the valley of Oberhalbstein to Coire, and was the ordinary highway between Italy and Switzerland until the formation of the carriage-road over the Splügen, which, being a lower pass, and 10 miles shorter, is of course preferred to it. On the Septimer are situated the sources of the Maira and the Oberhalbstein Rhine, and out of a small lake on its E. declivity, on the confines of the Maloya, the river *Inn* rises out of the small lake called *Lago di Lugni*. Thus, one single mountain distributes its rills between the three great seas which bathe the continent of Europe.

* Above Casaccia the Maloya road is

signalled up to the summit of the pass (6270 ft.); but on the N. side the descent is so gradual as not to require the skill of an engineer. The scenery it presents is not so grand as that on most of the passes in the main range of the Alps, but the combination of the lofty and snow-clad summits of the Bernina, and the glaciers descending from them, with the lakes, close to the shore of which the road is carried, gives this pass an air of singular picturesqueness, to which I remember no parallel among the Alps. If the road were made good from Silva Plana to Finstermünz, it would be the natural highway between Milan and Innsbruck; its height being less than the neighbouring passes.—E. W. A little way down the N.E. side of the ridge the road falls in with the infant Inn (called Acqua d'Oen), here a mere torrent, which hastens to pour itself into the lake of Sils, a picturesque mountain basin, extending as far as

2½ Sils, the highest village of the Engadine. The most conspicuous building here is the villa of a chocolate manufacturer, named Josti, a native of Davos, who, having quitted Switzerland a beggar, made a large fortune in one of the capitals of N. Germany, a part of which he expended on this huge and unprofitable structure.

The lake of Sils is succeeded by two other small lakes of Silva Plana, and of Campseer, through both of which the Inn passes. At

Silva Plana, the Julier road (Route 82), enters the Engadine. About 3 miles lower down stands

1½ St. Mauritz. Route 82.

ROUTE 90.

PASS OF THE BERNARDIN, SPLÜGEN TO BELLINZONA.

5½ posts = 45½ Eng. miles.

A diligence goes to and from Milan twice a week. The supply of post-

horses on this road is very small, not exceeding 6 at each post-house, and difficulties are therefore experienced in getting on. Travellers should start in very good time, or bespeak horses beforehand. "The postboys are often willing to go on a stage beyond their own, but they demand exorbitant prices, and you are not sure that the same difficulty will not occur at the next station."—C. D.

The road over the Bernardin was constructed in 1822, under the direction of the engineer Pocobelli, at the joint expense of the Sardinian and Grison governments. About 6-7ths of the sum required were advanced by the King of Sardinia, who duly appreciated the advantages to his dominions to be derived from a highway which should connect, by a direct line, the port of Genoa and the capital Turin with Switzerland and W. Germany.

The road, leaving the bridge of Splügen on the l., advances up the valley of Hinter-Rhein, whose stern and barren features have less of beauty than of wildness, along the l. bank of the Rhine through Nüfenz, a distance of about 9 miles, to

1 Hinterrhein — (Inn: Post, a wretched inn)—the highest village in the valley, 170 ft. above Splügen, an elevation at which no grain but barley grows. Hence to the source of the Rhine will take up 6 or 7 hours going and returning, exclusive of stoppages.

A multitude of streamlets trickle down from the crevices in the surrounding mountains, where deep snow rests almost all the year round, to feed the infant Rhine. But the Source of the Rhine lies about 10 miles higher up the valley, half of which distance, or two-thirds late in the summer, can be performed on horseback, the rest on foot; the latter part of the walk especially is difficult and fatiguing, and the assistance of a guide is necessary to find the way. The scenery of the upper part of the valley is

savagely grand, and well deserves the notice of travellers. The river takes its rise at the very extremity of this frost-bound valley, from beneath a glacier ironically called *Paradise*, situated between the *Mooschel Horn* and the *Piz Val-Rhein*, or *Vogelberg* (10,300 ft.), two of the highest mountains in the *Grisons* range, forming part of the group called *Monte Adula*. At the end of about 4 miles the path begins to ascend, and is soon lost in crossing steep slopes covered with debris of rock, so that a previous knowledge of the direction will alone enable the traveller to reach the source by himself. After skirting along the sides of a savage ravine called *Holle*, a steep descent leads down to the fountain-head in the glacier, which is sometimes hollowed out into a magnificent dome or cavern.

The road over the *Bernardin* bids adieu to the *Rhine* at *Hunter-Rhein*, crossing it by a stone bridge, the first which spans its current, after which it immediately begins to ascend, breasting the steep slopes of the mountain by sixteen zigzags; many of its turnings are very abrupt.

A striking view opens out on the rt., over the head of the *Rhine* valley and the glaciers, whence it bursts forth. On the rt. of the road rises the gigantic mass of the *Mooschel-Horn*, and on the l. the black peak of the *Mitting-Horn* overhangs the pass.

The passage over the *Alps* is said to have been known to the *Romans*; it was called the *Vogelberg* down to the beginning of the fifteenth century, when a pious missionary, *St. Bernardin of Sienna*, preached the gospel through these remote *Alpine* valleys, and a chapel dedicated to him, on the S. side of the mountain, gave rise to the name which it still retains. It was traversed in March, 1799, by the *French* army of *Lecourbe*, at a season when winter still reigned on these elevations, and before the mountain possessed any other road than a miserable mule-path.

The summit of the pass, about 7113 ft. above the sea, and 2400 ft. above the village of *Splügen*, is partly occupied by a lake called *Lago Moosola*, the source of the *Moos*, along whose margin the road runs. At this point a very substantial but homely inn, or house of refuge, has been erected.

A little way down the S. slope of the mountain the *Moos* is crossed by a handsome bridge of a single arch, 110 ft. above the river, named after *Victor Emanuel*, King of *Sardinia*, who contributed so largely to the construction of this road. The carriageway is here covered over for some distance with a substantial roof, supported on solid buttresses, to protect it from avalanches and whirlwinds of snow, to which this gully is much exposed at times. A few straggling and stunted pines here make their appearance, a little lower down, trees 40 or 50 ft. high may be seen clinging to the rock, with barely 2 ft. depth of soil beneath them; their roots scarcely strike downwards at all, but spread far and wide in a horizontal direction, so that when a tree is thrown down by the wind, roots and soil are peeled off at once, and nothing but bare rock remains below. The S. face of the mountain is also far more abrupt and precipitous than the N., but the road is so skilfully carried down it, and so gradually, that a postilion, accustomed to it, turns quickly down the whole way, turning sharp round the corners of the zigzags. The traveller beholds the road almost beneath his feet, extending like an uncorded rope below him, and as he moves backwards and forwards, following its turns, he appears to hover over the valley below, and might fancy himself fastened to the end of a pendulum and balanced in mid-air.

1½ *St. Bernardino* — (*Inns*: *Badhaus* — probably the best; *Croix Blanche* (Post), *Chamois*, none are to be recommended) — is a post-station

and village, the first and loftiest in the valley of Misocco, consisting of a few houses planted halfway down the descent on a small plain or ledge. There is a mineral spring here, having a temperature of about 40° Fahr., and a strong taste of ink. It is one of the highest mineral sources among the Alps, and annually draws a few invalids to the spot, but the company is far from select. The passage of the mountain from Hinter-Rhein to St. Bernardin is effected in about 3½ hours.

The descent from this into the lower valley of Misocco (in Germ. Masox or Misoxt Thal; Ital., Val Mesolcina) is a scene of beauty scarcely surpassed among the Alps.

Near St. Giacomo there are quarries of gypsum; here there is also a fall of the Moesa. It is a continued descent as far as Misocco and the Ponte di Soazza, which is only a few hundred feet higher than Coire, in the valley of the Rhine. This will give some idea of the abruptness of the southern descent from the Alps contrasted with the northern.

1 Misocco—(Isa: Post, new, tolerably clean and good, a vast improvement upon the old dog-kennel)—a village of about 900 inhab., called also Cremao. The views from its churchyard and old castle are fine.

In the neighbourhood of Misocco the luxuriant growth of the chestnut and walnut, the abundant crops of maize, the presence of the vine and the mulberry which succeed each other within the space of a few miles, remind the traveller that he is indeed in Italy, and he soon becomes otherwise aware of this change by the altered language, the laziness, and filth of the inhabitants and their miserable habitations. The situation of Misocco is charming; a little way below it, in the middle of the valley, rises up the ruined *Castle of Misocco*, a feudal seat of the powerful lords of Masox, sold by them, 1482, to the celebrated Milanese general Trivulzio,

taken and destroyed by the Grati-blindtnera, 1526. The valley is here bounded by precipices, over and among whose rocky sides a number of waterfalls dash, assuming the shape of that which in Scotland is called the Mare's Tail. The knoll on which the castle stands seems formed to command the passage up and down.

A very steep and difficult path ascends the E. side of the valley, nearly opposite the castle, and crossing the ridge of the Alps, by the dangerous pass of the *Forcola*, descends at once upon Chiavenna.

The valley of Misocco has lost much of its beauty and cheerfulness since the fearful thunder-storm and inundation of August, 1834, which overwhelmed the land in many places with torrents of rocks, and beds of gravel and alluvium, thus condemning it to eternal sterility. 50 houses, 200 chalets, and many bridges were swept away. An inscription has been attached to a huge mass, stating that it and others descended from the *Forcola*.

Below Soazza the new road runs along the rt. bank of the Moesa. On the rt., the graceful cascade of *Bufalora* precipitates itself from the top of a rock.

1 Lostalla; the general legislative assemblies of the men of the valley are held annually here.

At Grono the Val Calanca opens out from the W.

Roveredo—(Isa: Canone d'Oro)—a village, containing nearly 1000 inhab., with the ruined castle of Trivulzio in its vicinity. The Prior of Roveredo and eleven old women were burnt for practising witchcraft by Carlo Borromeo, in 1583, at his first visitation of the diocese. The rivers hereabouts are used to float down the timber cut in the forests of the higher transverse valleys.

St. Vittore is the last village in the canton of the Grisons; below it we enter the canton Tessin and the Val Leventina, and our road joins that

descending from the St. Gothard (Route 34). Below the junction of the rivers Moesa and Ticino stands *Arbedo*, memorable in history for the severe defeat which the Swiss sustained here from the Milanese, commanded by the celebrated general Della Pergola and Carmagnola, in 1422. Near the Church of St. Paul, called *Chiesa Rossa*, from its red colour, 2000 Swiss lie buried under 3 large mounds, still distinguishable. Defeat was at that period so unusual to the Swiss, even from a greatly superior force, that they retired across the Alps ashamed and discouraged.

The distant aspect of Bellinzona, surrounded by battlemented walls, which once stretched quite across the valley, and overhung by no less than 3 feudal castles, is exceedingly imposing and picturesque. It looks as though it still commanded (as it once did) the passage of the valley. The luxuriance of vegetation, and the magnificent forms of the mountains around, complete the grandeur of the picture.

3 *Bellinzona* (Germ. *Bellens*)—*Ians*: *Aquila* (*Aigle d'Or*), outside S. gate, has changed its owner, not very good, horses dearer than at the *Poste*; *Angelo*, very comfortable—L.S.; *Grand Cerf*.

Bellinzona, situated on the l. bank of the Ticino, here restrained by a long stone dam (*Riparo tondo*), and containing 1520 inhab., is one of the 3 chief towns of the canton *Tessin*, and becomes the seat of government alternately with Lugano and Locarno, for 6 years together. It has all the character of an Italian town in its narrow and dirty streets, and in the arcades which run under its houses. It stretches quite across the valley to the river, so that the only passage up or down lies through its gates. It is still a place of some commercial importance as an entrepôt for the merchandise of Germany and Italy, and from its situation at the point of union of 4 roads—from the St.

Gothard, the *Bernardia*, from Lugano, and from Locarno, on the *Lago Maggiore*. In ancient times, however, it was of still greater military consequence, as the key of the passage from Lombardy into Germany, and defended as it was by 3 forts and high walls, it must have been a place of great strength. It became the fruitful cause of intrigue, contest, and bloodshed between the crafty Italians and the encroaching Swiss. The latter first obtained possession of it, and of the *Val Leventine*, by a nominal bargain of 2400 florins paid to the lord of *Maso*, and they obtained from the Emperor *Sigismund* a confirmation of their title. The Duke of Milan, *Philip Maria Visconti*, whose ancestors had lost this territory, by no means acquiesced in this transfer, and, seizing a favourable opportunity, surprised the Swiss garrison of Bellinzona by a Milanese force under Della Pergola, and took possession of the town and valley. It was this event which led to the battle of *Arbedo*, in which the Swiss received so severe a check. They afterwards twice gained possession of Bellinzona and its subject valleys by hard fighting, "by the help of God and their halberds," as they boastingly proclaimed, first from the Duke of Milan, and next from the French, who, in the reign of Louis XII., obtained temporary possession of these valleys.

From the beginning of the 16th to the end of the 18th century the Swiss maintained uninterrupted possession of Bellinzona, governing its territory, as a state subject to the cantons, with a rule as tyrannic as that of the absolute dukes of Milan, their predecessors.

The three picturesque Castles which still seem to domineer over the town, though partly in ruins, were the residence of the 3 Swiss bailiffs deputed to govern the district, and were occupied by a garrison and armed with some pieces of cannon. The largest called *Castello Grande*, on an isolated hill to the W. of the town, be-

longed to canton Uri, and now serves as an arsenal and prison. Of the two castles on the E., the lower one, *Castello di Meszo*, belonged to canton Schwytz, and the highest of all, *Castello Corbario*, to Unterwalden; they are both unoccupied. The view from Castello Grande is very striking. A long bridge is here thrown over the river Ticino, which, however, in summer is so shrunken as to occupy only 3 or 4 of the arches. The banks are guarded against sudden inundations by the strong dyke, called *Tondo Ripario*, constructed by the French under Francis I.

There remains little else to particularise here. The principal Church, in the square, is a handsome modern building faced with white marble, and has a pulpit ornamented with historical bas-reliefs. There are several convents here. The Church of *S. Biaggio* (St. Blaise), in the suburb *Ravecchia*, outside the Lugano gate, is said to be very ancient.

From Bellinzona the traveller has the choice of two roads to Milan: by the Lago Maggiore (Route 91) or by the Lago Lugano (Route 92).

The Steamer on the Lago Maggiore departs from Magadino, 5 m. S. of Bellinzona, early every morning except Sunday; Eilwagen to Magadino or Locarno, to meet the steamer, every day; but see p. 233. (See HANDBOOK for NORTH ITALY.)

ROUTE 91.

BELLINZONA TO MAGADINO AND LOCARNO, ON THE LAGO MAGGIORE.

Ital. miles. Swiss stnd. Eng. m.

To Magadino, 5 = 2½ = 9½
To Locarno, 11 = 3½ = 13½

Omnibuses from Bellinzona every morning about 3½ A.M., to meet the steamer at 6; returning, after the return of the steamer, at 6 P.M.—D.

The lower part of the valley of the Ticino, between Bellinzona and the lake, is a broad plain, from which the mountains recede to a considerable

distance, but still give grandeur to the landscape. The country is highly cultivated, the slopes covered with vineyards, but the bottom becomes marshy lower down, and is therefore unhealthy.

There is a road practicable for carriages on both sides of the Ticino; that on the l. is the most direct to Magadino.

On quitting Bellinzona by the Lugano gate the dry bed of a torrent called *Dragonata* is passed. As its name would imply, it is at times a great scourge; it carried off in 1768 the Franciscan convent outside the town, and threatens similar injury.

There are many country-houses on the outskirts; and high upon the slopes of the hills are numerous buildings, now deserted, to which in ancient times the natives of Bellinzona used to resort for safety when the plague was raging in the town. At Cadenazzo, the road to Lugano, over the *Monte Cenere** (Route 92), turns to the E. out of our route.

1½† Magadino. (*Inns.* 1) Batello a Vapore; clean beds, but dirty house; poor cuisine, but the best; well situated by the side of a mountain-stream, which carries with it a current of fresh air, and separates the house from the marshes: Post, in the village, not good.) Magadino has the reputation of being unhealthy, owing to the neighbourhood of the marshes of the Ticino and the prevalence of malaria—a sufficient reason to make a traveller cautious in taking up his quarters in the village for the night. (§ 12.) Locarno is preferable in this respect.

This little village was not long ago a small group of houses, but it has gained some importance of late, to the prejudice of its neighbour Locarno, as the port of the Lago Maggiore, at whose N. extremity it lies, and as the station of the *steamboats*.

The steamer sets out early in sum-

* 1½ Post of canton Ticino.

† See § 2 Introduction.

mer from Magadino down the Lago Maggiore to Arona and the Borromean Islands, returning in the evening (but see p. 253).

From Magadino to Lugano is 2 posts of canton Ticino.—C. D.

The road from Bellinzona to Locarno crosses the Ticino by the long bridge completed in 1815, in the place of one carried away by the fearful inundation of 1815, which did so much injury to the whole valley (p. 114). The road runs along the rt. bank. It passes under the Monte Carasso, and commands a good view of the opposite mountains, including the Monte Cenera, and up the valley over the romantic town of Bellinzona to the snowy Alps towering behind it. The low ground through which the now almost stagnant Ticino winds, being very marshy, is not so pleasing a feature, and the exhalations from it are unwholesome. At the bridge of Bementina, a torrent issuing out of a ravine on the rt. forms a pretty waterfall. In 1820, this stream, swelled with sudden rains, desolated the land around its mouth, and carried away the bridge. According to the superstitious notions of the peasantry, the upper part of this wild gorge is haunted by the ghosts of misers, who there do penance after death for their exactions from the poor while living. The latter part of the route, after crossing the torrent Verzasca as it winds along the W. shore of the lake, is splendid beyond description.

3½ Locarno (Germ. *Laggarno*). (*Inn*: Corona; very good). This is one of the three capitals of canton Tessin; it has 1700 inhab., and is said to have once contained twice as many, but has decayed since the 15th century in population and prosperity. It is beautifully situated on the margin of the lake, on which it has a little port, at the foot of the wooded cliffs surmounted by the church of *Madonna del Sasso*, the most pic-

turesque of monastic groups, and at the entrance of the converging valleys of Val Verzasca, Maggia, Comerio, and Centovalle, the last a primitive district scarcely ever visited by travellers. The climate, the vegetation, and the sky are all Italian; even the people are Italian in language and superstition. The groves of orange and lemon, the tall white steeples on the hill-sides, and the little white chapels peering out from among the trellised vines, and mirrored in the glassy lake, are all characteristic features of an Italian landscape, even though, as far as frontier lines are concerned, we are still in Switzerland. The deposits of the numerous torrents here flowing into the lake have encroached considerably upon it, forming a flat marshy delta, which renders Locarno not altogether healthy. "The spot, however, is one of singular beauty, and greatly to be preferred to Magadino by travellers requiring to halt for the night near the head of the Lago Maggiore, previous to embarking."—J. P.

The principal buildings in the town are the churches and the convents, of the former it has three, besides that of *Madonna del Sasso*, on the height above it, a building well worth visiting, for the exquisite view it commands over the blue lake, and the entrance of the valley of the Ticino, whose winding course may be traced flashing in the sun; as well as for its Church, with paintings by Luzzi—stuccoes, bas-reliefs, &c.

The market at Locarno, held once a fortnight, is frequented by the natives of the neighbouring valleys from far and near, and exhibits a singular mixture of costumes.

The traveller will be surprised to hear that in this little pretty town the distinctions of rank are more punctiliously observed than in many of the great European capitals. No less than seven grades or castes are numbered among its inhabitants. At the head stand the *signori* (nobility);

next to them the *burghesi*, or burghers; below them the cultivators, *terrieri*, or old landholders: these 3 classes have the right of pasture on the common lands, an almost worthless privilege, owing to the neglect into which they have fallen. Below these, as to privileges, rank the *oriondi* (settlers from the villages), and the *sumini*; and the *quattrini* and *monastriati*, foreign settlers.

The decay of the prosperity of the town is traced to the intolerance of its Romish inhabitants, who, instigated by their priests, compelled those among their fellow-citizens who had adopted the Reformed faith to emigrate. In March, 1553, 116 persons, including women and children, who had refused to purchase the privilege of remaining by the sacrifice of their religion, were banished by a decree of the Swiss Diet, and quitted their homes for ever. With them went industry and prosperity; they settled at Zurich, transferring thither the manufacture of silk, which is now of such vast commercial importance to that city. The day after the sentence of exile had been pronounced, the papal nuncio arrived with two inquisitors: he indignantly objected to the mildness of the sentence, and urged the deputies of the diet, under pain of the pope's displeasure, to couple with it confiscation of the goods of the heretics and separation of them from their children, in order that they might be educated as papists. To this demand, however, the deputies did not yield obedience. The doctrines of the Reformation were preached here first by Boccaria, a pious Milanese monk, about 1534. he was soon expelled, and took refuge in the Val Misocco.

The criminal statistics of the district around Locarno show a large amount of crime in proportion to the number of inhabitants. The neighbouring valley of Versacca is in evil repute for the number of assassinations committed in it. Bonstetten,

who travelled through it in 1796, says that the men all wear at their girdle, behind, a knife a foot long, called *saicmola*, to kill one another. He states that the average number of law-suits among a population of 17,000 souls was 1000 yearly. Whether this statement were true or not at the time, a great improvement has certainly taken place since; at present the number of offences in the same district, where the population returns show an increase of 3000 souls upon the preceding census, presents an average of 100 crimes against person and property yearly. Acts of violence, murder, &c. are, however, still very common, and the people have the reputation of being very litigious.

There is a path up the *Centovalli*, a secluded and little-visited valley, very winding and narrow, to *Dome d'Osola* on the *Simplon* (Route 30). The path is a bad one.

The *Val Maggia* (Germ. *Mayenthal*) opens out about 3 miles to the N.W. of Locarno, beyond the narrow pass of the *Ponte Brolla*. A tolerable cross carriage-road has been carried up to *Cevio*, the chief village, and thence to *Peccia*. It cost the canton nearly 300,000 Swiss fr. The distance from Locarno to *Cevio* is 9 Italian miles; and thence to *Fusio*, the highest village, 10½ miles.

LAGO MAGGIORE.

A Steamer starts every morning at 6 or 7 from *Magadino* (p. 251), and keeping near the W. shore, calls off *Locarno*, *Canobio*, *Canaro*, *Intra*, the *Borromean Islands*, which it reaches about 9½, *Belgirate*, *Arona*, and *Sesto*, for passengers both going and returning. It calls only at *Sesto Calende* on the Austrian side of the lake. It returns to *Magadino* about 7. It leaves *Sesto Calende* on the return voyage at 1, and reaches the *Isola Bella* about 2. It takes carriages, but the only places at which they can be embarked or disembarked

are Magadino, Locarno, Arona, and Santo Calende. Parma, 1st class, 6 fr. 90 c.; 2nd, 3 fr. 80 c.; calèche, 24 fr., including embarking and disembarking, which is tedious.

Travellers bound for the Simplon should disembark their carriages at Arona, and so escape the Austrian Custom House.

Smiling-boats may always be hired at any of the ports on the lake to make short excursions.

The *Lago Maggiore*, the *Lacus Verbanus* of the Romans (Germ. *Laugen See*, or *Lager See*), is about 53 miles (47 Italian = 12 German miles) long, and about 9 miles wide at its greatest breadth. Only a small portion, at its N. extremity, which is often called *Lago di Locarno*, belongs to Switzerland. About 7 miles S. of Locarno, the Austrian frontier occupies the E. shore, and the Sardinian the W. The navigation of the lake is free to the three states which form its margin; but the Austrians have established a sort of lake police upon its whole extent. The 3 chief rivers by which it is fed, are, the Ticino, flowing from the St. Gothard; the Tresa, which drains the *Lago Lugano*; and the Toceia, or Tosa, descending from the *Val Formazza*, by *Domo d'Ossola*. The scenery of its upper end is bold and mountainous, and at the same time diversified by a constant succession of striking and beautiful features; so is the bay of *Baveno* (so call by that name the W. arm, containing the *Borromean Islands*, and overhung by the snowy peaks of the Alps); but, towards the E. and E., its shores are less lofty, subsiding gradually into the Plain of Lombardy.

The principal places on the W. shore are *Ascona*, surmounted by a castle; *Brissago*, a charming spot, conspicuous with its white houses, and avenue of cypresses, leading to the church. Its inhabitants are wealthy and industrious. Terrace rises above terrace against the hill side; and

the vine, fig, olive, pomegranate, and myrtle, flourish in the open air. Beyond this, the Swiss territory ends. *Canobbio*, situated at the entrance of the Piedmontese valley *Canobina*, contains a church designed by *Brumante*. The two islands off *Canero* were, in the fifteenth century, the resort of five robber-brothers, named *Massarda*, who committed depredations all along the shores of the lake. *Intra* is a very industrious small town, with several manufactories. A road has been commenced along this shore of the lake, by the Sardinian government, to connect *Baveno*, on the Simplon, with *Bellinzona* and the *St. Gothard*.

The places on the E. side of the *Lago Maggiore* are *St. Abbondio* (Swiss), *Macagno* (Austrian); *Laino*, whence a good road runs by *Ponte Tresa* to *Lugano* (Route 93); *Porto* and *Laveno*, nearly opposite *Intra*, whence a carriage-road runs to *Varese* and the *Sacro Monte*. *Laveno* (*Jan*, *Il Moro*, very fair); boat to *Isola Bella* 3 swansigere per oar; carriage to *Varese* 12 or 13 fr. Same to *Como*.

The *Borromean Islands* and the E. extremity of the lake are described in Route 59.

ROUTE 92.

BELLINZONA TO LUGANO AND COMO BY THE MONTE CENERA.

To *Lugano*, 5½ Swiss stunden = 16 Italian miles = 17½ English miles. Although the distance is so small, it will occupy between 4 and 5 hours.

To *Como*, 5 posts = 33½ Eng. m.

Diligences daily to *Lugano*.

This road turns out of the valley of the *Tessin* at *Cadenazzo* (p. 325), about 4 miles below *Bellinzona*, and begins to ascend the *Monte Cenera*, a steep ridge surmounted by means of numerous zigzags. The top cannot be reached in less than 2 hours from *Bellinzona* (Kenfort to *Caserna*, charge 4 fr.). This part of the road

was formerly infested by robbers, and, not long ago, the night diligence, in crossing it, was accompanied by an armed escort; but, since a guard-house of carabinieri has been established on the summit, there appears to be no longer danger. From the summit, a fine view is obtained over the N. extremity of the Lago Maggiore; but a far more interesting prospect opens out on the opposite descent towards Lugano. In front expands its beautiful lake, backed by mountains; and, on the rt., the Monte Salvatore, with the church on its conical summit, becomes conspicuous. At Rivera, the road falls in with the river Agno, which rises about 12 miles to the E., at the foot of the Monte Camoghè, and follows it through Bironico to Morone, where it turns to the l., and again ascends a slight eminence, at whose foot lies

3 *Lugano* (Germ. *Lavis*)—*Inns*: *Corona*; *Albergo Svizzera*: both greatly improved since the 1st edition of this Handbook appeared, and tolerable; still not first rate:—*Albergo Svizzera*, well situated and civil people.—D.

Lugano, one of the 3 chief towns of the canton Tessin, and the largest, most thriving in trade, and most extending in population, contains 4800 inhabitants, and is charmingly situated on the margin of the Lago Lugano. It deserves to be visited, were it only on account of the beauty of its site, and to explore the scenery of its lake. The hills and mountains around abound in all the productions of the luxuriant vegetation of Italy, and numerous villas are scattered along its slopes and margin, embowered among vineyards and gardens, and backed by the dark foliage of the umbrageous walnut. The town contains 3 monasteries and 3 nunneries. The principal Church, or *Cathedral of San Lorenzo*, is planted on an eminence, commanding a fine view. The portal is richly adorned with sculpture, and the façade is said to be from a design

of Bramante. A small chapel, attached to the sequestered convent of S. Francisco, built by Bramante, has been pulled down. Near the cathedral is a curious bone-house.

The church of *Santa Maria degli Angeli*, founded in 1499, contains a remarkable painting in fresco by *Bernardino Lioni*; a Crucifixion over the entrance to the choir, flanked by figures, life size, of St. Sebastian and another saint; and a Madonna over a doorway of an inner court of first-rate excellence; a Last Supper, in the refectory of the convent, is of inferior merit.

The Hospital was erected previous to the year 1800. There is a Theatre here of recent construction.

There are considerable manufactures of silk in Lugano, and the town further derives activity and prosperity from being the entrepôt of goods shipped across the lake from Italy, to be transported over the Alps, and vice versa. A large fair is held here on the 9th October. No less than three newspapers are published here, chiefly advocating very democratic principles, and not unfrequently attacking the neighbouring monarchical governments of Austria and Sardinia. There are several printing establishments, which send forth cheap editions of works prohibited in Italy.

Excursions.—*Monte Caprin*—The mountain opposite Lugano is penetrated by natural grottoes, which have been converted into cellars, called *Cantine*. Numerous small houses are built over them, so that at a distance they have the appearance of a village. These are much resorted to in summer by the townspeople on account of their coolness.

A further inducement to visit this spot is the exquisite view that it commands.

* The view from the top of *Monte Salvatore* is of no common beauty and extent. This mountain forms a promontory, washed on two sides by the Lake of Lugano. The view ex-

tends over numerous other lakes, and is bounded by the snowy chain of the Alps. Monte Rosa is seen in all its grandeur from hence; and, according to some, the white needles of the Dain of Milan are visible when the atmosphere is very clear. Keller has engraved the panorama from this mountain. On the summit is a little pilgrimage chapel. It takes 4 hours to go and return on foot; rather more on horseback. The horses or mules to be hired at Lugano are very inferior to those of the Rigi and Oberland, and accidents sometimes occur with them. The charge for a horse and man to lead it is 5 francs, and 2 swansigera, drink money (*moncia*). There is a house on the summit, but it yields no other refreshment than water."—C. D.

"Monte Salvadore stands amid the intricacies of the Lake of Lugano, and is, from a hundred points of view, its principal ornament—rising to a height of 2000 ft., and, on one side, nearly perpendicular. The ascent is toilsome, but the traveller who performs it will be amply rewarded. Splendid fertility, rich woods, and dashing waters, seclusion and confinement of view contrasted with sea-like extent of plain, fading into the sky—and this again, in an opposite quarter, with an horizon of the loftiest and boldest Alps—unite in composing a prospect more diversified by magnificence, beauty, and sublimity, than perhaps any other point in Europe, of so inconsiderable an elevation, commands."—Wordsworth.

Lugano is distant only 15 miles from Como and 13 from Varese: the Lago di Como, on the E., may be reached in 3 hours (Route 93), and the Lago Maggiore in less. A good carriage-road runs to Laino, on its E. shore, described together with the Lago Lugano in Route 93.

The road to Como runs by the water-side, under the Monte Salvadore. The limestone rocks, composing its base, exhibit a singular pho-

nomemon, highly interesting to the geologist. About 10 minutes' walk beyond the chapel of San Martino, a compact smoke-grey limestone appears by the road-side, in beds about a foot thick. "The further we advance, the more we find the beds of limestone traversed by small veins, lined with rhombs of dolomite. As we advance, the rock appears divided by fissures, the stratification ceases to be distinct, and, where the face of the mountain becomes perpendicular, it is found to be formed entirely of dolomite, which becomes gradually purer and more white, until a little way from Melide, where it is succeeded by a dark argillite porphyry." The celebrated geologist Von Buch considers that the gas discharged from this latter igneous rock, at the time when the mountain was upheaved by volcanic forces from below, has penetrated the fissures of the limestone, and changed the part of it nearest to the porphyry into dolomite. The change in colour and substance, from a grey limestone into a white crystalline marble, like loaf-sugar, may be easily traced in its gradual transition by the road-side.

At Melide, a promontory projects into the lake, from the point of which a ferry-boat conveys passengers and carriages across it, in a few minutes, to Bimone, on the opposite side. Melide is the birthplace of Fontana, the architect, who, in 1586, transported the Egyptian obelisk from the Coliseum at Rome, and erected it on the square in front of the Vatican.

After a delightful ride along the shore of the lake, the road quits it at Capolago, and soon reaches Mendrisio, which, though a small town of 1700 inhabitants, contains 3 convents. It is supposed to be the cradle of the once-powerful Milanese family Delle Torre, or Torriani. The famous tower, from which they derived their name, was destroyed in the civil wars of the 14th century.

The inhabitants keep their wine in

ceves in the mountains, which form capital cellars. The Austrian custom-house and police-office is reached a little beyond Chiasso, and within 3 miles of

3 Como.* Described in HANDBOOK FOR NORTH ITALY.

1½ Barlasina.†

1½ MILAN. See HANDBOOK FOR N. ITALY.

ROUTE 93.

LUINO, ON THE LAGO MAGGIORE, TO
MENAGGIO ON THE LAGO DI COMO,
ACROSS THE LAGO LUGANO.

Luino, a small village, on the E. shore of the Lago Maggiore, has a tolerable inn; but a bargain should be made beforehand. A calèche with 2 horses to Lugano costs 15 fr. A good carriage-road leads hence to Lugano, a drive of 3 or 4 hours, ascending directly from the margin of the lake, the steep heights behind Luino, which command a fine prospect. It then follows the rt. bank of the Tresa, upwards, at a considerable height above that river, through a beautiful valley, crossing the Swiss frontier about 3 miles from Luino, and 9 from Lugano.

Ponte Tresa, a village of 365 inhabitants, is named from an old wooden bridge which leads across the river into Lombardy. At the further end stands the Austrian toll and custom-house; and, on this side, a Swiss toll is exacted. A great proportion of the cattle with which Lombardy is supplied by Switzerland, pass over it. The village is prettily situated on a bay of the Lago Lugano, so completely land-locked as to seem a distinct lake.

Another of the winding reaches of the lake stretches N. about half a mile on the E. of our road, as far as

Agno, a village of 600 inhabitants, placed at the spot where the Agno,

* 2 Points of custom Tolls.

† Austrian posts.

or Bedagio, empties itself into the lake.

One of the prettiest scenes on this very picturesque road is that presented by the small lake of Musanno, which lies on the rt. of the road to

Lugano (see p. 255).

The Lago Lugano (called also *Cervio*) is exceedingly irregular in shape, making several very acute bends, so that the conspicuous mountain Salvatore stands on a promontory, washed on two sides by its waters: its greatest length is about 20 miles. Its E. and W., and one of its S. arms, terminate in the Austrian territory, and travellers must have an Austrian visa on their passports to enable them to land there.

The scenery of this lake is exceedingly beautiful, and has a character distinct from that of its two neighbours, Como and Maggiore, in being more gloomy, rugged, and uncultivated. It at the same time presents great variety; near Lugano its shores are as smiling, as frequently speckled with white villas and churches, and as richly fringed with vines, fig-trees, and walnut-groves, as the more garden-like borders of the Lago di Como; but, in penetrating its E. bay from Lugano to Porlezza, the mountains gradually assume a more wild and precipitous outline, and the darker foliage of the pine forests furnishes the predominating colour.

Boats for passengers and carriages may be hired at Lugano for Porlezza; it takes 3 hours to row thither, and the charge for a boat with two rowers is 6 fr., or 3 fr. an oar. There is no road along this part of the lake.

Porlezza lies within the Lombard frontier, and is the station of the Austrian police and doganiera. Chars may be hired here to go to Menaggio. The road is excellent, it traverses a very pretty valley, passing on the rt. the little lakes of Piano and Bena. It is a walk of about 2 hours to reach Menaggio, an unimportant village on the W. shore of the Lago di Como.

A caldche hence to Portenno costs 5 fr. to 7 fr. Instead of stopping here the traveller had better either proceed a little way down the lake to Cadenabbia, or cross it to the promontory of Bellaggio, or to the opposite shore at Varenna, at all which places there are good inns. Near Trunemmo, a little way beyond Cadenabbia, is the *Villa Sommariva*, among terraces bordered with myrtle hedges and perfumed with citron groves. This palace contains several remarkable works of art—paintings by *Giuseppe Ferraro*, *B. Lusi*, and others; also the *Palamedes of Canova*, and, above all, *Thorvaldsen's* grand bas-relief, the *Triumph of Alexander*, executed for Napoleon when Emperor, and designed by him to decorate the *Simplon arch* at Milan.

Bellaggio—a good inn, *Chez Genassini*, board and lodging (by agreement) 6 fr. a day. It may be strongly recommended. Bellaggio is a delightful spot, commanding perhaps the most splendid views to be met with on any of the Italian lakes. The prospect is double, extending upwards, as well as down towards Como and Lecco. The best points for enjoying it are the terraces and delightful gardens of the *Villa Serbelloni*.

The *Villa Melzi*, another palace in this neighbourhood, is a charming mansion, elegantly fitted up, chiefly visited on account of its beautiful flower-garden.

Varenna (where the Post is agreeable quarters, but dear) may be visited on account of the remarkable galleries near it excavated in the solid rock, to allow that magnificent work of art, the *Road to the Stelvio Pass*, to traverse the E. shore of the lake.

The *Comasques* emigrate all over Europe as vendors of plaster of Paris figures, barometers, and looking-glasses.

Steam-boats start twice a day, at 7 and 2, from Como, and run to Domaso and back in 6 hours, touching

at all the principal places on its shores. The fare is 5 fr. 22 c. They take carriages and land them at Varenna or Colico, a post station on the road leading to Stelvio (*HANDBOOK S. GERMANY*) and Splügen, where a pier has been erected for the purpose.

"There are 3 steamers (*Pyroscaphs*) on the Lake of Como, plying from Como to Colico, and touching at the intermediate places on either shore. '*Lariano*' sets out every day at 7 A.M., returning about 1 P.M., and on Sundays makes a second trip at 2 P.M., returning as far as Bellaggio, returning about 5 P.M. The '*Veoce*' leaves Como at 7½ or 8 A.M., and on Saturdays goes at 6 A.M. to Lecco, returning between 1 and 3 P.M. The '*Palco*' sets off on 4 days at 1 P.M., and on the other 3 at 1½ P.M., remaining the night at Colico, leaves it on the 4 market days at 5 A.M., and on the other 3 at 7 A.M., so as to return to Como either at 9 or 11 A.M. The fare to Colico is 4 lire, and for a 4-wheeled carriage 20 lire; and to Bellaggio 2½ lire for the first place." —L. S. An omnibus (called *Velocifera*) runs to and from Milan daily to meet the steamers.

They who wish to explore the beauties of the lake at their leisure had better take a row-boat.

There cannot be a more delightful voyage than that along the S. W. arm of the lake to Como, the shores are literally speckled with villages and with white villas, the summer resort of the Milanese nobility, during the season of the *Villeggiatura*.

Como.—Inns. *Angelo*, tolerable; *Italia*; but better quarters are to be had at Cadenabbia, Varenna, and Bellaggio, all on the lake (*See HANDBOOK N. ITALY*). The places most worthy mentioning on the E. shore are Nesso, backed by a dark wooded gully, out of which dashes a cascade, and near it the *Villa Lenno*, supposed to stand on the site of *Pliny's Villa*, which, from its sombre situa-

tion, he called *Troglodyta*; an opinion confirmed by the discovery of broken columns, &c., in the lake. Beyond Lenno (Lemnos), in a retired bay, is the Villa Pliniana, a square melancholy building, so called, not because Pliny lived here, but because an intermittent spring, rising behind it, is asserted to be the one minutely described by him. Beyond the wooded promontory Torno are the villas of Count Taverna and of Madame Pasta, the celebrated singer, with a fine orangery, near which a monument is erected to the memory of Captain Locke, who was drowned here in 1833, but his body has never been found. $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile beyond this is Belvedere, with its beautiful gardens, belonging to Mr. Ridgway, and not far off is another, which has been purchased by Tagliioni; also the Villæ Artaria and Mylius.

On the opposite or W. shore, beginning from Cadenabbia, we may mention Balbiano, on a projecting promontory, the Isola Comacina, Urio, the Villa Passolacqua, with its terraced gardens; and near Cernobbio, the Villa d'Este, so named by Caroline of Brunswick, Princess of Wales, who resided here some time, also the Villa Odescalchi or Ramondi, the largest on the lake.

The Lake of Como, called by the ancients *Lacus Larius* (to Lari Maxime! - Virg.), is about 40 miles long, from N. to S. Its S. extremity is divided into two branches by the promontory of Bellaggio, at the bottom of one of these bays lies Como (Comum), the birth-place of Pliny

and Volta; and, at the extremity of the other, on the E., *Lecco*. The chief feeder of the lake is the Adda, which enters it at the N., and flows out at Lecco. The bay of Como has no outlet, so that its waters must also find their way out by the Adda. Taken altogether, it perhaps surpasses in beauty of scenery, and in the richness of its almost tropical vegetation, every other lake in Italy. It enjoys a classical reputation, as the residence of the two Plinys, and the scene of the scientific researches of the elder Pliny, the naturalist. Claudian describes the voyage up the lake in the following elegant lines:—

"*Prociens undread quæ vena latus alid
Larus, et dulci mentitur Nereæ fluito,
Parvæ puppe lacum perarveolat, sciss inde
Scandit incensus brumali aders montes.*"

Here follows our own Wordsworth's description:—

Sublime, but neither bleak nor bare,
Nor misty are the mountains there,
Softly sublime—profusely fair,
Up to their summits clothed in green,
And fruitful as the vales between,
They lightly rise,
And scale the skies,
And groves and gardens still abound;
For where no shoot
Could else take root
The peaks are shelved, and terraced round;
Earthward appear in mingled growth
The mulberry and maize, above
The trellis & vine extends to both
The leafy shade they love,
Looks out the white-wall'd cottage here,
The lowly chapel rises near,
Far down the foot must roam to reach
The lovely lake and bending beach;
White chestnut green and olive gray,
Chequer the steep and winding way."

SECTION II.

THE ALPS OF PIEDMONT AND SAVOY.

PRELIMINARY INFORMATION.

CONTENTS.

1. *Piedmontese and Savoyard Alps.*—2. *Inns.*—3. *Roads.*—4. *Mules and Guides.*—5. *Posting.*—6. *Custom Houses.*—7. *Malaria.*—8. *Wine ; Bread.*—9. *Money ; Distances.*—10. *Maps.*

§ 1. As the traveller in Switzerland, who has fully enjoyed the scenery of the Alps, and inhaled fresh spirit with the mountain air, must desire information upon such routes as are often or occasionally visited across the great chain of the Alps south of the Simplon, and which would lie within his summer's excursion—the following information upon such passes as debouche into the course of the route of the Simplon, furnished by a traveller who has himself examined all upon which he has written, will be found useful to those who are disposed, not only to examine the lateral valleys which fall into that Route, but such other Alpine passes and retreats as the traverses of the great chain present, from Savoy and France into Piedmont.

Piedmont has on its N.W. and S.W. sides, a clearly-defined frontier in the ridge of the great chain of the Alps. From the valley of the Toccia, which lies within its frontier, to the Col de Ferret, near Mont Blanc, the Pennine Alps divide it from Switzerland ; from the Col de Ferret to Mont Tabor, the Graian Alps separate Piedmont from Savoy ; from Mont Tabor to the Col d'Argentière, at the head of the valley of the Stura, the Cottian Alps separate it from France ; and from the Argentière to the source of the Tanaro in the Monte Cassino, the Maritime Alps divide Southern Piedmont from the county of Nice. East of the Monte Cassino the great Alpine chain passes insensibly into the Apennines.

The Southern or Maritime Alps, the eastern boundary—the frontier of the Milanese and the States of Parma*—are not within the object of this section, which is to furnish to travellers useful information for excursions in the Alps of Piedmont.

* See Handbook for NORTH ITALY.

On the side of Italy the Alps offer a striking difference in their appearance from that presented in the approaches from Switzerland, Savoy, or France. From these the intervention of secondary ranges, and the long valleys, preclude any great extent of the chain from being seen at the same time; but from the plains of Piedmont, even as near as Turin—not 30 miles in a direct line from the nearest point in the crest of the chain—a range of the central peaks and passes, extending through 200 miles, is clearly seen.

A day's journey is sufficient, from almost every accessible part of the crest of the Alps, for a descent into the plains of Piedmont; whilst on the western side of the chain, two or three days of approach from the plains, in deep valleys amidst the mountains, are requisite for its attainment.

§ 2. *Inns*.:—The Rambler in the Piedmontese Alps will generally find accommodation equal to any in Switzerland, except perhaps in the beaten routes of the Bernese Alps, and sight-seeing excursions, as on the Righi. Crowds would find provisions short, and want of room, but parties of two or three would fare well, be received with civility without obsequiousness, and meet with less extortionate hosts than in Switzerland. Fleecing the traveller has not yet grown into a system as among that independent people; and, generally, a traveller may devote more time and visit more sublime scenes, at a less expense and with nearly as much facility as in Switzerland. Piedmont only requires to be more known to turn the current of rambles, and induce them to spend a part at least of their time and money among its romantic valleys and passes.

The traveller in Piedmont should especially direct his attention to the Val d'Aosta and the valleys around the bases of the Monte Rosa and Mont Cervin, which unfold some of the sublimest scenes in nature. The valleys of Anzasca, Sesia, and Tournanche, at the S. side of Monte Rosa, are also remarkable as being inhabited, at their heads, by an interesting race of German origin and language.

When the traveller in the Alps receives the hospitality of the curés of retired villages, where there are no inns, it is usual to leave with the house-keeper, or for her, a donation, which it is just should at least equal the cost of such accommodation at an inn; the tax would otherwise be heavy upon the limited means of the host, and kindness and attention is thus insured to future travellers.

§ 3. The *Roads* skirting the Alps, and the approaches to them from the plains of Piedmont, are generally excellent. Wherever there is intercourse there is a good road adapted to the wants of the inhabitants: if fit for *Volantins* or charrs, these may always be obtained at moderate charges, usually 12 francs a day.

§ 4. *Mules* may readily be obtained in all mountain routes accessible to them, at charges varying from 4 to 6 francs a day; and *guides* at 4 or 5 francs

a day may be had in every Alpine village of Piedmont. It is desirable to get men known to, or recommended by, the innkeepers or the curés of their villages; for they are so fond of the employment that few scruple to avow their acquaintance with passes and places of which they really know nothing; their only use, then, to the traveller is to bear his luggage, and talk Piedmontese, a jargon which few travellers are acquainted with. In Piedmont French and Italian are often unknown; among those, however, who are accustomed to act as guides, French is generally spoken, especially in the valleys on the frontiers of Savoy and France. On mountain excursions, a portantine, or chaise à porteur, may be procured for ladies.

If mules, horses, or a char be taken across the frontier, a *boleto*, or permission to pass the douane, is necessary; here the animal is registered, the course of the traveller stated, and money for the horse deposited as a duty upon the *entrées*, which is repaid to the owner when he leaves the place on the frontier indicated in the boleto, as the point by which he is to return to his own country.

§ 5. *Posting*.—The charges are the same as in France, 1 franc 50 cents for each horse per post, and 75 centimes for the postilion (who usually receives 40 sous).

The Piedmontese post contains 8000 metres, about 5 English miles.

The postmasters are forbidden to furnish horses except to persons provided with a *bolletone* or order issued by the Bureau des Postes to that effect.

On entering and quitting Turin, $\frac{1}{2}$ a post extra is charged over and above the actual distance.

Diligences' office at Turin, Bonafous & Co., Contrada del Teatro d'Angennes, No. 37.

§ 6. As there is much smuggling on the frontier of France, the traveller is often subjected to vexatious delay, but time will always be gained by submitting to it. The French can rarely be bribed—the Piedmontese more easily—to facilitate the passage from one country to another.

§ 7. It is almost unnecessary to advise a traveller not to sleep in the plains if he can reach the mountains. His own love of that

“Health in the breeze and freshness in the gale;”

which is so exciting and invigorating in the mountains, would prompt him to seek for the pleasure of breathing it and the spirits it inspires; but the suggestion is offered to induce young travellers to avoid sleeping near the rice-grounds of Piedmont, or near the ponds, where in the summer the Piedmontes steep their hemp: these are deleterious, and may produce fever—fatal to the continuance and enjoyment of an Alpine journey.

§ 8. The wines of Piedmont are generally wholesome, often fine, and sometimes of great celebrity; and there is scarcely a hut in a village on the

mountains where *grissias*—a fine sort of biscuit like long pipes, and made of excellent flour—cannot be obtained. The traveller should never fail to supply his pockets with some of this bread or biscuit broken into convenient lengths; this, with a quaff from a fresh cold spring, having a dash of *Kirsch-enwasser* in it, will bear him, if taken at his intervals of rest, through a long day's journey.

§ 9. The money of Piedmont is the same as of France; *i. e.*, of the same quality, denomination, and value.

The measures of distance are very difficult to understand. By the mile of Italy, 60 to a degree is sometimes meant; but more frequently the mile of Piedmont, 40 to a degree: the difference is enough to add a weary length to a day's journey, when the mile is nearly double that of the mile of England. The French league of 25 to a degree is a common measure by which they estimate distances; but all these are vague as applied to mountain rambles, and it is best to estimate distance by time. There can be no mistake where from point to point is stated as so many hours distant; and what has been accomplished in a day or six hours by one traveller, may be safely recommended as the time required for another, and as the distance reckoned herein for time, rather exceeds what is required by a very active walker, the estimate will not deceive.

§ 10. *Maps*.—There are no maps of the Alps upon which implicit confidence can be placed, at least of the country south of Mont Blanc. Raymond's Sheet Map is full of errors, and those published by the Sardinian Government are deplorably inaccurate. Paul Chaix's Map of Savoy* is generally correct, for Savoy itself; but like that of Switzerland by Keller, of which the edition of 1838 is the best, beyond the boundaries of Savoy and Switzerland neither is to be implicitly trusted. Among the best maps of Piedmont is Stucci's of the states on *terra firma* of the king of Sardinia. Within a few years, Maggi of Turin has published the provinces of the kingdom of Sardinia separately, and they will be found useful though not correct. General Bourcet's Map of the French Alps from Nice to Pont Beauvoisin is one of the most accurate yet published. A most faithful reduction of this map to two small sheets, may be had. A "*Dizionario Geografico, Storico*," &c., of the states of the King of Sardinia, is now in the course of publication by Maspero of Turin. A map in six parts is in preparation to accompany the work on its completion, and if its details and its accuracy be commensurate with the text, it will be a valuable work for the traveller in the Alps of Piedmont. The Sardinian Government has for some time been engaged in a careful survey of its territories, and it is to be hoped that ere long it may give an accurate map of its dominions to the world.

* Published by Wilde, Charing-Cross, London; and at Geneva.

Pedestrian Tours of Six Weeks or Two Months, chiefly in the Alps of Savoy and Piedmont.

** Carriage Road. * Char Road. † Mule Road. § Footpath.

All names following the marks indicated are the same as the last.

** Geneva to Salanches, or St. Martin. (115.)	Omegna.
* Chamouny.	** Vogogna. (59 and 105.)
† Tête Noire to Trient. (116.)	† Macugnaga—Monte Rosa.
Col de Balme to Chamouny. (117.)	§ Col de Moro.
§ Breven.	Sass.
§ Montanvert, le Jardin.	† Visp, in Valais.
† Chamouny to Cormayeur, by the Col de Vosa, Col de Bonhomme and the Col de la Seigne. (118.)	** Pass of the Simplon. (59.)
** Cormayeur to Aosta. (107.)	Arona—Lago Maggiore.
* St. Remy. (108.)	Borgomanero. (101.)
† Hospice of the Great St. Bernard.	Biella. (103.)
Liddes.	Ivrea. (107.)
* Martigny. (See Switzerland, Route 59.)	Aosta.
** Visp in Valais.	† Cogne.
† Pass of the Mont Cervin. (106.)	Pout—Val d'Orc.
Chatillon, Val d'Aosta.	Ceresol.
Col de Jon. (104.)	§ Col de Galèse, and return to Chapis.
Brussone.	† Col de Croix de Nivolet.
Col de Ranzola.	Val Savaranche.
Gressoney.	Villeneuve—Val d'Aosta.
Col de Val d'Obbia.	* St. Didier.
Riva.	† The Cramont, the Belvedere and Pass of the Little St. Bernard. (114.)
Varallo, Val Sesia. (101.)	* Bourg St. Maurice.
Rocco. (102.)	Moutiers Tarentaise. (122.)
Col de Colma.	** L'Hôpital Confians.
Pella—Lake of Orta, boat to.	Ugine.
	Faverge.
	Annecy.
	Geneva. (58.)

Six Weeks' Excursion. If extended to Two Months, start from

* Moutiers Tarantaise. (123.)	Perouse.
Baths of Brides.	† Val Germanasca. Protestant valley. (132.)
† Pralorgnan.	Balsille.
Col de Vanoise.	Col de la Fontaines.
Lanslebourg. (127.)	Pralis.
** Pass of the Mont Cenis.	Col Julian.
Susa.	Bobbio.
† Cesanne. (131.)	* La Tour.
† Col de Sestriere.	† Val Angrona.
* Pragelas—Val Clusone.	
Switz.	

Rora.
 •• Locarno.
 Borge.
 Peyrnanne. (133.)
 † Crussolas.
 † Pass of the Monte Viro.
 † Abries.
 Combe de Queyras.

• Embrun.
 •• Gap.
 Grenoble.
 Chamberry.
 Aix.
 Annecy.
 Geneva.

ROUTE 101.

ARONA ON THE LAGO MAGGIORE TO VARALLO IN THE VAL SESIA.

•• It is perhaps scarcely worth while to go far out of one's way to visit Varallo; the roads thither are bad, as well as the accommodation.

An excellent carriage road leads in less than two hours from Arona (Route 59) to Borgomanero, a large well-built town in the direct road to Vercelli and Turin, from Arona. From Borgomanero a good carriage road lies through the village of Gossano to Baccione, a village at the head of the lake of Orta, which may be reached in an hour from Borgomanero. A new road also has been made from Arona to Orta, avoiding the detour by Borgomanero. The scenery on the road, especially the approach to the lake of Orta (Route 102), where this beautiful lake is seen backed by Monte Rosa, is scarcely rivalled by any lake and mountain scene, from one end of the Alps to the other. At Baccione boats may be had to take carriages to Omegna at the lower end of the lake, distant 8 miles, and thence to Gravello in the route of the Simplon, beyond the Lago Maggiore.

From Borgomanero, there is an excellent road to the little town of Romagnano on the Sesia, where the inn is good. From Romagnano the road up the course of the Sesia is singularly beautiful, the mountains as they are approached offer richly wooded slopes, and the masses are relieved by castles, churches, and

oratories. The vegetation is most luxuriant; several villages are passed.

The principal place before arriving at Varallo is Borgo Sena; here the valley becomes narrower, and the road offers some striking scenes, though the range of view is more limited in the narrow parts of the Val Sesia. It opens again in the neighbourhood of

Varallo. Inns: Albergo d'Italia—best, but dear.—G. F. La Posta, partly new, but not well kept; Gran Falcone, very old and very dirty. No good inn. There is need of many inns to provide for the bodily wants of the spiritual visitors to the Sacro Monte, who, especially on the Feast of the Church, crowd here as devotees. The situation of this town, and the sanctuary on its celebrated Sacro Monte—*La Nuova Gerusalemme nel Sacro Monte di Varallo*, as the guide-book calls this extraordinary place of pilgrimage—form singular and interesting scenes.

Varallo, from every point of view, is highly picturesque, but it is so in a striking degree when seen from the bridge across the Sesia, which is very lofty and narrow, having three arches. From the dry bed of the river below the bridge, the Sacro Monte seen through its arches, the old houses which overhang the torrent, and the richly wooded slopes of the mountains which descend to the Val Sesia, form a tableau that few sketchers fail to possess.

The Sacro Monte is, however, the great object of attraction and pilgrimage. It rises immediately above the town, and is accessible by a paved

path, which winds up the side of the hill, and offers from every turn the most picturesque and beautiful scenes. Just before the summit is attained, the visitor passes a chapel and crucifix, the ex voto of a pious German sergeant-major, as duly announced by an inscription, which informs the visitor that, in honour of God and the Virgin Mary, John Pechel raised this chapel.

A troop of vagabonds, always ready to serve the traveller, offer themselves as guides: and to facilitate the visit to this extraordinary place, one is necessary, to point out all the chapels or oratories in the order of their numbers, an affair of research by no means easy, for though the spot of ground which they occupy is small, it seems, from its varied surface, and its labyrinth-like arrangement, to be very extensive.

This remarkable place has fifty chapels or oratories upon it, besides the great church, *Mountains, &c.* These oratories contain groups of figures modelled in terra-cotta, painted and clothed, placed and composed on the floor. They chiefly represent some of the principal events in the history of Christ, in the order of their occurrence. These places are never entered; they are merely frames or cases for the subjects grouped within them, which, seen from 2 or 3 peep-holes in front, like those in *raree-shows*, excite the devotion of the faithful, and the disgust, except in a few instances where they exhibit skill as works of art, of the merely curious. Externally, these oratories are rich in the architectural display of *facades*, *porticos*, *domes*, &c.: the figures within are the size of life.

The subjects are in the order of the numbers on the chapels.

1. The Fall of Man.
2. The Annunciation.
3. The Visitation.
4. The Angel announcing to Joseph the Miraculous Conception.
5. The Star of the East.

6. The Nativity.
7. Joseph and Mary adoring Christ.
8. The Presentation in the Temple.
9. The Angel advising Joseph to Fly into Egypt.
10. The Flight.
11. The Murder of the Innocents.
12. The Baptism in the Jordan.
13. The Temptation.
14. Christ and the Woman of Samaria.
15. Christ Curing the Paralytic.
16. Christ Raising the Widow's Son.
17. The Transfiguration.
18. The Raising of Lazarus.
19. The Entrance into Jerusalem.
20. The Last Supper.
21. Christ in the Garden.
22. Christ finds his Disciples Sleeping.
23. Christ betrayed by Judas.
24. Christ in the House of Anna.
25. Christ in the Hands of Caiaphas.
26. The Repentance of St. Peter.
27. Christ in the House of Pilate.
28. Christ in the House of Herod.
29. Christ Recondacted to Pilate.
30. The Flagellation.
31. Christ Crowned with Thorns.
32. Christ again Conducted to Pilate.
33. Christ Shown to the People.
34. Pilate Washing his Hands.
35. Christ sentenced to Death.
36. Christ Bearing the Cross.
37. Christ Nailed to the Cross.
38. The Crucifixion.
39. Christ taken down from the Cross.
40. The Pieta—the Women around the Body of Christ.
41. The Body wrapped in Linen.
42. San Francesco.
43. Christ Lying in the Sepulchre.
44. Saint Anna.
45. An Angel announcing to the Virgin Mary her Translation to Heaven.
46. The Sepulchre of the Virgin Mary.

In the first of these, representing the Fall of Man, Adam and Eve are seen amidst animals of all sorts and sizes, from the elephant to the rabbit,

In the second, the series which refer to Christ, commences with the Annunciation. One of the large compositions, representing the Murder of the Innocents, No. 11, contains above 60 figures, the size of life, besides the painted groups on the walls, so arranged as to assist the composition. All the walls are thus painted, and many of the pictures are masterly productions, not unworthy of the reputation of Pellegrini Tibaldi, whose name is found in the list of those who were employed upon the works of the Sacro Monte di Varallo; together with that of Gaudenzio Ferrari, a pupil and companion of Raphael, Brammingo the famous sculptor of children, and many other artists of eminence, as painters, sculptors, and architects. The valleys of the Novara, of which Val Sesia is the principal, are remarkable for the number of painters they have produced, and the names of many are preserved here as having proudly contributed to the embellishment of this singular sanctuary in their own country.

The subject of the Transfiguration is represented upon an enormous scale, the group in the foreground contains the demoniac boy, on the mountain, an immense modelled mass, are the three disciples, above them Christ, with Moses and Elias, over these, painted on the walls and ceiling of the dome, are the host of heaven, and above all, the Almighty. This vast composition occupies the highest and largest of these structures; and the height of the whole composition, modelled and painted, is nearly 100 feet.

Much effect is produced by the appropriate situation of some of the subjects. The access to the place where Christ is laid in the sepulchre is by a vault, where little light is admitted; and as it is difficult on entering from the open day to distinguish at first any object, the effect is very imposing.

Many of the figures are clothed in

real drapery, and some have real hair, which appears very grotesque, yet full of character and expression, many of the heads are finely modelled. In the subject of the Visitation the head of a female is strikingly fine. The executioners conducting to Calvary, or otherwise employed in inflicting suffering on Christ, are, to increase the disgust for their characters, modelled with goltres appended to their throats—a proof that these are not considered beauties here, in spite of the traveller's tale. The masks are painted, but no offence to taste in their class of art arises from this, because, as the subjects can only be seen through peep-holes in front of the projections of the oratories, and not passing from one of these to another, as much illusion is produced in seeing them as in observing a picture.

Among the objects of religious reverence here is a flight of steps, called the Scala Santa, recommended to the especial devotion of the faithful, who are informed by an inscription on a tablet at the foot of these stairs, that they have been built in exact imitation of the Scala Santa, at St. John Lateran in Rome. Some of the numerous devotees and pilgrims may always be seen crawling to heaven up these stairs, encouraged by a concession of plenary indulgence granted by Pope Clement XII. to all who would climb these eight and twenty steps on their hands and knees, say an Ave, a *Pater*, and a *Gloria* on each step, and kiss each step devoutly!

This extraordinary place originated in the piety of the blessed (i.e. half saint) Bernardino Caimo, a noble Milanese, who obtained in 1486, from Pope Innocent VIII., a faculty to found this sanctuary. Only 3 or 4 chapels were built in the time of the founder, but so great did its reputation for sanctity soon become, that princes and rich devotees contributed to its accomplishment, to the extent now observed. St. Carlo Borromeo twice visited it, in 1578 and 1584.

and the pallot bedstead upon which this patron saint of Milan died, is preserved here as a holy relic for the adoration of the faithful.

The church is a handsome structure, and the cloisters, where the priests reside, are in a beautiful situation, commanding views of Varallo and the Val Sesia below the town. At the entrance to the immediate site of the Oratorio, booths or shops are established for the sale of *corone*, i. e. beads, crucifixes, * *madonnas*, &c., which have acquired sanctity, and the power, in some cases, of working miracles, by having touched the blessed bed of the holy St. Carlo, or other miracle-working relics possessed by the fraternity of the Nuova Gerusalemme. The body is, however, provided for as well as the soul; and there are two booths within the sacred precincts for the sale of *liquors*, where the devotees may be generally seen preparing themselves for, or refreshing themselves after, the plenary indulgence at the *Scala Santa*, by plenary indulgence in *aqua viva*.

It is extraordinary that a place so remarkable, in a country so beautiful, should be so little known to English explorers of the picturesque. The Val Sesia and its lateral valleys of the Mastellone, and the Sermenta—the former leading by Pobelio, the latter by Carecforo, to Brianza in the Val Anzusa—are rarely visited by them.

No valleys in the Alps surpass these for the grandeur and beauty of the scenes which they present, none are more easy of access to Alpine tourists, a finer race of inhabitants is nowhere to be found, except perhaps in the neighbouring valley of Anzusa. The cantons of Switzerland do not offer greater varieties of costume, than are to be found in the different transversal valleys of the Sesia. And Varallo is far enough in the heart of the country to be made head-quarters, whilst researches are carried on in its neighbourhood; and not an unimportant part of these agréments is the cer-

tainty of finding tolerable quarters at the Albergo d'Italia, the chief inn at Varallo, after the wanderings of a day or two in the mountains and valleys in its vicinity.

ROUTE 102.

BAVENO (Route 59) TO VARALLO BY THE LAKE OF ORTA AND THE COL DE COLMA.

To those who would make an excursion to Varallo, from Baveno and the Lago Maggiore, a more beautiful route than that by Borgomanero and the Val Sesia offers itself. Immediately above Baveno rises the mountain ridge of *Monte Montevona*, which divides the Lago Maggiore from the Lago d'Orta, and a mule path leads across it to the town of Orta. The view of the Italian lakes, with the vast extent of the plains, and the glorious boundary of the Alps, apparently in close proximity, presented in this short transit, is scarcely, if at all, surpassed by any view among the Alps: travellers ought on no account to omit to climb to its summit. On the ascent, the Lago Maggiore in all its length lies spread out, from Baveno to Magadino, and the view in this direction is bounded only by the Lepontian and Rhodian Alps. Towards the little lakes around Varese, and to the plains of Lombardy, the view is boundless. After crossing the ridge, the Alps, and Monte Rosa in all her magnificence, burst upon the observer; and beneath him lies, in the repose of its deep locality, the beautiful *Lake of Orta* (anciently *Lacus Costus*), offering a thousand picturesque sites, yet scarcely known to the traveller, though it is within 3 hours of the route of the Simplon, a course followed by crowds of pleasure-loving ramblers, who seek their highest enjoyment in scenes like these, yet pass unwittingly the loveliest.

Those who do not choose to go by the Monte Montevona to Orta, may

visit it in a char by an excellent road; that, at Gravello, a short distance from Baveno, turns up the valley of Strona, traversed by the Negolia, the river that carries off the waters of the Lake of Orta, issuing from it at Omegna. (*Inn*: Aigle Impérial: boat to Orta, 3 men, 7 frs.) The Negolia, after its confluence with the Strona, rushes across the route of the Simplon, and falls into the Toccia, near Comagno.

The route from Baveno to Orta by the mountain is the shortest, but it occupies more time than the drive, which may be made by Omegna in 3 hours.

At Omegna a boat may be taken to Orta. (*Inn*: Albergo San Giulio, chos Ronchetti, the chief, and good:—dinner 3 frs., bed 1 fr., breakfast 1 fr. 50 c., but make your bargain; Leone d'Oro is a very fair little inn, beautifully situated at the water's edge; Trois Rois, seems good.) This town is delightfully situated on the borders of the lake, "but upon the side of a steep declivity, so that the walks have the disadvantage of being always up and down hill." L.S. The facilities for shooting in the neighbouring mountains and forests, and for fishing, boating, and bathing in the lake, offer most agreeable inducements for a short summer residence in this cool and delicious retirement. The Monte Sacro, on the summit of a lofty promontory projecting into the lake, commands some very fine views.

Orta possesses the additional recommendations, as a place of short sojourn, of being within one day's ride or drive of Milan, Turin, Como, Bellinzona, Varallo, Monte-Rosa, by the Val Sesia, or the Val Ansaona, and the summit of the Simplon. There is a new carriage road from Orta by Inverio and Gozzano to Arona, 3½ posts (Route 59). It is intended to make a carriage-road to Omegna, at the N. end of the lake, and thus open a direct communication with the Simplon.

It was at one time contemplated to continue the great route of the Simplon along the shores of the Lake of Orta, this was the plan of General Chamcloup, but the difference of level between the lakes Maggiore and Orta, the latter being 500 feet higher, induced the adoption of the present line. Such a road is completed, except from Omegna to Orta, and it is by no means a difficult journey to make even now. A good road leads from Orta to Omegna, where boat may be taken for Baccione at the S. end of the lake, 9 m. distant, where the inn is tolerable, and a char may be obtained to continue the journey to Borgomanero. To go this way from Baveno to Omegna, to visit Orta, the Isola Giulio, and other objects and places on the lake, would not occupy more than 7 or 8 hours; and from Borgomanero to Turin, is only a long day's drive (Route 103). The inn at Omegna is very bad.

The Isola di San Giulio is an object of singular beauty in the lake; it lies between Orta and Pella. The church and town of San Giulio surmount a rock that rises out of the deep lake; the bright buildings on it contrast with the blue waters with a fairy-like effect. The church has high antiquity, it was built on a spot rendered sacred by the retreat of San Giulio, in the 4th century, here his ashes are preserved in a subterranean vault, and the vertebra of a monstrous serpent, said to have been destroyed by the saint, is shown as a relic; how this relic of a whale was brought to such a retired spot it is difficult to conjecture, but it serves for the tradition. The church is rich in the materials of its structure; some columns of porphyry, a mosaic pavement, and bas-reliefs. There are vestiges on the island of ancient fortifications, used when Guilla, the wife of Berenger, the second king of Lombardy, took refuge here in 962, and defended it resolutely against Otto the First, emperor of Germany, who had invaded Italy, and deposed her

husband. Otho restored the island to the bishops of Novara, who had long held it before it was seized by Berenger. The island gave a title to a dukedom as early as 590, when Minulfo, duke of San Giulio, held it; he favoured the descent of the Franks, by the Saint Gothard, for which treachery he lost his head, by order of Astolpho, king of the Lombards.

Behind the town of Orta a hill rises on which there is a sanctuary, dedicated to Saint Francis of Assisi: over it are distributed 22 chapels or oratories, like those of Varallo. Some are elegant in their architecture; and they contain, as at Varallo, groups in terra-cotta. The hill is laid out like a beautiful garden, a character which peculiarly belongs to the mountain slopes which surround this lake, and whence probably its name is derived. The views from the hill of the sanctuary are of singular beauty, comprising the lake, the proximate mountains covered with wood, villages which speckle the shores of the lake and the sides of the hills, and the whole surmounted by the Alps.

At Pella, the village on the shore near to the Isola Giulio, mules may be had for crossing the mountain of Colma to Varallo, 4½ hours; and the ride is one of great interest, from the beautiful sites and views which it offers. A steep path leads up the mountain side to Arola, amidst the richest vegetation; vines, figs, gourds, and fruit-trees, make the course a vast garden. Magnificent forest-trees offer their shade, and the road in some places passes amidst precipices of granite in a state of decomposition, which offers an interesting study to the geologist; here, many of the specimens sold at Baveno are obtained. Above these granitic masses, the path continues through scenes resembling the most beautiful park scenery of England, and then opens upon the Col de Colma, a common, where a boundless scene is presented of the

lakes of Orta, Varese, and the plains of Lombardy, and, towards the Alps, of Monte Rosa.

The descent on the other side, towards the Val Duggia, is not less beautiful. The Val Sesia is seen in the deep distance, richly wooded and studded with churches and villages; the path leads down through pastoral scenes, which sometimes recall the most agreeable recollections of home to an English traveller; then changes almost suddenly to the deep gloom of a ravine, where there are quarries, formerly worked for the buildings of Varallo, buried in a forest of enormous walnut and chestnut trees. Issuing from this wild spot, the traveller shortly finds himself in the Val Sesia at Rocco, about four miles from Varallo. See page 266.

Another mountain path leads from Gossano, 2 m. to the S. of the Lago d'Orta, to Borgo Sesia, through the village of Val Duggia, the birthplace of Gaudenzio Ferrari, a pupil of Raphael.

ROUTE 103.

ARONA TO TURIN BY ROMAGNANO.

10½ posts to Ivrea.

1½ Borgomanero, } Route 101.

1½ Romagnano. } This road is far preferable to that which leads by the course of the Sesia to Vercelli, through a flat and uninteresting country, and descends to the *rizière*, or rice-grounds of Piedmont. The following more pleasant route crosses the Sesia and passes through the Canavaia, a district celebrated for the quantity of hemp which it produces, and from which it derives its name. In the season it is singular to see the whole population engaged in stripping and otherwise preparing hemp; whether walking or sitting, alone, or in groups in the streets before their houses, all are thus occupied.

After crossing the Sesia, the traveller passes through the town of

Gattinara. (*Inns*: Falcone; Angelo; both good.) It is a great recommendation to excursions in Piedmont, that tolerable inns are to be found in most of the little towns, and in many, especially in a line of intercourse, they are really excellent. Some of the Italian antiquaries, and among them Denina, assert that the great battle of Marston and Catolles against the Cimbri was fought in the neighbourhood of Gattinara.

From Gattinara to Biella the route lies through Maccarano and Cosata, and offers many beautiful views of the plains and the mountains as the road rises or falls over the undulating ground which skirts the bases of the mountains as they subside into the plains of Piedmont.

2 San Giovanni del Bosco.

2 Biella, situated on the Cervo, one of the affluents of the Sesia, is 22 miles from Verello, and about 12 from Romagnano. It contains a population of about 8000. It has some trifling manufactories of paper, common woollen goods, and hats. Its sanctuary of *Notre Dame d'Oropa* is, however, an object of attraction, which brings crowds of visitors to offer their devotions to an image, one of the thousand black specimens of bad carving, which, under the name of *Our Lady*, is worshipped for its miracle-working powers: that of Oropa is said to have been carved by Saint Luke, who is made a sculptor as well as a painter, and is stated to have been brought by a St. Eusebius from Syria, and reserved by him in the then wild and desert mountain of Oropa, near Biella. The sanctuary of Mont Oropa is 6 m. distant, and the access to it, high up in the mountain, was formerly difficult; but the road now, though steep, is practicable for light carriages. Those, however, who hope for help from the miraculous power of the Image, must walk up. A series of steep tourniquets leads to the church dedicated to the Virgin, which is a fine structure of the 14th and

15th centuries. Painting and sculpture have adorned and enriched it; and among the artists employed are found the names of Gaudenzio Ferrari and Luino. At the angles, in the zigzag ascent to the church, there are erected chapels, dedicated to the Virgin, and named after some event in her life, as, the Chapel or Oratory of the Annunciation—of the Purification—of the Assumption, &c. A few are dedicated to saints in the Romish calendar; and the whole number of these chapels exceeds 24.

One benefit to the traveller who may choose to wander by Biella, a little out of the high course from Verello to Turin, arises from this miserable superstition, for it has caused the establishment of good inns necessary for the accommodation of the numerous pilgrims who visit it; and he will have no reason to complain of a want of comfort at Biella; and, if required by the traveller or the pilgrim, accommodation may even be had at the Convent of Mont Oropa. There is a communication by diligence, three times a week, between Biella and Turin, distant 33 miles.

From Biella to Turin there are two roads, one by Saluzzola, Cigliano, and Chivasso, the other by Ivrea; the distance is nearly equal; but by the former the traveller descends at once to the plains; by Ivrea, a more picturesque road leads across valleys and open commons, by Mongrando, and over the Monte Bolengo, famous for the vineyards on its slopes, and passing by the village of Zubiena, beautifully situated, and where a little inn offers its limited accommodations. The views presented from the heights, of the plains and valleys spread out below the traveller on the left, and of the richly wooded mountain slopes, the lowest buttresses of the Alps towards the side of Piedmont, on the right, well recompense the traveller for the worse road, and lead him to

34 Ivrea, at the entrance of the cele-

drated valley of Aosta, about 20 Piedmontese miles from

Turin. (See page 293.)

ROUTE 104.

VARALLO (Route 101) TO CHÂTILLON IN THE VAL D'AOSTA, BY THE PASSES OF THE COL DE VAL DOBBIA, THE COL DE RANZOLA, GRESSONAY, AND THE COL DE JON, CROSSING THE VAL DE LYS AND THE VAL CHALLANT.

From Varallo, the ascent of the Val Sesia can only be made on mules: nothing on wheels can advance higher than Balmuccia, 5 miles above Varallo. N.B. On market-days it is difficult to hire mules in the villages adjacent.

The Val Sesia offers scenes of less rugged grandeur than some of its lateral valleys; but in its course many of great beauty are passed, chiefly rendered so by the fine wooding of the slopes, the grand forms of the trees, and the sometimes tranquil, often furious course of the Sesia. Before arriving at Scopello, the villages of Balmuccia and Rna are passed, and the wild valley of Sermonto opens on the right.

At Scopello there are many smelting houses, where the copper ore, already washed and crushed, is reduced. About 50 tons are raised annually at Alagna, at the head of the Val Sesia, 4 leagues above Scopello.

There is not much variation in the scenery, though the whole is pleasing. The route passes by the villages of Campertongo and Mollis (a new *Ira*, and good) to

Riva, the chief of the high villages in the valley. The *Ira* is improved, and offers abundance of good fare. Within the district known as the Val Sesia there are reckoned two bourgs and 30 villages, evidence of a thickly-populated country in the valleys of the Alps. Riva is situated at the confluence of the torrents of the Dobbia and the Sesia, and about half a league below the village of

Alagna, a poor place agreeably situated, with a pretty church and no *Ira*, where the mines of copper are wrought. From Alagna, a pass by the *Mont Turlo* leads in 6 hours from the Val Sesia to Pesterena in the Val Anzosa. (Route 104 *e*, and p. 276.)

The church of Riva will surprise the traveller by its structure, its excessive decoration, and the real talent with which it is painted within and without, chiefly by one of the numerous painters whom the Val Sesia has produced—Tanzio, or Antonio d'Enrico, a native of Alagna. The external paintings have a remarkable freshness, though they have existed more than 200 years, exposed to the weather in this high valley.

The view of Monte Rosa from Riva is very sublime; its enormous masses, clothed in glaciers, close the head of the Val de Lys, and offer a scene of extraordinary grandeur.

The course into the Val de Lys from Riva is up the narrow ravine of the Dobbia, by a wretched and difficult path, in some places overhanging the torrent, in others disputing with the river the narrow course through which both must struggle. After passing the miserable hamlet of Grato, near to which there is a fine waterfall gushing out of the black ravine, the abrupt ascent to the Col de Val Dobbia rises through a pine forest, and thence over Alpine pasturages by a long and tiring path, which offers no object of particular interest to the traveller.

The distance from Riva to the Col, which is 8200 feet above the level of the sea, requires 5 hours. On the summit there is an humble hospice—a stone hovel for the shelter of travellers who may be unfortunate enough to require it, it existed in Saussure's time: it consists of two apartments, a chapel and a place of refuge within. It was built at the joint expense of the commune of Riva and of an individual of Gressoney, named Lascos. Steep slopes of snow lie near the

summit unmelted throughout the year. The Monte Rosa is concealed for some time from the traveller, but in the course of his descent the deep valley of the Lya, and the sublime masses of Monte Rosa, offer views rivaling any in the great chain.

From the summit to

Gressoney (St. Jean) requires from 2 to 3 hours. At this retired village the traveller will be agreeably surprised on arriving at an excellent *Isa*, kept by the family Luocos, where a harpsichord, German music, a tolerable library of Latin, German, and some French authors, portraits of Joseph II and Maria Theresa, and a formidable array of many generations of the Luocos' half-length ancestors, in "curled white wigs," hung around to recal their virtues to the memory of their descendants is an unexpected finding in a village so retired that it almost touches the glaciers of Monte Rosa.

It is a singular fact, that in all the communes at the heads of the Piedmontese valleys of Monte Rosa, the German language is spoken at Riva and Alagna in the Val Sesia, above Pesterena in the Val Anzusa, and at St. Giacomo in the Val Challant. The manners of these communities is as distinct as their language from that of their neighbours lower down the valleys, with whom they hold little intercourse: they encourage a pride of birth and birthplace which strongly keeps up the separation. At Gressoney, in the Val de Lya, this is perhaps more strongly exemplified than in any other of the valleys. Here their characters are distinguished for honesty and industry, and few communities have a higher moral tone. Crime is almost unknown among them, and if disputes arise, the syndic or magistrate elected by themselves hears the complaint, and effects an amicable settlement.

They possess many of those comforts which an Englishman appreciates, and which are unknown to

the lower inhabitants of the valleys. Their education and attainments are of a higher order than is usually found in such a class, especially in such a place.

Many of their young men have distinguished themselves by the abilities which they have displayed when they have gone abroad in the world. They have become merchants and bankers, and many from among them have become eminent for learning and science, and reflected honour on the little community located in this Alpine solitude. Among these is Herr Zumstein, better known in the Val Sesia as M. de la Pierre, who has made several ascents of the Monte Rosa, and gave great assistance to Colonel Von Welden in his topography of Monte Rosa. Zumstein holds the appointment of inspector of the forests of the Val Sesia.

From Gressoney St. Jean, the descent to St. Martin, in the Val d'Aosta, by the valley of the Lya, is a journey of about 18 miles (5 hours' walk), passing through many villages and hamlets, of which the principal are Gaby, Isime, Fontainemore, and Lillianes, —and through some scenes of wildness and beauty, which, however, become common to the traveller in the Val d'Aosta and its lateral valleys. Above Gressoney St. Jean are the hamlets of Gressoney la Trinité, San Giacomo, and St. Pietro.

The excellent accommodations afforded at Gressoney St. Jean render it desirable head-quarters to those who would visit the magnificent glaciers at the head of the Val de Lya, or make excursions around Monte Rosa by the Col d'Ollen, which connects the heads of the valleys of the Sesia and the Lya, and the Col de Betta between the Val de Lya and the Val Challant. Excellent guides may be found at Gressoney, and there are few valleys in proximity with the glaciers which offer so many Alpine wonders to the examination of the traveller.

In continuing the route direct to Châtillon, in the Val d'Aosta, it is necessary to ascend the steep forest-paths and slopes of the mountain on the side of the valley opposite to the Col de Val Dobbia: it is an extremely difficult and fatiguing path the whole way up to the Col de Ransola, the summit of the ridge which divides the valleys of the Lys and Challant.

On emerging in the ascent from the pine forest, the finest perhaps of the views of Monte Rosa is presented, especially when taken in connexion with the beautiful Val de Lys, which lies far below the traveller, with its quiet villages and fertile pasturages. The Lys, like a silver thread, may be traced up to its glaciers. On either side of the valley the vast mountains, belted with forests, offer, at the depression of their ridges, the paths by which the most frequent intercourse takes place with the neighbouring valleys. The scene is imperishable from the memory whilst any recollections of the Alps remain to the traveller.

After passing the Col de Ransola (7136 ft.) the descent is gradual to the little hamlet of St. Grat. Nor is it either steep or difficult to Brussone, in the Val Challant. The distance from Gressoney to Brussone is 5 hours. In the descent, the Val Challant may be traced in its course far down towards Verrex, where it joins the Val d'Aosta; except at the lowest part of the valley it fails in striking objects of interest, but near its termination there are some fine scenes. Above Brussone the valley ascends through several hamlets to St. Giacomo d'Ayas, whence a pass leads to the head of the Val Tournanche and the pass of the Cervin, pp. 287. 290.

At Brussone there is one of the most detestable inns in Piedmont. Filth and its accompanying gulfre diognat in every direction, and the Cheval Blanc, with its dirty hostess, cannot be forgotten. Sleeping here may be avoided, as the journey from

Gressoney to Châtillon in the Val d'Aosta may be easily accomplished in a day, and from Gressoney to Verrallo may be performed in another, and thus the bad inns at Brussone and at Riva may be avoided.

From Brussone another mountain range must be crossed to reach the Val d'Aosta at Châtillon; or the traveller may descend to Verrex in the Val d'Aosta, which requires 5 hours, passing through Challant and Châlard. The road across the mountain presents some glorious views, and Châtillon, by the Col de Jon, is reached as soon as Verrex by the Val de Challant. After crossing some meadows beyond Brussone, the road winds steeply up through a forest of pines and larches, and then opens upon one of the most beautiful pasturages in the Alps—the Col de Jon, which is a fine greensward, broad and luxuriant.

On reaching the descent towards the Val d'Aosta, this beautiful valley is seen in all its length, from Châtillon to the Mont Blanc; not traced quite to the base of the latter, for its summit only is seen towering over the lower abutments into the Val d'Aosta, and showing a glorious termination to this vast and beautiful view, which, in the descent, constantly varies. A series of steep tourniquets brings the traveller down to the forests of chestnut and walnut trees, for which the Val d'Aosta is celebrated. These offer to him their shade, and soon the vines and figs add their luxuriant foliage to the cool and refreshing path which leads through the village and baths of St. Vincent (3 or 4 hours from Brussone), and the valley of Aosta is entered at one of its finest points near Châtillon.

ROUTE 104 a.

PASS OF THE TURLO—FROM ALAGNA TO PESTERENA.

A very tedious, but not difficult pass, 9141 ft. above the sea-level.

The path runs along the right bank of the Besin for about a mile above Alagna (p. 273), but returns to the right bank, a little beyond Ronch, by a wooden bridge. It soon after recrosses the stream for the last time, and where it regains the left bank the ascent commences up a steep slope of debris. A little higher up the view of Monte Rosa is very grand indeed (See Forbes). Above this, after taking for some time the direction of the valley below, you follow the course of a small stream descending from a wild rocky amphitheatre, at the head of which is the pass. The path lies on the left side of the valley, and is but faintly traced. It is on a gentle ascent until the final mounting of the ridge, which is so sharp that it cannot be passed where lowest, but at a point to the left of this, marked by a wooden cross. The view hence is very fine, but too near to give a general idea of Monte Rosa. The descent begins over a steep slope of snow, after which it becomes very precipitous. The best way of effecting it is to make a circuit above the rocks to the left. The first chalets are those of Plana, occupied by Piedmontese, and dirty; below them the torrent is crossed. After following the course of a narrow valley, the Val Macugnaga is reached, a few miles above Pesterena (p. 230), where there is a tolerable inn. See also p. 291 for the *Pass of the Turlo*.

ROUTE 105.

VOGOGNA, IN VAL D'OSOLA, TO VISP
IN THE VALLAIS, BY THE VAL AN-
ZASCA, THE PASS OF THE MONTE
MORO, AND THE VALLEY OF SAAS.

Vogogna (Route 59) is situated in the plain of the Val d'Osola, 2 posts below Domo d'Osola, and on the confluence of the torrent of the Anza with the Toccia.

The Valley of Anzasca leads directly up to the Monte Rosa; the village of Macugnaga, the highest in

the valley, is a day's journey from Vogogna; thence the pass over the Moro, and by the valley of Saas to Visp, though long and fatiguing, may be accomplished in another day, or accommodation may be found, if necessary, at Stalden, 8 miles short of the whole journey.

"There is a talk of the government constructing a road up the valley, but it will probably end in talk. That from Pic de Muliera to Ponte Grande is detestable. Thence to the Chapel of Cima Morga, about 4 m., there is a tolerably good road, and for a couple of miles about Campiolo there is really an excellent one; but there is no great good in good char-roads where there are no chars, and there can be none in the valley until the road at its entrance is adapted to admit them"—C. B.

Several of the communes are making good bits of char-road.

On leaving Vogogna, a road, leading directly to the Val Anzasca, lies across the plain, and passes through the village of Pic di Muliera, at the foot of a steep ascent which leads to another village called Cima di Muliera; these are situated on the l. bank of the Anza.

The ascent to Cima is very steep, occupying near $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour. Mules may be hired at Pic de Muliera, but should be ordered the evening before, as they are off very early to their work. Ladies may be carried up and down in a portantine.

The path rises high on the steep slopes which descend to the bed of the Anza, and the village of Castiglione overhangs the richly-wooded sides of the valley. On the lower slopes of the valley the vine flourishes, and the path for miles, with little interruption, is shadowed by trellises. On looking back the views of the Val d'Osola are beautiful, and greatly enriched by the luxuriant vegetation of the foreground. The buildings, especially the churches, are still Italian in character, and sparkle in the

landscape; and beyond the plain of the Val d'Ossola the mountains which divide it from the Lago Maggiore bound the view.

The road up the valley is scarcely anywhere level. The valley is remarkably narrow, and the path, accommodated to the sinuosities of the slopes, is carried steeply up and down, in and out, but offers from this cause an infinite variety of sites, whence the scenes of the valley are beautifully presented. its steep sides, however, present few spots for cultivation. Forests, fruit-trees, and vines, enrich the whole surface, and it is only when the path reaches considerable elevations that little plains and slopes of arable and pasturage, and village spires are seen above the belts of forest on the opposite side, and these again surmounted by the peaks of Monte Rosa at the head of the valley.

The descent to the village of Calasca offers beautiful views, and beyond it the path descends to the banks of the Anza, and for some time borders on the stream. Here the fine cascade of the Val Bianca bursts out, and forms one of the celebrated waterfalls of Piedmont. Soon after the valley opens, a little above the Ponte Grande, where a single arch of large span and sweeping elevation crosses the Anza. At Ponte Grande is a filthy and very bad *Inn*, about $3\frac{1}{4}$ hours from Pie di Muliera. Though it is dirty enough, its discomfort is bearable for the sake of the wonderful beauty of the Val Anasca. Here two roads branch off; that on the right bank of the river leads to Hano, a large village whence paths ascend to cross the mountains into the Val Sesia (Route 104). The road to the Monte Rosa ascends by the left bank of the river, in its course it skirts the village of St. Carlo, and the traveller soon after arrives at

Vanzone. (*Inn*: St. Moro; dirty, and extortionate;—don't expect to find anything beyond a slight luncheon.)

This is the chief place in the Val Anasca, and half way in the day's journey from Vogogna to Macugnaga.

Above Vanzone the same beautiful scenery prevails, and the route passes through many villages—among them Ceppo Morelli (where is a clean-looking *Inn*), Campiole, and Morgen—to an abrupt and narrow defile which marks a distinction between the valleys of Anasca and Pesterena, the latter being the name given to the upper part of the valley through which the Anza flows, from the plain of Macugnaga to the defile.

"The best head-quarters in the valley for a small party seem to be Ceppo Morelli, 2 hours above Ponte Grande, and 1 above Vanzone, the situation is more convenient, and the inn comparatively clean, though small. In ascending the valley above Pesterena, the traveller comes on the magnificent view of Monte Rosa, at a village called La Bourge, about 2 m. below Macugnaga. It is certainly the finest Alpine view I ever saw. Game: chamois, blackcock, and ptarmigan, abound in the valley."—C. B.

The beautiful valley of Anasca has been described by Hockendon in his "Excursions in the Alps," and a quotation from that work will put the reader, and the traveller in this district, in possession of requisite information upon this interesting valley and its inhabitants:—

"After sketching the fine view of Monte Rosa from the door of the albergo, and collecting from mine host some information for my day's journey, and a confirmation of my guide's topography in the names of the places which we had passed, we left the retired little plain of Macugnaga. The valley soon narrowed to a deep glen; the descent was rapid, and in less than an hour brought us to the gold-mines of Pesterena. There is an *El Dorado* sound in this, which excites high expectations, but there is no more appearance of it than in the pavement of St. Paul's Churchyard.

The mines are explored to find this 'world's chief mischief,' combined, in very small proportions, with sulphate of iron, a kilogramme of ore yielding, by the process of amalgamation, an average of only six grammes, the richest ore only yielding ten. My landlord at Macugnaga had furnished me with the name of Professor Pantanetti, as the superintendent of the mines, and as the possessor of a collection of specimens of the minerals of the valley.

"I called upon this gentleman at Pesterena, and received the most courteous and obliging attentions from him. He sent a servant with me to the mills on the Anza, where the ore is crushed, and to the mines; and directed the miners to give me assistance and information. The first was readily offered; but the last was useless, as I could not understand a syllable of their jargon. I entered the mine about 300 yards, by an adit of slight ascent. Here a shaft was sunk about 60 feet, and I saw several miners working on the lower vein of the ore. The quantity raised is not very considerable. Women are chiefly employed in pounding and picking the ore, whence it passes to the mills of granite, in which it is ground and prepared for amalgamation: the final process is in the hands of M. Pantanetti alone. On my return to that gentleman's house, he pressed me to take refreshment, and gave me some specimens of the ore of the mines, and two works which he had written,—one of them, on the mines of those valleys, in answer to a work of Rosini's, at Turin.

"I soon after crossed the Anza, over an Alpine bridge, and continued to ascend above the right bank of the river. Numerous adits of mines, indicated by the earth and stones thrown from them, marked the pursuits of the inhabitants of this valley, who are nearly all miners. The mineral riches of these mountains—iron, lead, copper, silver, and gold—are worked at

short distances from each other; and many of the mines of the inferior metals are very productive. The distinction between the continuous valleys of Pesterena and Anzusa is strongly marked by a vast mass of the mountain, which, nearly closing the bottom of the former valley, leaves only a deep and savage gorge, through which the Anza escapes on the left side into the Val Anzusa. The path over this mass leads through what scarcely deserves the name of a village, Morgen, but which lies in a spot richly wooded by magnificent chestnut-trees. The descent into the Val Anzusa is very beautiful: the river is again crossed over a fearful bridge, immediately below the defile of Pesterena; and the road continues on the left bank of the river, entirely through the valley. The first village in the Val Anzusa is Campiole, near Ceppo Morelli; it is the place which travellers who would avoid the valley of Macugnaga, or Pesterena, would arrive at by the path over the Mont Moro. The descent, my guide informed me, is longer than from the Macugnaga pass, but much distance is gained by travellers who would go from the valley of Sesia direct to the Val Anzusa. Here the Piedmontese dialect began to prevail; though the German patois of my guide was understood even below Vanzone.

"The immediate scenery of the upper part of this beautiful valley, where from its depth the lofty mountains were hid from my view, reminded me of some of the sweetest scenes of Devonshire. But the path soon rose above the left bank of the river, and attained a considerable elevation; and I perceived that, except in a few limited spots at the upper end of the valley, and here and there on the steep sides of the mountains, there was no land to cultivate. Extensive forests of chestnut and walnut trees, fine in form and rich in colour, clothed the hills as far up as the eye could perceive them (except where lofty

and distant mountains peered above), and descended far beneath the traveller's path, to where it met the opposite slope, scarcely appearing to leave room enough for the river to struggle through, and of which glimpses were rarely caught. This was the general character of the valley. From a chapel at Cimamorga, in the road near Ceppo Morrelli, there is a very striking view—in it all the beautiful characteristics of the scenery seemed to be assembled—the river far beneath struggling through its narrow bed; the majestic forests, which clothed the mountain sides, among which was sometimes seen a village church or group of cottages, and the vista towards the Alps terminated by the vast and beautiful peaks of Monte Rosa.

"I was much struck by the appearance of the inhabitants of this valley. I rarely saw a plain woman—their beautiful faces and fine forms, their look of cheerfulness and independence, and what in Piedmont was more remarkable, their extreme cleanliness, continually arrested attention. Their costume was peculiar, but pleasing: the hair braided; a vest fitted to the form, and buttoned high, over which was another, usually embroidered and left open, beneath, a silk or other cincture round the waist, and a petticoat reaching half-way down the legs: the feet generally bare; the sleeves of the chemise loose, full, and white as the snow of their mountains, with faces, hands, and feet, cleaner than those of any other peasantry that I ever saw. Sometimes I observed a loose coat, like that of the modern Greek, worn over their usual dress, as if going on a distant visit.

"The Anzascons are aware that they have a reputation for cleanliness and beauty, and they are justly proud of it. Whilst I was taking refreshment at Vansone, the principal town in the valley, I mentioned to the inn-keeper (rather, a sort of keeper of a chandler's shop) the impression which the people of the valley had made

upon me. He seemed delighted at my having noticed the fine women and their cleanliness, and said that what I had seen was not sufficient to do them justice. 'Come,' said he, 'into our valley at a fête; see our women on Sunday next at St. Carlo, the village below there, which you see in the valley: all the world will be there: in Upper Val Sesia they boast of their women, but they are not to be compared to ours.' I spoke again of their cleanliness, he said. 'Our women pride themselves upon the quantity, the fineness, and, above all, the whiteness of their linen; and they are so scrupulously clean in their persons, that (I must use his own energetic expression) *il est plus facile de trouver une mouche blanche dans cette vallée qu'une vermine*.'

"I had not observed any beggars in the valley, and there was no appearance of poverty: mine host said, that the great industry of the Anzascons enabled them to establish funds for their poor, which prevented their wants, and restrained their begging. Those who could not work were assisted; and those who could, were not permitted to be idle.

"It was evening when we reached Cima de Muliera, whence the descent is very rapid by a zigzag paved road to Pie de Muliera. A house was here pointed out to me which formerly belonged to a superintendent of the gold mines, who had fantastically displayed his riches, or his occupation, by gilding the balconies, railings and other iron-work of his residence. I think I can perceive in the Val Anzasca the location of the Ictymuli, whose gold mines were so extensively wrought, that Pliny says a law existed among them which forbade their employing more than 5000 men. D'Anville and Claverius place the Ictymuli at the head of the Val Sesia: it has always been a subject of difficulty with ancient geographers; but here, where, and where only in Piedmont, gold is still raised, the name of the Ictymuli

may be traced in the villages of Cima de Muliera and Pie de Muliera, at the entrance to the valley where the mines are worked, and where yet, at the latter place, the receiver of the metal resides. This admitted, the commercial importance of the ancient pass of the Moro may be accounted for; its antiquity, and the excellence of what remains of it, carries it back to a remote period as a line of intercourse, at least coeval with that of the Great St. Bernard.

"My recollections of the scenes which I have passed through in the last three days, from Visp to Vogogna, induced me to think this pass the most wild, interesting, and beautiful that I have yet made; and the Val Anzasca I have distinguished in my mind as the happy valley, not only for the blessings which its inhabitants possess, but the evils which they appear to have avoided, and which have rendered even the presence of priests unnecessary,—at least I saw none; nor did I, during my descent through the valley, from Macugnaga to Pie de Muliera, meet or see a soldier, a douanier, or a beggar—a gaitre or a crétin."

At Macugnaga, an inn, which may be endured by an Alpine traveller, offers all its bad accommodations with so much civility, as almost to reconcile the traveller to disgust, starvation, and want of rest. Myriads of fleas, and nondescript food, do not promise well for rest and refreshment; but the little host who keeps the inn—of whom *Aesop* was the prototype—boasts of his having studied the cuisine at Lyons; where he seems to have fitted himself for the service of Harpagon. Still the inn may be endured, for the sake of the palace of nature in which it is placed; and it is reputed to be improved, though it may be well to bargain beforehand. Martin is a good guide here.

There is no scene in the Alps surpassing the appearance of Monte Rosa from Macugnaga; at least it is better seen, than Mont Blanc is seen

at Chamonny; from its loftiest peaks to its base in the plain of Macugnaga, its vast masses are spread out before the observer. The highest summit is 15,150 ft. above the sea-level. Its deep rifts are marked by lines of snow, and glaciers which stream from its summit to the vault of ice whence issues the torrent of Anza. The bases of the lateral mountains are clothed with dark forests of fir and larch, and the whole scene gives an impression of immensity, and excites the most sublime emotion. Monte Rosa is by no means a single summit, but a knot or union of two ridges or chains crossing each other at right angles. E. and W., and N. and S.; so that its ground-plan may be said to resemble a \dagger . The N.E. angle forms the head of the Val Anzasca, and encloses the glacier of Macugnaga, as the N.W. does that of Zermatt: the S.E. is the head of the Val Sesia, and the S.W. under the Lyskamp, is the cradle of the glacier of the Lys, and head of the valley of Gressoney.

The little plain of Macugnaga is like the arena of a vast amphitheatre: more than three sides of it are inclosed by enormous mountains. On the left is observed the pass which leads over the Mout Turlo to Alagna and the Val Sesia (Route 104A), thence, sweeping round to the right, the eye marks the Pizri Hianca, which mingles with the prodigious masses of Monte Rosa, and passes on to the Cima de Jasi, and the Col of the Monte Moro, a panorama of unmatched grandeur. The plain of Macugnaga—a league long, and half a league wide—is a luxuriant meadow, which produces abundance of food and fodder for the cattle: there are many little hamlets in it, some almost touching the glaciers. The church of Macugnaga is a building of more striking appearance and richer in its decorations than one would expect to find in such a situation.

The defile below Pasterena, a short hour below Macugnaga, divides not

only the valley of Pusterena from that of Anzusa, but even the language of the inhabitants. In the Val Pusterena and the plain of Macugnaga German alone is spoken, as in the other high valleys which commence in the deep rifts of Monte Rosa; while in the Val Anzusa the language is Piedmontese and Italian.

The pass of the Moro is the easiest over the great chain between the Great St. Bernard and the Simplon; still it is not practicable for horses, though there are traces of an old paved horse-road. The ascent to the pass is very abrupt, and the traveller rises rapidly above the little plain and village of Macugnaga. The path lies at first through a straggling forest, but the Alps or pasturages are soon attained, and the scene thence presented is most magnificent—all the masses of this glorious mountain are open to the view, from its peaks still thousands of feet above him to the basin of Macugnaga, now thousands of feet below. Such a scene cannot be conceived, and once seen can never be forgotten. From the high pasturages the path traverses a stony and barren slope to the snow and glaciers, which it is necessary to cross. On the summit, amidst a heap of stones, a cross is placed, and the traveller looks down on the other side of the mountain towards the Vallais, and into a scene of sterility which has no relief.

Before descending towards the valley of Saas it is desirable to walk along the crest of the Moro to the right, about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, where, mounting some rocks, a glorious view offers itself, extending over the valley of Anzusa and Antrona to the plains of Italy and the chain of the Alps, even to its subsidence in the distant Tyrol. The traveller who, in going from Visp by the Moro, wishes to shorten his route and avoid Macugnaga, may from the summit of the Moro descend to Champole in the Val Anzusa by a tolerable path, but he would lose the finest views of the Monte Rosa.

The summit of the pass of the Monte Moro is 9641 English feet (*Forbes*) above the sea, and 4 or 5 hours are required to attain it from Macugnaga. The descent is at first difficult on the northern slope of the snow, but one soon reaches an ancient paved road which has been cut out of the face of the precipices, and fearfully overhangs a deep hollow into which the glaciers which stream down from the surrounding peaks seem to be poured. The spot is one of the most desolate in the Alps. Soon it is necessary to cross a very steep narrow slope of snow, which stretches down, below where it traverses the path, at least 500 feet, here a slip would be fatal, but the guides trudge across it, laden with the traveller's luggage, as if the thought never occurred to them that it was possible to slip and fall into the deep and fearful gulf. At length the paved road is left, and no vestige can be traced of it—it has been destroyed by the masses which have fallen from the precipices above.

Professor Forbes says:—“The descent to Saas is singularly easy and pleasant. There is a steep bed of snow crossed at first, but afterwards a gentle fall leads down the whole way to Visp. On the l. rises the Saasgrat, a lofty chain of inaccessible snowy peaks, separating the valley of Saas from that of Zermatt.”

The path now winds down the vast talus formed by these repeated falls of rocks, to reach the scanty herbage of the highest pasturages. From below it is impossible to trace any path, or even in what direction the path lies, by which the descent has been made; yet it is not a century since this was the road by which the courier regularly passed from Piedmont to the Vallais.

The pass of the Moro, and another across the glaciers on the right into the Val Antrona, are mentioned in an old record of the date of 1440, as “*fortes vias passages*,” and great ex-

passes were incurred in 1724, and again in 1790, in the endeavour to restore them, in order to facilitate the conveyance of salt and other articles of commerce, but the new repairs were soon destroyed by avalanches. As passes for commercial objects they are superseded by the Simplon, and they are now only traversed by the smuggler, and the peasant who despises the danger or the difficulty if he find it the shortest path to a fair or a festa.

Amidst the desolation of the spot, upon which the traveller who has crossed the Moro first feels himself safe, he finds the Alpine Ranunculus, Gentianella, and other mountain flowers; but the debris of fallen mountains, and the enormous glaciers which surround him, give a fearful impression of desolation. In an hour, however, he reaches the *châlets* of Destal, and here he can get such refreshments as excellent milk, cheese, and eggs.

The traveller who leaves the Vallais to cross the Moro and descend upon Macugnaga, naturally seeks the enjoyment of the magnificent scene of Monte Rosa, as it bursts upon the observer on the Moro. To obtain this it is necessary to reach the *châlets* of Destal from Visp, of easy accomplishment in a day, in order to reach the summit of the Moro by 9 or 10 o'clock, before the mists of the valley rise and obscure the mountain; for by midday, even in fine weather, the Monte Rosa is often so belted by light clouds, that the enjoyment of the view is withheld from all but those who will exert themselves to pay a morning visit to the scene.

From Destal a difficult path crosses the mountains into the Val Antrona, a valley that debouches into the Val d'Ossola.

Soon after quitting the *châlets*, the path leads down to a dreary lake, called the Matmarksee, formed by the melting of the glaciers—a great glacier, in fact, dams the valley, and

these waters accumulate within it. From the lower end of the lake the view of the N. side of the Cima de Jasi, and some of the peaks of the Monte Rosa, present a scene of savage sublimity. It is necessary to skirt the dam of ice and descend below it—an affair of some difficulty; how the cattle are made to ascend and traverse it, which they must do to reach their pasturages, it is difficult to imagine. From below, this barrier of ice appears so effectually to close the valley, that it is impossible to imagine that any accessible Alp lies above it.

From this barrier the path lies down the valley, still sterile and filled with rocks and stones; the Rhododendron, however, and a little brushwood, give evidence of improved vegetation. About an hour brings the traveller to the village of Zermegern or Zermieran. From this village a path crosses the mountains on the eastern side, and leads to Antrona; and on the west another path leads over snows and glaciers of the Mont Pée to Zermatt in the valley of St. Nicolas. This presents a terrific appearance, but it is said to be without danger, though the traveller must be an hour and a half on the glaciers. One of these paths is indicated in Keller's map; but he is not to be relied upon for accuracy, except within Switzerland or its frontiers. He is often wrong in the names of places, and in their situations.

About an hour below Zermegern lies the village of Allmagell. Before reaching it, larches and pines are passed, but they are stunted from their great elevation. After crossing a little plain, a rugged path leads down by a hamlet, and the traveller passes under Mont Pée, whose bright snows, rising above a forest of pines, give a singularly beautiful appearance to the mountain. Soon after he arrives at the little plain and village of Saas, the principal commune of the valley, where a tolerably good auberge offers its independent welcome; and Moritz

Zurbruggen, the innkeeper, is one of the best guides in the valley to the passes and objects of interest in his neighbourhood.

The plain of Saas is beautiful amidst the wild scenery which surrounds it; it is nearly a mile long, and its verdant meadows are refreshing to look upon after the sterility of the upper valley and the pass of the Moro.

Immediately below the plain of Saas the valley becomes a defile, and rocks in the wildest disorder mark the desolating effect of winter upon the precipices which bound the valley. Some magnificent cataracts pour their unregarded volumes of water into this deep and desolate ravine—which in other situations would divide celebrity with the finest falls in Switzerland. The torrent of the Saas is often traversed in the descent over bridges which tremble under the weight of the traveller, especially if he be on a mule for this valley is accessible to mules even to the glaciers of the Moro above the *châlets* of Dostal.

The valley of Saas is formed of a succession of ravines and little plains. About $\frac{1}{2}$ of an hour below Saas, and below a rugged path is a narrow defile, the little plain of Abella opens and presents its village and church, amidst meadows, gardens, and other evidence of a lower region and more favoured vegetation. Below Abella the valley becomes again a gorge of the wildest character; and in the two hours required from Abella to Stalden the path lies almost continually amidst scenes nowhere surpassed in the Alps for the savage wildness of their character. How dangerous it has been to travellers, crushed by rocks that have fallen from above, or who have fallen over the precipices, along which the path is carried on the side of the ravine, into the black gulf below, is shown by the numerous crosses stuck in places of danger—more than 150 of these are placed between Saas and Stalden; they mark where life has been lost. Sometimes

many are seen together bearing the same date, and marking the common fate of several at once. Other spots are so dangerous, that several crosses mark the repetition of fatal accidents there. The initials of the victims, the date of the accident, and the P.P.N., *priez pour nous*, are cut on the cross, and ask the prayers of the passengers to relieve their souls from purgatory.

"The valley of Saas," says Brookeden, "is the narrowest that I have yet passed in Switzerland; the sides were extremely steep, and terminated in a deep, narrow bed, through which the river tore its foaming way. I had to cross it three times, and over bridges so ill constructed, with only a few planks laid across, that to me, who had been rather insured to such places, the sensation of crossing on a mule was horrible, the planks moved loosely under the animal's feet, and the whole fabric shook as if an infant could have overthrown it. Some bridges in the valley are at fearful heights above the torrent. One of these, which I sketched about 2 miles above Stalden, serves for communication between some cottages and the opposite mountain. Its height above the water is from 200 to 300 feet; and the cottages are so placed on the cliff, that a line dropt from them would hang far over the torrent on the other side. I have no where else seen such rugged wildness; the huge old larches which overhung the deep gorges of the river were of immense size, and their giant limbs and roots, thrown about in a savage grandeur, were quite in accordance with the surrounding scenery. The ravine slopes steeply to the torrent from Stalden to Saas, except at the little plain of Abella; and the small quantity of barley raised is grown in such difficult situations, that one wonders that the labour is not an obstacle to any attempt to cultivate it."

Immediately before arriving at Stalden, the torrent of the Saas, and

that of the Matter, or St. Nicolas valley, meet and rush with fury through the lofty arch of an Alpine stone bridge: from which the scene is very grand.

A little below the confluence, and on the l bank of the river, the village of Stalden is situated here there is a decent Inn, where the traveller may find accommodation and rest, if the two hours, yet necessary for reaching Visp in the Vallais, should add too much to his day's fatigue. After the *belles horreurs* of the valley of Saas, the scenery below Stalden is tame. At

2 h. Visp (Route 59) there are 2 or 3 Inns, and the village offers many picturesque points of view: the snowy peaks observed to bound the view on looking up the valley from the bridge, are generally pointed out as Monte Rosa, but the "queen of the Alps" cannot be seen from Visp. Those peaks are on the mountain of Saas, which divide the valley of Saas and St. Nicolas, and overhang the glaciers which are crossed in going from Allmagel to Zermatt by the path already mentioned.

ROUTE 106.

VIISP TO CHATILLON IN THE VAL D'AOSTA, BY ZERMATT AND THE PASS OF THE MONT CERVIN.—TOUR OF MONTE ROSA.

The journey to Zermatt from Visp is a short one of 9 hours only, and St. Nicolas is about half way. Starting the next morning from Zermatt, you may cross the glaciers, and reach the Val d'Aosta at Chatillon the same evening, that is, supposing the effort of the traveller be to reach Chatillon from Visp in 2 days; the more frequent practice, however, is to go to Zermatt on the first day, to Val Tournanche on the 2nd, and Chatillon on the 3rd.

It is 2 hours' walk from Visp, by the bridge of Neubrück (a fine view hence), to

Stalden (Route 105), where the valleys of Saas and St. Nicolas divide. Hence, ascending by the road on the rt. without crossing the torrent, you enter the Mattertal or valley of St. Nicolas. The road is carried along the steep slope of the side of the mountain which bounds and narrows the valley, where the furious torrent descending from Zermatt foams in its deep course far below the path of the traveller. The vast buttress which, resting against Monte Rosa, stretches down towards the Vallais, dividing the valley of the Saas from that of St. Nicolas, terminates at the confluence of the rivers which flow through these valleys. The slope at the confluence is richly wooded, and among its forests and pasturages the village of Grenchen is seen on the left, in the valley of St. Nicolas; it is remarkable as the birthplace of Thomas Platter, the reformer, who was a physician of Basle. This village the guides rarely fail to point out.

The route to St. Nicolas is not so fearfully savage as the path up the valley of Saas, though, but for the immediate comparison, the Val St. Nicolas is wild enough to satisfy a lover of Alpine scenes. The

2 h. village of St. Nicolas, the chief place in the valley, is agreeably situated amidst the orchards and forests which enrich its immediate vicinity: the house of the curé is usually resorted to by strangers, and his hospitality never fails.

Above St. Nicolas the valley becomes much narrower, and the path in many places carried along a steep slope where a slip would hurry the unfortunate passenger to his certain destruction. Hereabouts several wild and bridgeless torrents cross the path, which in bad weather must make it nearly impassable. The valley widens before arriving at Herbuggen, and passes near a fine glacier descending from the Schallhorn. There is a cascade near this which merits notice. The next village above Herbuggen is

2 h. Randa, "situated among extensive meadows opposite the Bias glacier, descending from the Weissborn, which is here left behind."—F.

On the 27th of December, 1819, an avalanche discharged itself from a precipice of the Weissborn, 1500 feet high, behind the village of Randa; it did not reach it in descending, but passed a little on one side of it, yet the mere draught of air produced by a fall from such a vast elevation destroyed the greater part of the houses, scattering the timbers of which they were built like straws, over the mountain side to the distance of a mile, and hurling millstones many fathoms up hill.

About an hour higher up than Randa is a larger village—Tesch,—where, if foul weather should overtake the traveller, he has little chance of comfort, the few unfortunates who have stayed here have left their maledictions upon its dirty and miserable accommodations.

Above Tesch the valley is contracted by a projecting rocky barrier, on surmounting which a grand view of Mont Cervin opens, and soon after a view is obtained of

2 h. Zermatt (called Praborgne in Piedmont). *Ina*, kept by Lauber, the village doctor, is praised by Forbes. This elevated and retired village is placed, with its neat church, in the little plain of Zermatt, situated amidst the grandest scenery of nature, surrounded by forests of pines and vast glaciers. It stands near the junction of 3 valleys, each bended by a glacier. E. is the Findelen Glacier, S. the Zermatt or Gorner Glacier, and W. the Zmutt Glacier. It displays more cleanliness and comfort among its inhabitants than is to be found in many places of greater pretensions. This has perhaps been effected by the influx of strangers, for many mineralogists, botanists, and entomologists come here to collect rich harvests in the neighbourhood. The intercourse with the Val d'Aosta by

the Mont Cervin is not frequent enough to produce such an effect upon the manners and character of the inhabitants,—the example of the worthy curé may however have done much. Here many days may be spent in excursions to the glaciers and points of view with which the neighbourhood abounds, and to which many of the inhabitants are excellent guides.

From Zermatt, a path, already adverted to, leads to the valley of *Inna*, and another—very rarely used—is said to lie directly across the glaciers of Monte Rosa, by a course known by the name of the *Arête-blanc*che, to *Macugnaga*; this pass is better known by its German appellation, *Weissen Thor*. The distance from Zermatt to *Macugnaga* by this pass is 12 hours, and its highest point exceeds 12,000 English feet. "I made the fullest inquiries in my power this year, and was assured by the two men, who seem to have established themselves as the guides of the place, *Damatter* and *Brantschwein* (good fellows both) separately; that they had both crossed the *Weissen Thor*, and not together—*Brantschwein*, I think, with a traveller; and *Damatter* with a party of country people. The ascent from Zermatt is free from serious difficulty. To the chalets of *Findelen*, where it is best to sleep, is a short 2 hours of steep ascent; thence to the foot of a precipitous buttress of the *Stralhorn* 2 hours more; then about 2½ hours over the glacier. The lower part of this is none of the best—the upper part is a series of undulating swells, free from danger and undescribably grand. I know not where so great a height can be reached with equal facility. I was slightly affected by the elevation; *Damatter* much more: my two *Chamonix* guides not at all.

"*Damatter* pointed out the descent to *Macugnaga*. It curves round the shoulder of the *Stralhorn*, and is very soon lost to view. There appears to be but one point where it is possible

to pass; and this is something like turning the corner of the Athenaeum on its outside cornice, with a precipice of 8000 feet below, and 1000 above. This, however, is but a few steps, and there did not seem to be anything very formidable beyond, for the short distance which I could see. I have no doubt, however, of the extreme steepness of the main descent.

"I returned to Zermatt by the Gorner Gletschen, traversing the great plateaux of snow which surround the peaks of Monte Rosa. This is a most interesting excursion, with a very moderate degree of risk. Two guides ought, I think, to be taken"—A.T.M.

But the grand object of a visit to Zermatt is the *Mont Cervin*, which, from the village, is seen to rise in singular beauty and magnificence against the sky, of a pyramidal form, and more than 4000 feet of elevation above the bed of ice from which it seems to spring. In the whole chain of the Alps not one object offers so striking an appearance as this remarkable mountain, which lifts itself from an otherwise unbroken line of glacier, which is more than 11,000 English feet above the level of the sea: this scene alone would repay the trouble of a visit to Zermatt from Visp. Professor Forbes describes the view of the Cervin from the *Kiffelberg*,—"as beyond comparison the most striking natural object he had seen,—an insensible obelisk of rock, not 1000 feet lower than Mont Blanc." (See excursions from Zermatt at the end of this route.)

Some confusion is produced by names on the frontiers of states, each language giving its own: thus the Mont Cervin in French is the Monte Silvio in Italian, and the Matterhorn in German; and the village of Zermatt is known on the Italian side of the mountain as *Praborgne*.

The passage of the Cervin is a considerable undertaking, though sometimes made by mules. Is poles and ropes ought to be taken, and expe-

rienced guides are essential. On quitting Zermatt the torrent of Zmutt is crossed, and you wind up the steep pastures skirting the W. edge of the glacier of Gorner. There is another cluster of huts and granges called *Zammes*, still further up the little plain of Zermatt; it lies close to the glaciers of the Breithorn, but is passed on the left by the traveller who approaches the Cervin. About an hour above Zermatt the path abruptly ends in a deep rift in the mountain, in the depths of which the torrents from the glaciers of the Cervin are seen to struggle and force their way into the valley of Zermatt. A path has been cut out of the overhanging rock to reach a wild Alpine bridge by which the torrent is crossed, and the ascent to the Cervin abruptly commences by a path which passes by some granges and up a rugged course through a pine forest, in which, however, it does not long continue, but enters upon some scanty pasturages enamelled with flowers, and making a considerable detour to the right, soon leaves the traveller to wander up a trackless course of loose schist, sodden with the waters from the glaciers. Often it is necessary to traverse deep water-courses cut by the streams. This fatiguing ascent offers little variety until he reach the glaciers, which is only after a fatiguing march of 4 hours from Zermatt, and 2 long hours are still required to reach the summit on the glaciers, which are free from danger, though deep rifts on the left point out the risk of deviating from the true course.

From the summit of the pass of the Mont Cervin, or St. Théodule, 12½ hours from Zermatt, which exceeds 11,000 English feet above the level of the sea, the scene around is one of extraordinary magnificence; the eye wanders over a vast intervening country to the Bernese Alps, sweeps round by the Breithorn and Monte Rosa, looks down upon a thousand peaks towards Piedmont, and rests upon that

wonder of the Alps, a pinnacle of rock, the Cervin or Matterhorn, in immediate proximity, whose peak is 15,200 English feet above the sea. During the ascent, this glorious object—the motive for his journey, the reward of his exertion—is constantly before the tourist.

On the actual crest of the Col there is some bare rock, and a little space so exposed that the snow cannot rest upon it. Here Saussure remained three days, with his son and attendants engaged in experiments at this elevation. Traces of the rude cabins in which they sheltered still exist, and also of a redoubt thrown up three centuries ago by the Vallaisans, and known by the name of Fort St. Théodule. It never could have been intended for serious defence, but placed there with a silly military swagger, which the Swiss displayed at that time, to mark that they claimed as their frontier the crest of the Alps.

From the summit the descent towards the Val d'Aosta still lies over the glacier for 2 hours, thence down the steep and loose Moraines, swampy and difficult of descent, for 2 hours more, before the traveller can reach the *châlets* of Mont Jumont,—the first on the side of Piedmont, without even any summer residence of man intervening between Zamosa, the last habitation in Switzerland, and this place, a distance of 9 hours. About an hour below the *châlets* of Mont Jumont is the plain of Breuil, where there are many granges, and a chapel, in which, once a year, during the resort to the pasturages in these high regions, service is performed. The plain of Breuil appears to have anciently been a lake. From its lower extremity the peak of the Cervin is seen on the side opposite to Switzerland, but still towering over its enormous bed of glaciers.

Below the plain of Breuil, the route descends by a wild and deep gorge, through which a torrent rushes, and scarcely leaves space enough for

a path by the side of the rock; through this savage ravine, one of the wildest in the Alps, the traveller passes for about 2 hours, and then reaches the first village, which is composed of many houses scattered over the slopes of an amphitheatre of rich pasturage, surrounded by mountains. This, the highest village in the valley, bears also its name—

Val Tournanche (No inn).

At this commune, the Piedmontese officers of the customs, or, as they are called in Piedmont, *Preposti*, are stationed. The difficult and dangerous passes into the Vallais are the surest courses for smugglers. Formerly, in defiance of Napoleon, and his Berlin decrees, they passed these frightful solitudes laden with British muslins, tempted by a high reward; but sometimes they were shot by the *preposé* stationed at points of observation.

From the village of Val Tournanche to Châtillon is a journey of about 6 hours, generally deep in the ravine through which the Tournanche flows; 2 or 3 little hamlets are passed, the principal of which is Antry. On approaching Châtillon the road rises high up on the side of the ravine, and winds amidst enormous blocks of serpentine which have fallen from the mountains, whose sides and bases bound the gorge. The arid faces of the rocks, whence these have been detached, present the richest colours to the pencil of the artist, and the vast trunks and wild branches of the chestnut and walnut trees increase the picturesque character of the valley. Through a forest of these the path descends, and on emerging from it, the Val d'Aosta opens, the old and new bridges of Châtillon spanning with their single arches the deep ravine of the Tournanche, and, beyond, on the opposite side of the Val d'Aosta, the ruins of the Château d'Uselle present those materials of the picturesque for which the valley of Aosta is so celebrated.

The bridges are among the most remarkable objects at

Châtillon (*Inn*: Lion d'Or; best, and fair, though dirty.—E. B.) That over which the high road now passes is a very fine single arch, thrown across a deep gulf. From it are seen, farther down the torrent, the remains of a Roman bridge, also a single, and still an entire arch; and immediately over it another bridge, which served its purpose for many ages, but has now been superseded by the new bridge and its improved approaches.

In the depth of the gulf, and a little up the stream, are forges, strangely placed there, for the sake of the water power in working the tilts; a wild path leads down to them, and the view of the bridges from the bottom of the ravine forms one of the most striking scenes in the valley. Châtillon contains a convent of Capuchins.

EXCURSIONS ROUND MONTE ROSA— FROM ZERMATT.

Some days may be spent with much advantage at Zermatt, in thoroughly exploring the upper portion of this remarkable valley. The two most accessible and most usual excursions are, 1st, the ascent of the lower range, called the Riffel, on the E. side of the valley, for a near view of Monte Rosa; 2nd, the excursion to the Schwarztsee, for a near view of the Matterhorn.

The ascent of the Riffelberg is a pleasant and easy excursion of about 6 hours, the chief part of which might probably be done with a mule. Two hours and a half of rapid ascent from Zermatt bring the traveller to the edge of a wild precipice, opposite to the Breithorn, but separated from the main chain of the Alps by a deep valley occupied by the great Gorner-gletscher. Another $\frac{1}{2}$ of an hour of more gradual ascent, skirting round the base of the high peak, called the Riffelhorn, leads to another similar, but still greater point of view, com-

manding the whole chain of Monte Rosa, from the Breithorn to its summit, with the subordinate chains or buttresses which rise to meet it from the N.E. Five great glaciers sweep down from the main chain of the Alps; the Glacier de St. Théodule, above which is the pass to Breuil; then the Breithorn-gletscher in two branches; next the glacier Monte Rosa; next the Gorner-gletscher, descending from the Gorner-horn, a point lying northward of Monte Rosa, into which fall the other four, and which itself descends into the valley of Zermatt. This is called by Keller the Zermatt-gletscher. From this point a traverse of $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour across the mountain leads to a completely different scene, overlooking the Findelthal, a deep valley rising up to the Findel-gletscher, above which rises the Stralhorn, and commanding a magnificent view of the snowy peaks which separate the valley of Zermatt on one side, from that of Saas on the other, from the Turtman-thal.

"From this point to Zermatt is a descent of $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 hours. The route returns into the path by which we ascended. By a circuit of $\frac{1}{4}$ an hour, or so, the foot of the Gorner-gletscher, where the river issues from it, may be visited; and though the vault of ice, in 1840, was far inferior to those of the Glacier du Bois, or Grindelwald, the exquisite beauty of the spot well deserves a visit. There is no moraine to deform it: and here, I believe, one may literally touch the meadows with one hand, and the glacier with the other. Corn-fields are seen above, at a considerable elevation, and the needles of ice which rise against the sky on the higher part of the glacier contrast with the larches which fringe the mountain side. Of near views the Alps offer few more lovely, or more remarkable. The descent from the glacier to Zermatt is about 45 minutes.

"The ascent to the Schwarztsee occupies about 3 hours. Ladies can

ride all the way; but the ascent, though not dangerous, is in part very steep and fatiguing. The Schwarztsee is a little lake, or rather pond, at an elevation of 8000 to 9000 feet, on a buttress of the Matterhorn, with a lone chapel beside it. There is nothing remarkable in the spot itself, but the low ridge east of it commands a superb panoramic view of the whole basin of Zermatt, with its surrounding mountains—a view decidedly finer than that from the Riffel. Here the Matterhorn, rising overhead, is the principal object; but the view also embraces the whole extent of the Gorner-gletscher, to the top of Monte Rosa. A still finer view is obtained by mounting the rocky peak above the lake, called, I think, the Kleinerhorn, an hour's steep ascent, in part over ice. Either from this point, or from the Schwarztsee, a different route may be taken, descending westward to the foot of the great glacier of Zmutt, and through that village, along the western branch of the valley to Zermatt. This route passes through fine larch forests, and abounds in most singular and beautiful pictures. It crosses the river by a wooden bridge, of large span, at an immense height above the water. The descent this way is less steep, but rather longer: it will take about 3½ hours.

A third day, if it could be spared, might no doubt be well devoted to the Fiedel-thal, especially by the enterprising traveller who would risk a bad night's sleeping in the châteaux, with the view of pushing on in the morning to the Weissner-thor, the pass alluded to p. 265, from the summit of which the view is probably superb. I do not suppose that much difficulty would be found in the ascent: the great steepness of the Italian side is said to form the chief obstacle to this unfrequented route.

—The route from Zermatt to Saas has been spoken of: it is described as difficult and dangerous from its steep-

ness; the glaciers, probably, are much crevassed.

—Another practicable route from Zermatt, over an untravelled country, may be taken, direct to Sion, by the *Eringenthal*. This is two days' work: the way lies up the Zermatt gletscher, and across the chain which, descending from the Matterhorn, branches out into the chains which separate the *Eringenthal*, the *Einsiedelthal*, and the *Turtman-thal*. I spoke with a young man who had passed that way, who said that 8 or 6 hours were necessary to pass the ice; but that the way was not dangerous. The *Eringenthal* is unknown to tourists, although a practicable passage into Italy.

—So steep are the walls of ice which hem in the valley of Zermatt, that above St. Nicolas there is literally no practicable route to the next valley westward—the *Turtman-thal*—and only one to that of Saas on the E., and that in bad reputation even in this country. Except the route upwards beside the river, there is no way of quitting the valley above St. Nicolas, except over glaciers. Of these, that by St. Théodule is the easiest. It is hardly necessary to observe, that some of these glacier routes are to be recommended except in the best weather, and to hardy and adventurous persons: no slight hazard might arise from overrating one's powers of endurance."

There is no difficulty in getting good guides at Zermatt; the only difficulty is to find a medium of communication. Jean Baptiste Brantwein speaks a little French, and is probably one of the best. Another, Peter Damatter, who made with me the tour of Monte Rosa, pleased me much by his active, willing, and affectionate temper. Beware of inferior guides—two of these, names unknown, in crossing the Cervin, when the snow was hard and slippery, refused to stir unless the English traveller, whom they accompanied, (E. C.) would go first and make the footsteps!! The recom-

commendation of the innkeeper at Zermatt may be trusted.

The ascent and passage of *St. Théodule* have been already mentioned. The Italian side of the mountain is more dangerous in respect of crevasses, and here the guides took the precaution to tie themselves and me together with ropes. To those who intend to make the Tour of Monte Rosa, however, it is needless to descend to Breuil; their course lies to the eastward, across an extensive plain of ice, not greatly lower than the crest of the pass, to the ridge called the *Cimes Blanches*, descending from the main chain, which forms, by its prolongation, the chain separating the *Val Chablais* from the *Val Tournanche*. From *St. Théodule* to *Ayas*, by this route, is said to be about 5 hours, of which two or more must be over the ice. I lost the pleasure of this route by an unlucky adventure, which caused me to descend to Breuil, and recross the mountains to *Ayas*, at a great increase of distance and fatigue, and having been benighted, I can say little of the upper part of this valley, except that it does not appear to be of very striking character. From the time, however, that we reached the region of trees it became very beautiful; and as seen imperfectly by the moon, which glittered on the snows of the *Breithorn*, nothing could have been more romantic, if we had only known where we were to sleep, and had not been 15 hours on foot. At last, however, when we began to despair of extricating ourselves from the forest, we reached the village of *Franches*, about half-past 10, and knocked up a hospitable peasant, named *Jean Joseph Villermant*—with a family of five lads, hunters—who spoke French, and would make good guides. It would have shortened the way to sleep at a higher hamlet, which we missed in the dark. The name of *Franches*, it should be added, does not appear in any of the maps.

The pass leading to the *Lys-thal*

is called the *Four de Datta*: the ascent lies through larch woods, up a very steep acclivity, by a good path. There is little or no snow on the pass, which is given in Keller as 8100 French feet above the sea. The height I should suppose to be over-rated. The summit is three easy hours from *Franches*—the view not extensive. A rapid descent leads down into the valley of the *Lys*. Near the second chalet a path turns off to the left, towards the head of the valley, where there is a large and handsome house owned by a wealthy proprietor: the right-hand path leads down to *San Giacomo* (?) about an hour below the large house, where there is a small *auberge*. Being refused a bed at the mansion, and unable to procure one at the hostelry, my guide and I took up our quarters in a barn full of hay. Nothing can be imagined finer than the head of the *Lys-thal*. The *Lys-gletscher*, which descends low, is formed by the union of two magnificent branches, which sweep down from the *Lys Kamme*. Rock, river, rich pastures, forests, glaciers and mountains, and so admirably combined as to present a series of most exquisite views, both in descending and in passing along the bottom of the valley. Near the village chapel and close by the road, there is a remarkably picturesque spot on the river, which has hollowed itself a very deep channel, across which has fallen a mass of rock, forming a natural bridge, which leads to the chapel and some adjacent houses. There is also a bridge half an hour higher, above the great house.

From the *Lys-thal* to *Macugnaga* is a very long and hard day, including two high and steep passes. The first, the *Col d'Olla*, is given by Keller as 8200 French feet above the sea. The first ascent is very rapid, commanding fine views both up and down the valley. About half way up a large mountain basin is reached, containing several chalets, at the highest of

which I breakfasted. It is the best and largest I have seen in the Alps, being a large stone building containing two good beds in an inner apartment, large provision of household utensils, and everything beautifully clean. The mistress, a civil obliging woman, is from the neighbourhood of Aosta, and brings her cows annually, first to the neighbourhood of Gressoney, then to a lower chalet thence hither—where she had been (Aug. 11) only 15 days. The thermometer at 7 o'clock, a beautiful morning, stood at 46. From the valley to this chalet took 1 hour 30 minutes, thence to the Col 1 hour 10 minutes; a steep ascent, about 30 minutes over snow. The passage, a mere ridge, is marked by some remarkable insulated rocks. By this time the mountains were much clouded, but some of the higher points around Monte Rosa broke out from time to time with splendid effect. The descent is rapid and stony. The way to Alagna runs S.E. Turning off from this I followed a laborious and pathless course, in and out along the mountain side, ascending again under a wall of dark rocks till we reached a small pool 1 hour 30 minutes from the Col, and probably of nearly equal elevation, after which a rapid ascent brought us in 45 minutes to the first group of chalets,—the chalets de Riva. By the way we passed under a very high waterfall of considerable body. This part of the route resembles much the wilder parts of the Highlands. Trees there are none; and the glaciers of the main chain are, I should think, concealed by the precipices under which I passed; which were veiled by clouds. From the chalets, the way lies down a very steep staircase—such it literally is, until, on turning the lofty peninsula on which they stand, between two converging gorges, a magnificent view opens into the heart of Monte Rosa, from which a noble glacier streams far into the

valley. The mountains on either side rise very steeply, and are well clothed with larches below and pastures above. Much ground would be saved if the river could be crossed here or a little higher; but, as it was full charged from the glaciers, we were obliged to descend for 40 minutes from the chalets to the first bridge, a very picturesque spot, which we reached at 12 o'clock, about 6 hours from the Lys-thal, excluding stoppages. This upper part of the Val Sesia is very fine, and if accommodation could be had at Alagna, would repay an excursion from Vercelli. Such accommodation may, however, be had at Riva about 1½ hour below Alagna. (Rte. 104, p. 273.)

The Col de Turlo is one of the steepest and most laborious passes that I have crossed. Keller gives for its height 7890 French feet, which I should think must be an error: it appears higher than the Col d'Ollen, took longer to mount, and has much more snow on it. The first stage of the ascent is by a mule path, so steep as to seem dangerous: this leads to a group of chalets in about 45 minutes, after which we kept filing laboriously up the stony steep mountain side, generally in the mist, and turning, it seemed easterly, round the head of a basin, until in 2 hours 30 minutes from the bridge, I found myself, on a lift of the fog, at some height above a large bed of snow in the bottom. Pursuing the same course we crossed a large bed of snow, and came again on thin herbage, along which we passed to the last ascent, up a steep hollow filled with snow, between which and the rock we passed on the north side. Saw here a single chamois. The passage of the Col is not where one would expect, but more to the north, marked by a cross, which, however, we did not see till near the summit. A well-traced path winds up to it, which, however, must be covered with snow till late in the year. The Col is a mere ridge; it is worth

while to mount the cluster of rocks to the S.E., from which the descent may safely be made across the snow. The scene was very grand, though clouds obscured the view. I doubt whether the summit of Monte Rosa be visible. From the bridge to the Col 3 hours 20 minutes, including a slight deviation from the route in the fog; by a fresh pair of legs it might be done in 3 hours from the bridge, or 4 from Alagna. On the N.E. side, the snow is very much more extensive, and the descent very abrupt. It is necessary to keep well to the left in crossing the snow, then descend rocks and traverse back to the right again. This is quick work, as the slopes are often steep enough for a glissade. After coming to the line of vegetation, the descent becomes very fatiguing, for the mountains rise round the valley like a wall, and are covered with a thick undergrowth of scrubby rhododendron and bilberries, on which the foot takes no hold. Reached the bottom in 1 hour 10 minutes, thence 1 hour 15 minutes along a very gentle slope, and through beautiful scenery to the junction with the valley of Macugnaga. Instead of descending with the stream, however, towards Pesterrea, &c., the way to Macugnaga turns off at a considerable elevation round the hill, commanding most exquisite views. It reaches the bottom of the valley near a small hamlet, where it is necessary to avail one's self of the only (I believe) bridge over the river, and thence rises by a short sharp ascent to

Macugnaga, 30 minutes from the mouth of the upper valley.

Worse quarters might be endured for the sake of Monte Rosa. The master, a poor deformed man, is very civil and attentive, has some notion of cooking, and professes to have four good beds, of which I presume I got the worst, and he can get others. Some days might well be spent in this beautiful valley. Piccard picked up here a tragic story of the murder of

two travellers by their guides two years ago; but, as he hates the Piedmontese, I do not implicitly believe it. Still in these remote valleys, with an Italian population, I think any traveller would do well in having a known man at his side, even at the expense of sometimes taking a second guide.* Heavy rain came on in the night, and in the morning the clouds were low. I started at 11 h. 30 min. not having seen a glimpse of Monte Rosa, but with the sun over head and the hope of getting above the clouds, a hope only partially fulfilled. I saw therefore very little of the Italian side of the *More*—a most magnificent pass. Reached the first snow in less than 3 hours, and after a sharp scramble up a slope of rocks, reached at 3 o'clock a plain or basin of snow, with a wall of snow bounding it, along which we slanted, laboriously, to the left, and reached a bare patch of rock which marks the summit at 30 minutes past 3, about 2½ hours going from Macugnaga.

"Fifteen minutes quick descent clears the great mass of snow, after which the path lies high above the glacier which fills the desolate hollow below, sometimes over a paved road broken by avalanches and torrents, sometimes over steep slopes of snow not good for weak nerves, the slant being considerable, and the depth below not trifling. The last of these is about 1 hour from the top; thence to the chalets of Dostal, 20 minutes; thence to Sana, 2 hours 30 minutes,—very quick. Macugnaga to Sana about 7½ hours' quick walking. It would complete this tour well to cross direct by Monte Foa to Zermatt, a difficult route, as has been said, and thence to Sion by the Brigantinal—three days' work. But such a

* These tales are told not only from the mutual hatred of Swiss and Piedmontese, but often to enhance the value of their services; it is very rare that such stories have any foundation in truth.

circuit as this requires a continuance of fine weather such as is rarely met with.

"A better division of this tour, as to distance, might be made by sleeping at the chalets on the Col d'Ollen (having first ascertained that they are occupied), instead of stopping at the Lys-thal; or by starting very early, and taking the route of the Cimes Blanches it would be possible to reach the Lys-thal in one day from Zermatt. This, however, would be a very hard day, probably of 15 or 16 hours' walking."—A. T. M.

ROUTE 107.

FROM TURIN TO AOSTA AND CORMAYEUR BY IVREA, — THE VAL D'AOSTA.

17½ posts to Aosta. This is a post-road—the first part lying across the flat rich plains which extend to the base of the Alps. The stations are a

1¼ Settimo.

1¼ Chivasso.

1¼ Caluso.

2¼ Ivrea is a large walled town, at the entrance of the Val d'Aosta. The entrance is highly picturesque, across the deep bed of the Doire, which flows immediately below the *Porte de Teria*. It contains about 8000 inhabs. Here large markets are held, to which cheese and other pastoral produce of the Alps are brought; it is also a dépôt for the iron which it obtained near Cogne, and from other mines worked in the valley; here, also, some cotton works have been recently established.

The prison is a large building, with towers at the angles; these, and the old walls from many points of view furnish picturesque materials for the sketch-book. This town or city, as it is called,—and in English estimation as the seat of a bishop, it ought perhaps to be considered one,—is said to be the southern gate to the Val d'Aosta. It

is of great antiquity, and mentioned by many ancient authors under the name of *Eporedia*. Strabo says that here the unfortunate Salassi, made prisoners by Terentius Varro, when these brave people of the Val d'Aosta were subdued, were sold as slaves by public auction to the number of 36,000.

There is a shorter cross road (12 leagues) from Turin to Ivrea, by Lemie, Volpiano, St. Benigno, and Foglia—all large villages or towns, containing from 1800 to 3000 inhabitants. St. Benigno has one of the most beautiful churches in Piedmont.

Before arriving at Foglia, two of the torrents which descend from the Alps are crossed—the Malone and the Orca—on flying bridges, and between Foglia and Ivrea another river, the Chiusella, is crossed, near to where the road by Foglia falls into the high road from Chivasso to Ivrea. This spot has some celebrity, as the scene of a successful struggle of the French against the Austrians: it was the first battle in the war of 1800, and immediately preceded the victory of Marengo. In the combat on the Chiusella the Austrian General Salsi was killed. Two other villages lie beyond Foglia on this road,—Montalegno and Romano.

On leaving Ivrea, on the right is a vast ridge of alluvium, the Monte Bolegno, which stretches into the plains. The road ascends on the left bank of the Doire, passes below the château of Montalto, and continues through the rich broad valley of the Doire—broad enough to constitute a part of the plain, for at Stettimo Vittone, 3¼ leagues, the ascent has been so gradual as scarcely to have been perceived. Nor is it in fact until the traveller reaches Pont St. Martin, 2 leagues, that he may be said to have fairly entered this valley of the Alps.

At Pont St. Martin, however, all doubt is removed. The lofty arch which spans the torrent of the Lys (about twenty yards higher than the

new bridge) is one of the finest Roman works of its class in the valley; it now serves to communicate with the Val de Vallaise, and is a striking object. The road to Aosta is carried over a modern bridge better adapted to the improved intercourse of the inhabitants of the valley with the plains. The situation of this village is strikingly fine. The entrance to the Val de Lys offers a temptation to examine it, and a visit to the villages situated at the foot of the glaciers of Monte Rosa (Route 104) will well repay the explorer of an Alpine valley.

After crossing the Lys at a short distance from its confluence with the Doire, the road ascends to

3 Donas, where a Roman work—a pierced rock—is passed through, and near to it is a Roman milestone cut in the rock, noting xxxii. M.P.

From Donas the road ascends abruptly for a short distance, and close to the Doire, which it steeply overhangs, to

Fort Bard, celebrated for the temporary check which it gave to the advance of the French army under Buonaparte, in 1800. It was garrisoned by only 400 Austrians, yet such was the strength of the position, that Buonaparte almost despaired of carrying it, and a few days more must have starved his army into a retreat. By a gallant manœuvre, however, in the efficient placement of a single gun, above the precipices of the Mont Allaredo, which overhangs Bard, they checked the battery which covered the approach to the town, and the army passed by night under the grenades and *pots de feu* thrown by the fort. Another gun was raised to a belfry which commanded the gate of the fort, and the Austrians, fearing an assault, surrendered. Upon such slight occurrences the fate of Europe turned. As the French army would have devoured all the supply of the Val d'Aosta in a few days, it must have retreated, and the battle of

Maranga, one of the most brilliant events of French history, would not have been fought. Within a few years the fort has been greatly strengthened, and it is now considered invulnerable.

After passing through the steep and narrow streets of Bard, the entrance is seen on the left, to the valley of Champorcher, whence a path leads by the village of Pont Bozel to the Col de Beale in 6 hours, and by this pass and the valley of the Soanna to Ponts in the Val d'Orcu.

Above Bard the valley is narrow, and offers little variety in ascending by the deep and rapid course of the Doire to

Verrez, 2½ leagues from Pont St. Martin, is situated at the entrance to the Val Challant (Route 104). Here many improvements have recently been made, especially in the construction of a new bridge and many new houses, but a better inn is much wanted; that kept by Jean Garde, the post-house, is the best. Throughout the valley, however, the addition to the numbers of the inns, and of the accommodations which they offer to travellers, have undergone an extraordinary improvement within a few years. In the autumn of 1840 a great many houses at Verrez were destroyed or injured by heavy floods.

There is a large square keep of the old castle of Verrez, which overhangs the Val Challant; it is a picturesque object from below, and the scenes from it are worth a scramble to the ruins.

At Verrez there is a convent of Augustines.

Above the town the valley widens, and the little plain of the Doire shows the destruction which the torrent brings with it, in the sands and rocks left in evidence of its destructive violence in the spring.

About 1½ league beyond Verrez the road enters upon one of the most remarkable scenes in the valley—a deep ravine, through which the Doire

has cut its way, or found such a gulf its natural channel. The road ascends steeply on the left of the river, and is cut out of the rock, in some places overhanging the foaming torrent, and where the rock equally overhangs the traveller. These rocks are surmounted by the ruins of the château of St. Germain, placed so as effectually to command the pass, when the brigand feudal proprietors robbed and maltreated the unfortunate passer-by. These ruins are an improvement in the morale as well as the picturesque.

The road cut out in so remarkable a way was probably a Roman work. It was some time since repaired by the Augustine monks of St. Bernard, as a tablet on the road records, but by a little manoeuvre of Charles Emmanuel III., king of Sardinia, in adding a bit above and a bit below, he has taken a large share of the credit to himself. It stands thus:—

CAROLI EMANUELIS III. SARDINIAE
REGIS P. P. INVICTI AUCTORITATE
INTERMITTAM ROMANAE VIAM
PER ASPERA MONTIS IOVIS IUGA
AD FACILIOREM COMMERCIOREM
ET THIENARUM USUM
MAGNIS IMPENSIS PATEFACTAM
AUGUSTANI
PERFECERUNT A. MDCLXXI.
REGNI XLII.

This defile is called the pass of Mont Jovet. From the head of the pass the view down the valley is very striking. Immediately above it, the finest part of the Val d'Aosta extends to the Cîte as Aosta is called. The wine in the neighbourhood of Mont Jovet is celebrated.

Nothing can exceed the beauty and richness of the scenery, and the magnificent character of the foliage; the walnut and chestnut trees are celebrated for their grandeur and picturesque.

Before arriving at St. Vincent, a singular bridge over a deep ravine is crossed. It is called the Pont des

Sarazine, and by antiquaries is recognised as a Roman work. From its parapet one of the most beautiful scenes in the valley is presented on looking up towards Châtillon, and including among its objects the Château d'Usselle and other ruins. Not far from this bridge is the agreeable village of St. Vincent, where there are mineral springs. About a league above is

3½ Châtillon (see Route 106, p. 288), distant from Verraz about 2½ leagues.

Above Châtillon the same fine rich character of scenery prevails, only interrupted by the occasional traces of destruction left by the torrents which in the spring rush down from the lateral valleys to fall into the great drain of this district, the Doire.

About a league above Châtillon is the village of Chambave, celebrated for its wine, one of the richest and most *recherché* in Piedmont. The wine of the Val d'Aosta has a great reputation, and the vine is cultivated on the mountain sides to an elevation of 3000 feet above the level of the sea. In the valley, hemp, Indian corn, and fruit-trees, fill the plain like a vast garden.

Nuz, a poor village with the ruins of a château, is nearly half-way between Châtillon and Aosta. Before arriving at Nuz, a valley on the right bank of the Doire is seen to run up to the ridge of mountains which separates the valley of Aosta above Mont Jovet, from the valley of Champorcher. At the entrance of this valley is the picturesque château of Fenis. Above Nuz the road passes through the village of Villefranche.

In front of the inns in the road up the Val d'Aosta it is a common custom to trellise vines quite across the road; the delicious shelter which this affords to the heated and weary traveller must be enjoyed to be fully valued: in this part of the valley the custom is more general.

On the approach to Aosta the château Quart is seen placed high on

the mountain side; a path leads up to it from near Villefranche, and down on the other side of its glen towards Aosta, so that a visit to it requires no retracing of steps, and the beautiful scenes presented in the ascent and at the château deserve the trouble of climbing there. Little more than a league further up the valley is

34 AOSTA—*Iuna, Ecu du Vallais*; in the new Townhall, very good, clean, and comfortable; Post (Couronne)—a city of 6100 inhab., more interesting for its antiquities and historical associations than any other claim it has to importance. Its situation is indeed strikingly beautiful, near the confluence of the Buttier and the Doire, in a deep rich valley, surrounded by lofty and snow-capped mountains. Aosta, the *Civitas Augusti*—or *Augusta Prætoria*—claims a high antiquity. It was known under the name of *Cordula*, as the chief city of the *Salassi*: its history earlier than its conquest by *Terrentius Varro*, a general of *Augustus*, is fabulous, but the antiquary of Aosta has no difficulty in fixing the date of its foundation 406 before that of Rome, 1136 *a.c.*! By the army of the emperor it was taken 34 years before the Christian era, and its inhabitants reduced to miserable captivity. *Augustus* rebuilt the city, gave his own name to it, and established there 3000 soldiers from the *Prætorian cohorts*. The remains of large public buildings attest its importance at that time. A *Triumphal arch* in tolerable preservation is one of the finest of the remains. There is also a remarkable gate or port, having two façades, with a quadrangle between them, each façade composed of three arches—that in the centre is much the largest. "It is buried to a considerable depth by soil. Another relic of the Romans is a bridge, which once spanned the Buttier, though now 100 yards E. of it. A conduit of water runs under it, and by its side a path; so that you can walk under

the arch, which is a fine piece of masonry."—A. T. M. There are also the ruins of an *Amphitheatre*, of a barracks or *Prætorian palace*, towers, walls, and fragments of unknown former appropriation, now serving only to perplex antiquaries.

Aosta has been much improved within the last few years, the chief square is enlarged, and there is much new and handsome building. It is the seat of a bishop under the archbishop of Chambery. A military commandant is also stationed here, and a numerous establishment of official inspectors, fiscal authority, &c.; a tribunal of justice, a royal college, an hospital for the military, and another for the poor.

Anselm, the distinguished archbishop of Canterbury in the 11th century was born at Aosta.

St. Bernard, whose name is immortally associated with the mountain pass from the valley of the Rhone to the valley of the Doire, was archdeacon of Aosta; and his knowledge, from his situation, of the exposure and sufferings of those who traversed these regions, led to his establishment of the celebrated hospice, upon the permanent footing it has since held, and left him to be remembered as the "Apostle of the Alps."

The Cathedral is deserving of a visit, though it has no high antiquity.

There is a column erected to commemorate the flight of Calvin from the city in 1541, with the following inscription:—

*Hanc Calvini fuga erexit Anno MDLII.
Religionis constantia reparavit
Anno MDCCXII.??*

Diligence to Turin 3 times a week, returning the alternate days; chaise may be had in all the intermediate towns.

The inhabitants of the *Pays d'Aosta* speak French almost universally, especially in the upper part of the valley above Aosta; this, too, is generally the case in these side valleys

which lead by the passes of the Alps to the frontiers of Savoy and France. The inhabitants of these upper valleys, bear a much better character than those who live near the plains of Piedmont.

The difficulties about distances in Piedmont, alluded to in the introduction, are nowhere more strongly felt than in this route to the Val d'Aosta from Turin, so that the distances named can only be regarded as approximations.

The valley of Aosta, more perhaps than any other in Piedmont, is afflicted in a horrid degree with cretinism and goitre; from Châtillon to Villeneuve this blight seems to have fallen most heavily. Broccheton says, "Nowhere are goitre and cretinism more prevalent than in this beautiful valley. The peasantry appear squalid and filthy, a race of beings generally stunted and diseased. Of the whole population in the neighbourhood of Aosta, one in fifty is a cretin; and above half are more or less goitred. Some of these are horrid objects. Tumours as large as their heads are appended to their throats, varying in number, size, and colour. The dirt, deformity, and imbecility of the inhabitants of this part of the valley, presented a scene so wretched, that it harrowed our feelings. Not a well-dressed or decent-looking person is to be met with: all bear marks of poverty, disease, and wretchedness, and this, too, amidst scenes for which nature has done so much. Surrounded by mountains, and high in their own locality, we saw nothing of the lightness, activity, and high spirits of the mountaineer. Something weighs upon the people like a curse. Many conjectures have been offered upon the cause of goitres and cretinism. Labour, food, water, air, have all been offered in explanation, but none of these account for it satisfactorily. The opinion of our guide was, that it was chiefly owing to the villainously dirty habits of the people most

afflicted with it. He said that among the mountaineers this was the general opinion; and though it sometimes descended in families, and often was observed in infancy, yet it might be traced to the filthy habits of preceding generations."

On leaving this city to ascend the valley, the drive for about 4 miles lies through the open plain of the Val d'Aosta, and through scores of its greatest richness in vegetation. At this distance from Aosta the road passes beneath the château Sarra, an unpicturesque structure; nearly opposite to it, on the other side of the valley, is a queer building in villanous taste, the château of Aimaville, situated on a knoll in a commanding position, and thrusting its impudent pretensions into notice as if it were a work of high refinement. An excursion to the Roman aqueduct of Pont d'Ael from this, would well repay the toil. (See p. 215.)

Sarra is about halfway from Aosta to Villeneuve. Between these places the road passes, near to the latter place, through St. Pierre, where there is one of the most picturesque châteaux in the valley. Soon after leaving St. Pierre, a fine scene is presented in the approach to Villeneuve, where the vast rock above the town is seen surmounted by the Châtel d'Argent, and beyond, the snowy Alps at the head of the Val Savaranche. About a mile from St. Pierre the road turns towards the river, which it crosses by a stone bridge to reach the little town of

Villeneuve, where there is nothing of interest, and where there is neither decent inn nor car. It is too near Aosta to induce the owners to make it more agreeable in the hope of detaining travellers. Near to Villeneuve, the valleys of the Savaranche and the Rhêmes open almost together from the S. into the valley of the Doire. Above Villeneuve the valley narrows and becomes much more wooded, the walnut-trees form-

ing in some places almost a forest, especially near

Arvier, about 4 miles above Villonouve. Here the vineyards are celebrated, every slope being terraced and vines planted. A little beyond Arvier is the dirty narrow village of

Ivrogne. Until within a few years this village was almost a barrier to the passage of carriages up the valley, from the steepness and narrowness of its principal street. Now, however, this is altogether avoided, a bridge is made over the torrent of the Grisencha, and a good road is carried behind the town, and falls into the old road above it, where this enters on the road out out of Fort Roc, which has also been widened, and a good road is now carried through the defile which separates what is considered a distinction in the valley—the Val d'Aosta from the valley of La Salle.

Here the road rises hundreds of feet above the bed of the Doire, which is seen foaming below through its restrained course, and from the summit of this pass, Mont Blanc at the head of the valley closes the scene with its masses as a magnificent barrier. The view is strikingly beautiful. The road, thus carried over the precipices, crosses in some places deep rifts in the mountain side; over these chasms, platforms are placed, which, being removed, would cut off all communication by this road, and oblige an army to make a considerable *détour* to descend by other points into the Val d'Aosta. A peep over the parapet wall, or through the platforms into the depth below, excites a shudder.

From Fort Roc the road descends rapidly to the Doire, which it crosses on a wooden bridge, and thence continues on the left bank to La Salle. Before arriving at this village a fine view of Mont Blanc and the valley is presented, as the road passes into a deep ravine to cross a torrent near its head; thence winding round

on the other side of this ravine, it rapidly descends upon

La Salle, a dirty narrow village, where, however, the name is preserved of the ancient people of this valley, the Salassi. On a hill near La Salle are the ruins of an old feudal castle; there are many traces of its high antiquity found in and about the village. From Ivrogne to La Salle is about 9 Eng. miles; thence to

Morgex, by a steep and rather narrow road, is about three miles. Nearly opposite to Morgex, it is in contemplation by the Sardinian government to form a good approach by the camp of Prince Thomas to La Thuile, and the pass of the Little St. Bernard—one of the most important benefits which the government could confer upon its subjects in the Val d'Aosta, and the Tarentaise. At Morgex two or three little inns have been built.

From Morgex, the road up the valley is better than that between La Salle and Morgex, and at the distance of a league a branch of the road descends to cross the Doire, and leads to the village and baths of St. Didier. Through the former the road to the Little St. Bernard passes, and about a league from the branch road to St. Didier, the traveller enters

Cormayeur. *Inns*: l'Angelo, not so good as formerly.—E.H. Good table-d'hôte, for a situation so far removed from the resources required for such an establishment, which must be brought from the lower valley, or even the plains. During the summer, many persons enjoy, on pension, this beautiful retreat in the finest part of the Alps.

Cormayeur, though considered as the head of the Val d'Aosta, is in reality in the Val d'Entèves; it is a large village with many good houses, situated 4211 ft. above the sea, near the confluence of the two branches of the Doire, which descend from the Col du Ferret and the Col de la Balgne, at the foot of the S. side of

Mont Blanc, to which it approximates so nearly, that the glaciers and snowy crests of the great chain appear to hang over the valley. From the village the summit of Mont Blanc is concealed by the Mont Dolina, but half an hour's walk discloses the chain from the "Monarch" to the grand Jorasse. That part of the chain seen from the village to close the valley, includes the remarkable peak of the Géant, and the whole course of the path, by which the passage may be made by the Col de Géant to Chamouny, is, on the side of Piedmont, to be traced from Cormayeur. This excursion, fatiguing and difficult, is seldom made. Mrs. Campbell, however, and her daughter, English ladies, crossed from Chamouny to Cormayeur, in company with a dozen guides, in the summer of 1823; an adventure not yet forgotten in the neighbourhood.

At Cormayeur there is a family of guides, five brothers, named Proment, all highly recommended; the traveller, however, must not expect to find on the S. side of the Alps such guides as those of Chamouny and the Oberland, either for general intelligence or extensive topographical knowledge of the Alpine districts.

Cormayeur is much resorted to in the summer by invalids, for the sake of its mineral waters. There are different springs near it; that of La Victoire is half a league to the S.W.; its waters are impregnated with carbonic acid gas, sulphate of magnesia, and a little iron, and have a temperature of about 54. The spring of La Marguerite varies a little in the proportions of its components, but its temperature is 12 degrees higher. The Piedmontese have great reliance on the salutary effects of their mineral springs, and in their resort to them bring together many *agremens*. To them the traveller to the head of the Val d'Aosta, and the tourist around Mont Blanc are indebted for an establishment which offers to them rest

and refreshment, and, generally, agreeable society, after their journeys.

The establishment of charrs at Cormayeur is excellent. A tariff fixes the price; for 2 persons, at 12 francs; for 3, at 15 francs; and for 4, at 20 francs, for their conveyance to Aosta.

From Cormayeur the traveller should ascend the Cramont, whose top he may reach in 4 hours from Pré St. Didier (Route 114), and should explore the glaciers of the Allée-Blanche. Prof. Forbes advises the ascent of a mountain which rises to the W. of the Col de Chervit, directly above the Allée-Blanche, in preference to the Cramont. 5 Routes diverge from this: 1, to Aosta; 2, to the Great St. Bernard; 3, the Little St. Bernard; 4, the Col de la Seigne to Chamouny; 5, the Col du Ferret to Martigny.

ROUTE 108.

MARTIGNY TO AOSTA.—PASS OF THE GREAT ST. BERNARD.

Distances 8 or 9 hours' walk to the Hospice; about 7 h. thence to Aosta.

At Martigny (Route 59), charrs are generally hired for this excursion, to take the traveller as far as Liddes, whence the ascent to the hospice is made on mules, the road beyond being impracticable, at present, for any sort of carriage; but the spirit of the Vallaisians will, if possible, overcome this difficulty. The same energy which has so much improved the roads in their canton, has already made the difficulties of the forest of St. Pierre to subside; and if they be encouraged by the Sardinian government, or, perhaps, in defiance of its blind policy, we may yet see a good practicable char road on the side of Switzerland, carried to the hospice of the Great St. Bernard.

A survey for a carriage road over the pass was made by engineers from the Vallais in 1840. Extensive improvements are already in progress on

that side, and there are great facilities for completing the road between the Hospice and St. Remy. It is therefore by no means improbable that the road may be made practicable for charrs in a few years.

The length of route from Martigny, or rather the village la Bâtie, which lies in the route of the Simplon, near Martigny, to the hospice, is nine leagues. It passes through the Bourg of Martigny, and shortly after crosses the Drance. The bed of this river still exhibits in the rocks and stones with which it is strewn, evidence of the devastation occasioned in 1818, by the bursting of a lake in the valley of Bagnes. See Route 100.

After crossing to the left bank of the Drance, the road leaves the path to the Forclas, which leads to Chamonny, on the right, and continues up the course of the Drance to the miserable villages of Valette and Bouverlier. Soon after the river is crossed, and the road continues on its right bank in the deep valley of the Drance. In one part the defile is so narrow that it was found necessary to cut a gallery through the rock: beyond it, the road soon after recrosses the river, and ascends on the left bank to

St. Branchier, another dirty village situated at the confluence of the two branches of the Drance, one of which descends from the Val d'Entremont and the Great St. Bernard, the other from the Val de Bagnes and the glaciers of Charfontaine.

Above St. Branchier there are some fine scenes in the Val d'Entremont, but none strikingly grand; it has the general character of an Alpine valley, and nothing that deserves to be particularly remembered. At

Orsières, where there is a tolerable little Inn (Vernay), the path which leads to Isert and the Val de Perret turns off on the right. (Route 110.)

Beyond Orsières the scenery improves a little in wildness. The torrent can seldom be seen in the deep

gorge which it has made its course, and there is nothing striking in the scenery until the traveller arrives in the forest of St. Pierre.

Liddes and St. Pierre are the only villages on the road between Orsières and the hospice; the former has a tolerable inn (L'Union), where travellers can rest and refresh.

The charge for a char to or from Liddes and Martigny to the hospice is generally 12 francs, and for each mule from Liddes to the hospice 6 francs, and a douceur to the boy who returns with the mule. Between Liddes and St. Pierre charrs are seldom taken, not that the road is impracticable, but it is, at present, very liable to be broken up.

St. Pierre is a dirty, wretched village, but it has fragments and inscriptions enough to support some claims to antiquity. A military column, dedicated to the younger Constantine, is placed here. De Rivas says that it was originally on the summit of the pass of the Great St. Bernard, and replaced there the statue of Jupiter Fœnix, which Constantine destroyed about the year 339.

On leaving St. Pierre the road crosses a deep abyss, through which the Drance forces its way into the valley below. The road to the hospice leaves on the left a torrent which descends from the Val Orsey, in which there is, not far from St. Pierre, a magnificent cascade.

The road formerly led through the forest of St. Pierre, by a path among the rocks and roots of pines, so steep and tortuous, that Napoleon's difficulties in transporting his artillery were here, perhaps, the greatest that he encountered from natural obstacles during his extraordinary expedition in 1800 across these Alps. Lately the spirited Vallaisans have cut an excellent road along the precipices which overhang the deep course of the Drance, avoiding the steep rises and falls of the old road, and leading the traveller by a safe path, which their

daring engineers have cut out of the rock, through a savage and appalling defile.

On leaving the forest, and rising to where the pines and larches are stunted from their elevation above the level of the sea, the traveller arrives at some pasturages where there are many chalets. The enormous mass of the Mont Velan appears to forbid farther progress, some of its blue glaciers, particularly that of Mecon, stream down into the plain of Prou, where, amidst the shelter of surrounding mountains, numerous herds gather the rich herbage of this Alpine pasturage.

On rising above this basin, the path enters another defile, and beyond it another summer pasturage, steep and rugged, the scenes become more sterile and dreary, another ravine is passed, and the summit is approached. At length, after crossing some beds of snow, the solitary walls of the

Hospice appear, and the traveller reaches, on the very crest of the pass, this dwelling in the clouds, 8300 English feet above the sea-level.

Here, in the practice of the most disinterested benevolence, lives this community of *Religieux*, who devote the best time of their lives, when man is most susceptible of his powers for its enjoyment, to the service of their fellow men; those whose pursuits oblige them to traverse these dreary fields in seasons of danger, when, without such aid and protection, hundreds must perish.

The Hospice is a massive stone building, well adapted to its perilous situation, which is on the very highest point of the pass, where it is exposed to tremendous storms from the N.E. and S.W. On the N.W. it is sheltered by the Mont Chenellon, and in an opposite direction by the Mont Mort. There is no mountain which bears the name of the St. Bernard. Like that of the St. Gothard, the name is only given to the pass. The chief building is capable

of accommodating 70 or 80 travellers with beds; 300 may be sheltered, and between 500 and 600 have received assistance in one day. Besides this, there is a house near the hospice on the other side of the way; it was built as a place of refuge in case of fire—an event which has twice happened here since the foundation of the establishment. It bears the name of the *Hôtel de St. Louis*, which was given in compliment to the kings of France, whose protection was often extended to the hospice. It is chiefly used for offices, and by the domestics of the establishment.

Within a few years additional accommodation in bed-rooms has been added. The ground-floor consists of stabling, store-room for wood, fodder, &c. A flight of steps leads up to the principal entrance in the first floor of the building, where a long corridor connects the offices, &c. with the chapel. Another corridor on the floor above leads to the dormitories, the refectory, the gallery of the chapel, &c. The *Drawing Room*, appropriated to the reception of strangers, especially ladies, is entered from the stairs between the two corridors. Here, the few brethren who are privileged to enter, do the honours to their visitors.

The *Clavandier* (or *Bureau*), the commissary of the establishment, is the brother who usually presides at the hours of 12 and 8, dinner and supper. This office was, until lately, most courteously filled for many years by M. Barrae, who resided nearly thirty years at this hospice, until he was removed, in order to be placed at the head of his brethren, in the recently established hospice, on the pass of the Simplon. Formerly gentlemen dined or supped with all the monks in their refectory, but this is now discontinued.

The room appropriated to visitors is large and convenient; it is hung with many drawings and prints, presents sent by travellers in acknow-

judgment of the kind attentions which they had received from the brethren. A piano was among the presents thus sent, by a lady. Attached to this room is a cabinet, in which a day, unfavourable for outdoor enjoyment, may be passed with interest and pleasure. It contains collections of the plants, insects, and minerals of the Alps, and many relics of the Temple dedicated to Jupiter, which formerly stood on this pass, near to the site of the hospice. These antiquities consist of votive tablets, and figures, in bronze, and other metals, and materials, arms, coins, &c., and are curiously illustrative of the early worship on this mountain, and the intercourse established over this pass. No trace whatever now remains of the temple, though these relics are found upon what is known to have been its site. Steps cut in the rock may yet be seen, which led up to the spot upon which the temple stood.

The Chapel of the hospice is generally well attended on Sundays and Festas, when the weather is not unfavourable, by the peasants from the neighbouring valleys and Alp pastures. The tawdry ornaments of Catholic ceremony and worship in the chapel weaken the impressive character of the establishment and its ministers, for whom the most unfeigned respect must exist; but as their religious peculiarities are never obtruded upon strangers, and as their most valuable duties are performed in obedience to the dictates of their religion, no man has a right to make them a ground of offence.

The chapel contains a monument to General Dumas, who fell at Marengo, after having contributed mainly to that victory: it was erected to his memory by Napoleon.

In the chapel there is a box, where donations in aid of the funds of the establishment are put, and travellers who receive its hospitalities offer their acknowledgments in a sum not less

than they would have paid for such accommodation at an inn. The money thus given by those who can afford it, ought to be in a more liberal degree, because that excess aids the monks to extend their assistance to poor and destitute travellers, a very numerous class of claimants upon them, from the great intercourse which exists by this pass between Switzerland and Italy.

There are usually 10 or 12 brethren here. They are all young men, who enter upon this devoted service at 18. The severities of the weather in the winter, at this height, often impair their health, and they are driven to retire to a lower and more genial clime, with broken constitutions and ruined health. Even in the summer, it has happened that the ice has never melted in the lake on the summit, and in some years not a week has passed without snow falling. This occurred in 1816. It always freezes early in the morning, even in the height of summer, and the hospice is rarely four months clear of deep snow. Around the building it averages 7 or 8 feet, and the drifts sometimes rest against it, and accumulate to the height of 40 feet. The severest cold recorded was 29° below zero of Fahrenheit: it has often been observed at 18° and 20° below. The greatest heat has been 60° in the height of summer.

The perilous passage of this mountain is more frequently undertaken in the winter than is generally imagined, it is difficult to conceive the necessity or urgency of affairs which can lead persons at such a season to traverse these dreary and dangerous solitudes in defiance of the snows, tourmentes, and avalanches, which always threaten and often overwhelm them.

To assist travellers, amidst the perils to which they are here exposed, is the duty to which the kind brethren of the hospice and their assistants devote themselves. Undis-

mayed by the storm, they seek amidst these dangers the exhausted or overwhelmed traveller; they are generally accompanied by their Dogs, animals of peculiar sagacity for this service. These do not roam alone, as generally represented, but are useful companions to the brethren or their assistants, tracing out the victim buried in the snow, carrying to him food and cordials fastened at their necks, across snow heaps too light to bear the weight of a man; recovering by their instinct the path, when to human sense the direction of the hospice is lost amidst the darkness, or the snow whirl. There are usually five or six of these noble animals kept at the hospice. The breed originally came from Spain: Newfoundland dogs are found to answer, and are employed on some of the passes. Their sense of smell is such that it is affirmed they can perceive the approach of a traveller at the distance of a league. The duties of the Brotherhood of St. Bernard and their servants sometimes lead them into fatal danger. On the 17th of December, 1825, a party of three domestics of the convent, or Maroniers—one of them was Victor, a worthy man, well remembered by Alpine travellers—went out with two dogs, on the side of the Vacherin, to search at a dangerous time for travellers; they met one with whom they were returning to the convent, when an avalanche overwhelmed them, and all perished except one of the dogs, whose prodigious strength and activity enabled it to escape. The bodies of poor Victor and his companions were only found after the melting of the snow in the following summer.

"There is one scene of melancholy interest usually visited on the St. Bernard—the morgue, or receptacle for the dead. It is a low building a few yards from the E. extremity of the convent, where the bodies of the unfortunate victims to storms and

avalanches in these mountains have been placed. They have generally been found frozen, and put into this horrid receptacle in the posture in which they perished. Here, many have "dried up and withered," and on some even the clothes have remained after 18 years; others present a horrid aspect, some of the bones of the head being blanched and exposed, whilst black integuments still attach to parts of the face among the victims were a mother and child. The air passed freely through the grated windows, without bearing to the nostrils of the observer the foul evidence of its transition through this dreadful place. From the rapid evaporation at this height, the bodies had dried without the usual decay. In a walled enclosure on one side of the morgue was a great accumulation of bones, white, broken, and apparently the gathering of centuries. Upon this rocky and frozen soil they could not bury the dead, and, probably, as they dry up without offence, they are placed here for the chance of recognition."

Passes of the Alps.

The system of purveyance for the hospital seems to be well regulated; supplies come from Aosta and the neighbouring villages. Their winter store of hay for their cows is so valuable, that the mules which ascend from either side with travellers generally bring their own hay, or supply themselves from a vender established in the convent, at a higher rate than below. Wood for firing is one of the most important necessities to them. Not a stick grows within 2 leagues, and all the fuel supplied to the convent is brought from the forest which belongs to it, in the Val de Ferret, a distance of nearly 4 leagues. The consumption of wood at the convent is considerable, for, at the great elevation of the hospice, water boils at about 190 degrees, which is so much less favourable for the cooking of meat than at 212 degrees, that it requires 3 hours to effect that, which,

at a low elevation, may be done in 2 hours. They have adopted stoves for warming the convent with hot air.

Visitors universally acknowledge the kind and courteous attention which they receive from those excellent men, particularly at table. They are freely communicative about their establishment, and conversation has no restraint, but in the respect which their characters demand. The language used by them is French, though there are Italians and Germans among them. They are well informed upon most subjects, and intelligent upon those in which their situation has been favourable to their acquiring information. The periodical works of some academic bodies and institutions are sent to them, and they have a small library, which is chiefly theological. During their short summers, their intercourse with well-informed travellers is extensive, which is shown in the names and notions left by travellers in the albums preserved carefully by the brethren at the hospice; this intercourse gives to their inquiries a propriety, and an apparent interest in the affairs of the world.

A report had prevailed, that the funds of the convent had suffered much upon the fall of Napoleon, who had especially patronised the establishment. In reply to inquiries upon this subject, the prior answered, that their funds were in a flourishing condition; that Buonaparte rather impoverished than enriched them. It was true that he had assisted them with donations, but his claims upon their funds had exceeded his benefits; that they had had forty men quartered upon them for months together, and 60,000 had passed in one season, and all these had been assisted. Their funds, he said, from the facilities which peace gave to travelling, were now increasing, because visitors to the convent, who can afford it, are usually donors.

The monks are of the order of St.

Augustine, and the distinguishing badge of that order is a white silt band passed round the neck, the ends before and behind being tucked into the girdle. The dress is a black cloth robe, which reaches nearly to the ankle, buttoned from top to bottom; a black conical cap, with a tuft at the top, completes a costume which is gentlemanly and becoming.

Travellers who wish to stay at the hospice for a few days, must obtain the leave of the principal. It is understood that the object of the establishment is only to assist the passing traveller, but a stay of some days for scientific research, or excursion in the neighbouring mountains, is readily conceded to.

The following communication from an obliging correspondent of the Editor contains some interesting additional information:—

"The monks have a deep cellar, where they keep their wine, &c. unfrozen, although the thermometer often descends to 30° of Reaumur, or 13° of our scale. Fresh meat is easily procured in the summer from the valleys, but for winter they lay up a store of salted and pressed meat; they also keep a number of cows, to supply them with milk, butter, and cheese; one only is kept up at the hospice during the winter; the rest are sent to Martigny, and their produce carried up in the solid form. The monks are also obliged to keep 45 horses all the year, in order to use them for conveying wood to the hospice from a forest 3 leagues off: this employment lasts for 3 months during summer, hence the wood must be by far the most expensive article. Travellers are passing every day during the winter, notwithstanding the perils of such a pass at such times. These persons, when they arrive at a certain house not far from the summit, are desired to wait till the following morning, when a servant and a dog descend from the top to this kind of refuge, and take up all the persons

assembled, the servant being conducted by the dog, who, it appears, never misses his way, but, entirely hidden, except his tail, in the snow, directs the march of the whole cavalcade. (N.B. The monk assured us that all the stories about their going out searching for lost travellers, and the dogs carrying wine, are false in toto, and the proof is, that such proceeding is impossible, for as great difficulty exists to the monks going about as to the travellers.) This labour of the dogs is so great, that their life never exceeds 9 years, owing to attacks of rheumatism, which is the bane of both dog and man up here. The infirm dogs are generally killed. The servant goes to bed immediately on his return, to recruit for a similar expedition the next morning. If the feet of the persons are found frozen, they are immediately rubbed strongly with snow or with a stimulating ointment. If neither succeed, the mortified part is immediately amputated by one of the monks, who studies medicine a little. If necessary, stockings, &c. are given to the poor. No dead body has been left unclaimed for 9 years past, so that there was no addition to the morgue. The snow is generally 30 feet deep in winter. The dogs at present (June 20, 1840) at the hospice are 5. Tradition reports that they are a cross between the Newfoundland and the Pyrenean. In the year 1833 all the dogs, and 3 servants (sent on this occasion together—an unusual occurrence), were destroyed by an avalanche. Luckily the monks had recently given away a couple of dogs, which were returned to them, or the breed would have been lost. 10 servants are kept in winter, and 8 in summer, of whom 3 dismount daily to the refugees, to bring up travellers, from the month of October to the end of April, the time of course varying according to the season. Few of the monks are able to stand the climate for more than 15 years; but there is no stated time for

which they devote themselves; each stays as long as he is able, being allowed 30 days' recreation—15 at a time—at a subsidiary house at Martigny, where also they descend when no longer able to live at the St. Bernard, or else they go to the hospice on the Simplon. We breakfasted with 9 monks. Service is performed in the chapel at 4½ A.M. in summer, and 5 in winter, and at 8 P.M. all the year round. A monk, who showed us over the hospice on the Simplon, told us that the neighbouring people make a kind of pilgrimage to the hospice, and although some bring presents of a sheep, &c., a great many do not, and thus cause a great expense to the institution.

"The monk on the Simplon who had lived at the St. Bernard convent 28 years, told us that the times at which the poor travellers pass in greatest numbers during the winter, are in November, February, March, and April. There are more in February and March than in November, because in the former months the poor inhabitants of the valleys are going out to seek work; in the latter they are coming home with money in their pockets. As many as 2000 per month will pass in February and March."—B. W. J. M.

"The scene from the W. end of the hospice, looking towards Italy, is sterile and dreary; patches of snow are seen on the sides of the mountains, which sweep down to the lake; and the *Petit de Saer*, a pinnacled mountain on the other side of the Vacheria, with its rocks and snow, adds to its wildness and desolation.

"A column opposite to the middle of the water, marks the boundary of Piedmont and the Vallais; above, and beyond it, is the little plain of Jupiter, where a temple formerly stood, and from which a Roman road led down on the Piedmontese side of the pass. This road may be easily traced in the brown rock, and the remains of a massive pavement; but

not a vestige of the temple is left above the surface.

* The period of the foundation of this Temple of Jupiter is unknown; but many of the bronze votive tablets, which have been found in its ruins, appear to be of great antiquity, they were placed in the temple and on the altars by travellers, in gratitude for escape from perils* in their journey across the Alps; some are inscribed to Jupiter, some to the god Penninus. This difference probably arose from the nation of the devotee, for when the Romans became acquainted with this pass, the worship of Jupiter for that of Penninus was a change only in name, and Penninus was preserved with that of Jupiter long after the Romans had extended their conquests beyond these Alps. The religion, if not the temple, had long been established upon these heights; from the fragments, however, which have been found of the temple, it appears to have been a Roman work of a time probably not earlier than that of Augustus. The period of the substitution of a military column for the statue of Jupiter, under the younger Constantine, in the year 330, was probably not that of the destruction of the temple, for medals of the children of Theodosius, fifty years later, have been found there. It has been conjectured by Chrétien de Loges, in his "*Essais Historiques sur le Mont Saint Bernard*," that it was destroyed by the Huns and Vandals during their ravages; for it was not in existence when the Lombards passed the Alps in 574.

The name of this mountain, or rather of this range of the Pennine Alps, is generally admitted to be of Celtic origin, from *pen* or *peun*, a height (this term is still preserved in Cornwall and Wales as *Pendennis*, *Pennanmawr*), and not from the

Pani, who crossed the Alps with Hannibal. The territories of the Veragri extended to the summit of this pass, which was the barrier between them and the Salassi, a people of the Val d'Aosta. On this mountain, Levy states that the Veragri worshipped a god of the Alps, Penninus, or Jupiter Penninus, and one of the earliest names for this passage of the Alps was Mons Jovis, or Mons Jovis Penninus, this was gallicised into Mont Joux, by which it was generally known before it acquired that of St. Bernard.

* The first foundation of the hospice has been attributed by some to Louis the Debonnaire, by others to Charlemagne, whose uncle Bernard, an illegitimate son of Charles Martel, led a division of the invading army of Charlemagne over the Great St. Bernard when he went to attack Lombardy. The present name of the pass, Saussure supposes, might have been derived from this Bernard; but there was another of the name, an illegitimate son of Pepin, to whom Charlemagne left the kingdom of Italy. To him may rather be attributed the original establishment of the hospice, from the interest which he would have in preserving the communication with Gaul by this passage of the Alps, and with it have given his name, for there is historical evidence that a monastery existed on the Great St. Bernard before the year 851; for Samler mentions, that Hartmann, abbé and almoner of Mont Joux, who was made at that time bishop of Lausanne, had been chief of the monastery. De Rivas mentions even an earlier abbé of this convent, Valtgare, in 832; and the annals of Berne state, that Lothaire, the second king of Lorraine, in 859, made a treaty with his brother, the emperor Louis II., by which he ceded to him Geneva, Lausanne, and Sion, but reserved particularly *L'Hopital de St Bernard*, which proves, says Saussure, the importance

* A custom which is continued in the Roman Catholic Church, as every traveller in France, Italy, and Catholic Switzerland may have noticed.

of this passage, and the name which it bore. But its history at this period is obscure, because in the year 890 it was devastated by Arnaud, who destroyed the monuments and records.

"The present hospice was founded in 963, by Bernard, who was born of a noble family of Savoy, at the château of Monthon, on the lake of Annecy. A determination at an early age to devote himself to an ecclesiastical life induced him to desert his home and go to Aosta, of which city he afterwards became archdeacon. A coincidence of his name with that of the monastery probably influenced his determination to re-establish the hospice on Mont Joux, of which he became the chief. He founded at nearly the same time the hospice on the Little St. Bernard, and gave to them the name, and placed them under the protection of his favourite saint, Nicolas de Myra, as tutelary patron of these establishments. By degrees the name of the devotee was joined to that of the saint, and after the canonization of Bernard, his name superseded that of all others, and has continued attached to the hospice since 1123. The attempt of Constantine to destroy the worship of Jupiter had not entirely succeeded; but St. Bernard rooted out the remains of paganism, and founded an establishment for active benevolence, to which thousands have been indebted. He died in 1008, after having governed the convent upwards of 40 years. For some time after the death of St. Bernard, the hospice was exposed to frequent outrages from barbarians who traversed the mountains; and its records of the 11th century present a succession of calamities. The Saracens overran the country, carrying fire and sword into the Alpine valleys, the monastery of Mont Joux was burnt, and its ruins became a station of brigands, who plundered or exacted an exorbitant payment from all passengers through a barrier

which they established at the south-west extremity of the lake. The Normans having determined to expel these marauders, broke down the barriers and killed the guard. Still outrages continued; and Canute, king of England and Denmark, among others, complained to the pope and the emperor of the horrors and violence committed in the Alps upon his subjects going on pilgrimages to Rome, who seldom ventured to traverse these mountains unless in companies of 400 or 500. His complaints were regarded, the tolls of the passage were abolished; and Canute, in consequence, wrote to his bishops and prelates, informing them that he had secured the safety of the pilgrims in the route of the Pennine Alps. The brigands were driven out, good order succeeded to outrage, and the convent was re-established.

"In the contests of the emperor Frederic Barbarossa with pope Alexander III., and Humbert, count of Maurienne, diplomas of protection were given by them to the convent, for the security of persons and property belonging to the monastery. It was one of the very few objects in which emperors, sovereign pontiffs, and other distinguished persons, disputed the glory of fostering and protecting a foundation so important to humanity. It soon acquired great celebrity and opulence. As early as 1177, it had, in various dioceses, 88 benefices, in priories, curies, châteaux, and farms; it had lands in Sicily, in Flanders, and in England. Its climax of riches and importance was in 1400, when it possessed 95 curies alone. Subsequently, however, the reformation, political changes in the states, loss of distant property, disputes with the popes, with the neighboring states, and with each other, drove the monks of St. Bernard to seek even eleemosynary assistance. The very land upon which their noble duties are performed has been the subject of disputes between the neigh-

bearing states. Sardinia claimed it as within a frontier extending to the bridge of Nudri, on the northern side; but the Vallaisans established a claim to it as within the diocese of Sion, by bulls of the popes from Leo IX. to Benedict XIV. The hospice, therefore, stands within the canton of the Vallais; but its authority extends only to the middle of the lake, on the borders of which a column is fixed as a line of demarcation; and the excellent brethren of St. Bernard had not only all their property within the state of Sardinia taken from them, but they were actually taxed by this state for the use which they made of the summer pasturage of the Vacherie. Very little property in land still belongs to the hospice; a vineyard at Clarena, and a farm at Roche, in the Pays de Vand, are the principal: their resources are small, and in aid of them collections are regularly made in the Swiss cantons; but this has been sometimes abused by impostors, who have collected as the agents of the hospice."—*Brochedon's Passes of the Alps*.

On leaving the hospice to descend to the Val d'Aosta, the path skirts the lake, and passes between it and the Plain de Jupiter. A little beyond the end of the lake, after passing through a short defile, the scene opens towards Italy, into the vast basin of the Vacherie, where the cows of the convent are pastured. The road turns abruptly to the right, and sweeps round the basin to descend gradually to the plain below. A short cut downward is always taken by an active mountaineer, and is generally safe for the less practised traveller, but let him beware of short cuts in the ascent; in the former case the course is obvious, and the path is generally traceable, but in an ascent all is concealed in the rugged and broken ground above, and the unwary traveller is decoyed into danger before he is aware of its extent.

The view on first looking out upon the Vacherie, from the gorge in the Mont Mort, is very fine, the mountains on the opposite side being sublime in form and elevation; the most striking in the scene being the *Pain de Sucre*, celebrated by Saussure.

At the lower end of the Vacherie, the path winds down by a series of zigzags, and thence the descent is rapid to St. Remy, a dreary little village, but where there is now a very fair inn. Here return charrs to Aosta may generally be obtained for 10 francs. Travellers who leave Aosta to visit the hospice, in a char for St. Remy, and intend to return, cause it to wait for them there for four or six hours, and pay 20 francs for the char for the day, with a *buona-mano* to the postilion. But it generally happens that the traveller crosses the mountain, in which case he pays from 12 to 14 francs for the char, and the postilions wait till the evening for customers descending from the Great St. Bernard, and it is seldom that they are disappointed in a fare.

From St. Remy the road descends, with little interest in the scenery, to St. Oyen, where the Piedmontese custom-house is placed, and where the passports are examined. These require great regularity, or the permission to pass is withheld. Beyond St. Oyen, at Etroubles, another examination takes place. The Piedmontese officers are usually very courteous, an advantage which the good temper of the traveller is sure to obtain.

At Etroubles, the St. Bernard branch of the *Buttier* is crossed, and the road descends to the village of Gignod, where the vegetation begins to luxuriate, and the Italian side of the mountain is felt and seen. Here there is a fine peep into the Val Pelina. From Gignod to the city of Aosta, the richness of the scenery is constantly increasing. Trellised vines and Indian corn mark the approach to the Val d'Aosta; and the first

view of the city and the valley, in the descent from the St. Bernard, where the background is filled with the magnificent forms and snowy summits of the mountains above the Val de Cogne, is, perhaps, one of the finest in the Alps.

AOSTA, p. 296.

ROUTE 109.

ST. BRANCHIER TO AOSTA BY THE VALLEY OF BAGNES, THE GLACIERS OF CHARMONTANE, THE COL DES FENETRES, AND THE VAL PELLINA.

(Two Days.)

From St. Branchier (Route 106) a good mule-track leads up the valley of Bagnes, which is very fertile, to Lourtier, passing through many villages, especially those of Chablé and Morgues. The valley is narrow, abounding in gorges, and offering many fine scenes to the pencil of the traveller. Above Lourtier, the last village in the valley, this character becomes more striking, and the pass increases in difficulty to Pont de Mauvoisin, a lofty stone-arched bridge, by which you pass from the rt. to the l. bank of the Drance, adjoining a small hamlet, not far below the glaciers of Getrox. The descent of these glaciers from the Mont Pleureur was the cause of the interruption of the waters of the Drance, which formed a lake and burst its bounds in 1595, carrying off in its destructive course more than 140 persons from the valley, besides houses and cattle. A more recent inundation, that of 1818, from a similar cause, has left fearful traces of its overwhelming power. Among the boulders brought down by that event, is one which contains above 1400 square feet; and the height which the waters then attained is yet distinctly marked,

where the land, then covered, is even now desolate.

"Vast blocks of stone," says Brockedon, in his '*Excursions in the Alps*,' "which were driven and deposited there by the force of the waters, now strew the valley; and sand and pebbles present an arid surface where rich pasturages were seen before the catastrophe. The quantity and violence of the water suddenly disengaged, and the velocity of its descent, presented a force which the mind may calculate, but cannot conceive.

"In the accounts which have been given of this event, the object of the writers has been merely to describe the catastrophe, and the extent of its injuries; but in reading the account of M. Escher de Linth, published in the *Bib. Univ. de Genève, Sci. et Arts*, tom. viii. p. 291, I was most forcibly struck with the unparalleled heroism of the brave men who endeavoured to avert the evil, by opening a channel for the waters, which had, by their accumulation, become a source of terror to the inhabitants of these valleys.

"In the spring of 1818, the people of the valley of Bagnes became alarmed on observing the low state of the waters of the Drance, at a season when the melting of the snows usually enlarged the torrent; and this alarm was increased by the records of similar appearances before the dreadful inundation of 1595, which was then occasioned by the accumulation of the waters behind the débris of a glacier that formed a dam, which remained until the pressure of the water burst the dike, and it rushed through the valley, leaving desolation in its course.

"In April, 1818, some persons went up the valley to ascertain the cause of the deficiency of water, and they discovered that vast masses of the glaciers of Getrox, and avalanches of snow, had fallen into a narrow part of the valley, between Mont Pleureur and Mont Mauvoisin, and formed a

dike of ice and snow 600 ft. wide and 400 feet high, on a base of 3000 ft., behind which the waters of the Drac had accumulated, and formed a lake above 7000 ft. long. M. Venetz, the engineer of the Vallais, was consulted, and he immediately decided upon cutting a gallery through this barrier of ice, 60 ft. above the level of the water at the time of commencing, and where the dike was 600 ft. thick. He calculated upon making a tunnel through this mass before the water should have risen 60 feet higher in the lake. On the 10th of May, the work was begun by gangs of 50 men, who relieved each other, and worked, without intermission, day and night, with inconceivable courage and perseverance, neither deterred by the daily occurring danger from the falling of fresh masses of the glacier, nor by the rapid increase of the water in the lake, which rose 63 ft. in 34 days—on an average nearly 3 ft. each day; but it once rose 8 ft. in one day, and threatened each moment to burst the dike by its increasing pressure; or, rising in a more rapid proportion than the men could proceed with their work, render their efforts abortive, by rising above them. Sometimes dreadful noises were heard, as the pressure of the water detached masses of ice from the bottom, which, floating, presented so much of their bulk above the water as led to the belief that some of them were 70 ft. thick. The men persevered in their fearful duty without any serious accident, and though suffering severely from cold and wet, and surrounded by dangers which cannot be justly described, by the 6th of June they had accomplished an opening 600 ft. long; but having begun their work on both sides of the dike at the same time, the place where they ought to have met was 20 feet lower on one side of the lake than on the other: it was fortunate that latterly the increase of the perpendicular height of the water was less, owing to the ex-

tension of its surface. They proceeded to level the highest side of the tunnel, and completed it just before the water reached them. On the evening of the 13th the water began to flow. At first the opening was not large enough to carry off the supplies of water which the lake received, and it rose 3 feet above the tunnel; but this soon enlarged from the action of the water, as it melted the floor of the gallery, and the torrent rushed through. In thirty-two hours the lake sunk 10 feet, and during the following twenty-four hours 20 feet more; in a few days it would have been emptied; for the floor melting, and being driven off as the water escaped, kept itself below the level of the water within; but the catenest which issued from the gallery melted, and broke up also a large portion of the base of the dike which had served as its buttress. Its resistance decreased faster than the pressure of the lake lessened, and at four o'clock in the afternoon of the 16th of June the dike burst, and in half an hour the water escaped through the breach, and left the lake empty.

"The greatest accumulation of water had been 800,000,000 of cubic feet; the tunnel, before the disruption, had carried off nearly 330,000,000—Eacher says, 270,000,000, but he neglected to add 60,000,000 which flowed into the lake in three days. In half an hour, 530,000,000 cubic feet of water passed through the breach, or 300,000 feet per second; which is five times greater in quantity than the waters of the Rhine at Basle, where it is 1300 English feet wide. In one hour and a half the water reached Martigny, a distance of eight leagues. Through the first 70,000 feet it passed with the velocity of 33 feet per second—four or five times faster than the most rapid river known; yet it was charged with ice, rocks, earth, trees, houses, cattle, and men; 34 persons were lost, 400 cottages swept away, and the de-

damage done in the 2 hours of its devastating power exceeded a million of Swiss livres. All the people of the valley had been cautioned against the danger of a sudden irruption; yet it was fatal to so many. All the bridges in its course were swept away, and among them the bridge of Mauvoisin, which was elevated 90 feet above the ordinary height of the Drance. If the dike had remained untouched, and it could have endured the pressure until the lake had reached the level of its top, a volume of 1,700,000,000 cubic feet of water would have been accumulated there, and a devastation much more fatal and extensive must have been the consequence. From this greater danger the people of the valley of the Drance were preserved by the heroism and devotion of the brave men who effected the formation of the gallery in the dike, under the direction of M. Venetz. I know no instance on record of courage equal to this: their risk of life was not for fame or for riches—they had not the usual excitement to personal risk in a world's applause or gazetted promotion,—their devoted courage was to save the lives and property of their fellow-men, not to destroy them. They steadily and heroically persevered in their labours, amidst dangers such as a field of battle never presented, and from which some of the bravest brutes that ever lived would have shrunk in dismay. These truly brave Vallaisans deserve all honour!"

But the skill of M. Venetz was not limited in its application to emptying the lake: his abilities have been properly directed to the prevention of such another catastrophe, for the liability to its recurrence was obvious. Not one twentieth part of the ice which formed the barrier had been removed when the dike burst, and fresh masses were still falling from Mont Pleuren and Mont Mauvoisin, the mountains of which the bases formed the buttresses to the dike; in

fact the dike was again accumulating so rapidly, that at the end of 1819 the barrier was almost as complete as before its bursting, from the pressure of the lake.

It became, therefore, an important object to prevent a repetition of the former catastrophe, by the adoption of such means as would prevent, or at least diminish, the increase of the barrier. Blasting by gunpowder was found impracticable, from the difficulty of firing the powder at considerable depths in the ice, and from the comparatively small masses removed by this means. After much consideration and many trials, a mode has been adopted and put in execution by M. Venetz, which promises the greatest success.

M. Venetz had remarked that the glacier could not support itself where the river was of a certain width, but fell into it and was dissolved; whereas, where the river was comparatively narrow, the ice and snow formed a vault over it, and consequently tended to the preservation of any portion falling from the glacier above. Perceiving also the effect of the river in dissolving the part it came in contact with, he formed and executed the design of bringing the streams of the neighbouring mountains by a canal to Mauvoisin, opposite the highest part of the glacier where it touched that mountain. From hence it was conducted by wooden troughs on to the glacier in a direction parallel to the valley. The water was divided into two streams; one falling nearly on the one edge of the Drance, and the other on the other; and having been warmed by the sun in its course, soon cut very deep channels in the ice. When they reached the river the troughs were removed a few feet, and thus the stream produced the effect of a saw, which, dividing the ice, forced the portion between them to fall into the Drance.

"When the weather is fine, three

streams, which are not more than four or five inches in diameter, act with extraordinary power, piercing a hole 300 feet deep and 6 feet in diameter in 24 hours. They are calculated to remove 100,000 cubical feet of ice from the barrier daily, and it is supposed that if the weather is fine the whole will be removed in three years.

"At the end of the season of 1822, the Drance remained covered only for a length of 480 feet; whereas, at the commencement of the operation, it was covered over a length of 1350 feet. M. Venetz estimates the quantity of ice removed in 1822 as between 11 and 12 millions of cubical feet."—*Bib. Univ.* xxii. 52.

"The main glacier of Getroz lies high up amidst the defiles of Mont Pleureur, and is not visible from the path along the opposite side of the valley. The glacier which did the mischief, now reduced in size, resembles a mass of unmelted snow, lying in the depths of the defile, and in reality consists of fragments which have fallen from the upper glacier over a cliff of enormous height, at whose edge it terminates. The defile is so narrow that these dirty fallen fragments still partially bar the course of the river, and must continue to choke the outlet until a tunnel be formed for the passage of the water beneath them."—*See Forbes.*

The path now lies across the bed of the glacier-lake, whose bursting did so much mischief. 4 hours' walk from Chablé; 1½ h. further lie the chalets of Torembecc, above Getroz, which can be reached in good time in one day from Martigny; and those who wish to cross the glaciers of Charmontane can sleep there, and, starting early the next morning, push on to the extremity of the valley, cross two glaciers, and attain the summit of the pass of the Col des Fenêtres in time to reach Aosta on the following day.

The ascent of the upper part of the

valley, crossing to the l. bank of the Drance, presents scenes of greater grandeur than any below. As the valley turns to the S.E. several glaciers come into sight, and that of Durand, descending on the rt. from the Mont Combain, stretches over across the Drance. It requires to be traversed in order to reach the pastures, on which stand the chalets of Charmontane, on the W. of the valley, at the foot of the Mont Avril. Hence there is a magnificent view over the glacier of Charmontane, a sea of ice nearly unexplored.

Professor Forbes did not descend to the chalets, but keeping high up on the flanks of Mont Avril, skirting the glacier, mounted by a tedious but not difficult ascent, to the

Col des Fenêtres, 4 h., 9218 ft. above the sea-level. Calvin fled by this pass from Aosta in 1541.

"The view towards Italy is wonderfully striking. The mountains (of Cogne) beyond Aosta, and the glaciers of Rutor, are spread out in the distance, and beneath we have the exceeding deep valley of Ollomont, communicating with the Val Pellina, which is itself a tributary of the Val d'Aosta. It is enclosed by ridges of the most fantastic and savage grandeur, which descend from the mountains on either side of the Col on the N.E. from Mont Combain, rising to a height of 14,200 ft., and on the S.E. from Mont Gelée, 11,000 ft. high, and almost too steep to bear snow, presenting a perfect ridge of pyramidal aiguilles stretching towards Val Pellina."—*Prof. Forbes.*

This is not the only pass by the Val Pellina across the great chain. Another is practicable, though difficult and dangerous, by the Col de Colles (10,333 ft. high, Rte. 61, p. 189), which lies between the chalets of Pre-rayen, in the Val Pellina, and St. Bartolomey, above Evola in the Val d'Hervey, or Eringerthal, which opens into the Valleia, near Sion. Another pass, at the head of the Val

Pellina, leads from Levronea to Val Tournanche and the Val d'Aosta.

The course from the Col de Fenêtres to Val Pellina is to skirt the base of the peaky ridges of Mont Gelé, passing a small lake by a rapid descent, and reaching the pastures. The descent is long and fatiguing to Balma, the first hamlet, and to Ollomont, where there are traces of an aqueduct built by the Romans for the supply of water to Augusta Prætoria. Thence the road descends through the village of Val Pellina, and still lower that of Bogniant, near to where the Buttier is crossed, and the path leads into the city of

AOSTA. (Route 107. p. 296.)

ROUTE 110.

MARTIGNY TO CORNAVÉUR BY THE COL DE FERRET.

A journey of 15 or 16 hours, on foot.

"This route, though shorter, is less interesting than that by the Grand St. Bernard and Aosta."—F. The valley on the Swiss side, as well as that on the Piedmontese side, is called Val Ferret: the latter is a continuation of the Allée Blanche.

At Orsières, in the Val d'Entremont (Route 108), a path turns off on the right, enters an agreeable valley and continues on the banks of an Alpine river, and, after pursuing a tolerable road to Issert, the principal village in the Val de Ferret, 3 hours distant from Martigny, ascends rapidly towards the higher hamlets of Pra le Fort, and Branche. The mountains which bound the valley towards the west are lofty, and crowned with the northern extremity of those vast glaciers of the chain of Mont Blanc, which, divided on the crest, descend towards the Val de Ferret, as the glaciers of Salena, Portalet, and Neuve; and on the other side, towards the west, form the glaciers de Trient, du Tour, and d'Argentière.

Switz.

There is nothing, however, remarkable in the scenery of the Val de Ferret. The route leads up a succession of rather flat divisions of the valley, from the Issert to the Châlets de Folie, distant 3 hours. On the right, the short transversal valleys, or rather crues, in the side of the mountains, are the channels for these glaciers.

Above the Châlets de Folie, the usual path to the Col de Ferret leads up through the Châlets of Ferret, by the detritus of a mountain which fell in the year 1776, burying the pasturages of Banderai. Near to these châteaux the two paths separate—that on the left leading over the Col de la Fenêtre to the Great St. Bernard, that on the right to the Col de Ferret.

Instead, however, of ascending by Ferret and the Châlets of Banderai, the guides now take a shorter path directly up the pasturages on the right, above the Granges of Folie; but, without a guide, this may lead into scenes of danger, towards the deep crues and precipices which form the eastern side of the great chain of Mont Blanc—scenes of impressive grandeur, from their vastness and utter sterility.

The ascent by the shorter path is very steep and fatiguing to the Col de Ferret; but the view when near the summit well repays for the trouble of attaining it, the time required from the Châlet de Folie being about two hours.

From the ascent, the whole Val de Ferret is seen, bounded on either side by lofty mountains, and the distance is limited only by the Bernese Alps.

The woods and pasturages of part of the Val de Ferret belong to the Convent of the Great St. Bernard, and at this distance from the hospice—4 or 5 leagues—the brethren obtain all their wood and some hay, which is conveyed to them by mules over the Col des Fenêtres.

From the crest of the Col de Ferret, the view along the S.E. side of Mont

Blanc, towards Piedmont, is one of the scenes celebrated by *Semaphore*. The eye is carried through the Val d'Entrèves and the Allée Blanche to the Col de la Seigne, an extent of 20 miles. Numerous glaciers are seen on the right, streaming down into the valley from the great glaciers of Mont Blanc; but the "Monarch" himself is not seen, the enormous masses of the Grand Jorasse and the Géant conceal him in this view.

The descent is over a soft slaty soil, in which the tracks of sheep and cattle have cut deep trenches, in which if a man stand he is half concealed. Ten minutes below the Col a cross is placed on the edge of a precipice which the path passes; it serves to guide the course of the ascending traveller, though from below it seems to be placed on a pyramidal mass of rock which it would be impossible to attain. Far in the deep valley, the stream flowing into Italy appears like a thread of silver.

An hour and a half of fatiguing descent brings the traveller to the Châlets of Pré de Bar, famed for being the dirtiest in Piedmont.

Near Pré de Bar the vast glacier of Triolet sweeps down from the crest which divides this glacier from the masses, which, on the other side, form the glacier of Talefre. Below the glacier of Triolet the road descends by a most fatiguing path, amidst rocks and stones and bushes, presenting a scene of Alpine desolation. The valley is very narrow, and each rift on the mountain side towards Mont Blanc has its glacier hanging down from the summit. Not less than seven distinct glaciers are passed in the course of this valley, before reaching the village of Entrèves, near to Cormayeur. These chiefly depend from the masses which form the Grand Jorasse, and the remarkable peak of the Géant. A few miserable villages in the Val d'Entrèves are passed. The highest is Sagion; those below are Pré-sec and Plan-passier.

More than half the length of the valley is passed, on the descent, before Mont Blanc is seen: when its prodigious mass opens to the view, the effect is overwhelming. The ruggedness of the descent is increased by passing over the débris of a mountain fall beneath the Géant. This passed, the river, which descends through the Val d'Entrèves, is crossed, the village of Entrèves is left on the right, and winding along a path by the side of the mountain, you reach

Cormayeur (Route 107).

ROUTE 111.

AOSTA TO PONTE IN VAL D'ONCA, IN COGNÉ, FENÊTRE DE COGNÉ, THE COL DE BALME, AND THE VAL SOANNA.

(Three Days.)

From Aosta (Route 107, p. 296) a road leads directly down to the river Doire, which is crossed on a wooden bridge, and a path ascends on the right bank through the rich plain of the valley, and through the villages of Gressen and Jovençon to Aimaville, about $1\frac{1}{2}$ league, where one of the most fantastical offences to good taste in building spoils one of the finest sites in the valley. A knoll jutting out into it is surmounted with a squab, square mass of masonry, a modern antique, worse than any cockney attempt to decorate a garden with a castle. At Aimaville there formerly existed an ancient pagan temple, which was succeeded by an establishment of knights Templars; and within the present queer structure is an ancient armoury of the barons of Aimaville. It is now inhabited by the Contessa di Rocca.

From the château the ascent is steep to the hamlet of St. Martin. The view from the crest above it is perhaps the finest in the Val d'Aosta, in the richness of its plain, studded with villas and châteaux. The city is seen as in a glorious frame, and be-

yond it, towards the great chain, the peaks of the Monte Rosa close this unmatched scene of the beautiful and magnificent in nature.

On turning the brow of the mountain which forms the southern side of the entrance to the Val de Cogne, a path at an elevation of at least 1000 feet above the torrent of the Cogne leads into the valley. Soon after losing sight of Aosta, deep in the valley beneath the path, the tops of the cottages of Pont d'Aël are seen clustered with a few trees, and near it a white line which crosses the ravine. This is well worth an examination, and a path leads down to this remarkable village, where the line crossing the gulf will be found to be an ancient aqueduct, which now serves as a road. This is one of the most remarkable of the Roman structures remaining in the Val d'Aosta, from the times of the empire. It is raised nearly 400 feet above the torrent, which it crosses by a single arch, immediately above the arch, and under the present road, is the ancient gallery, which is lit through slits in the wall. The gallery is 180 feet long, 14 feet high, and 3 feet wide. The vault is composed of the slabs which formed the bed of the ancient watercourse. The gallery is entered by arched ports at either end; there are two, one on the upper side, at the village of Pont d'Aël, and at the other end the port opens down the valley. This singular work is in perfectly sound condition, though built, as a still legible and even sharp inscription indicates, by Caius Aimeus and his son, of Padua, in the thirteenth year of Augustus. This inscription is inaccessible; it is placed on a tablet just over the arch on the lower side towards the valley of Aosta. Though it cannot be reached, to which fact it probably owes its preservation, yet it can be readily read from the brink of the precipice on the side of Pont d'Aël, and the following is the inscription:—

IMP. CAESARIS AUGUSTO XII.
COS. DESIGN. C. AVILLIUS C. F. CAIUS
PATAVINUS PRIVATUM.

Their name is still preserved in the village and château of Aimaville.

The distance from Aosta to Pont d'Aël by the route described is nearly 3 hours' walk.

Travellers in the Val d'Aosta should not fail to visit this interesting work of antiquity, which is placed in a situation where it is impossible to imagine that any benefit could ever have arisen commensurate with the expense of the structure. The surrounding scenery is very grand.

In ascending the valley of Cogne, it is not necessary to retrace one's steps to regain the path high upon the mountain side. A shorter cut from Pont d'Aël leads to it, the valley for a long way above Pont d'Aël is a fearful ravine, utterly impracticable in its depth, which, except at two or three points, is equally impervious to the eye. In some places the narrow path on the edge of the precipice, wretchedly guarded by poles and trees, which a child might throw over, is so obviously dangerous, that none but a practised mountain traveller could pass some places without a shudder. Opposite to one spot, where the path turns suddenly into a deep rift or crease in the mountain side, is a slide, down which trees cut in the forest above are discharged, for the chance of the torrent bringing them down to the Val d'Aosta. Not one in ten escape being broken into splinters; these, however, serve for the anvils and foundries for working the iron raised in the Val de Cogne, and which is celebrated in Piedmont.

The difficulties of constructing a road by which the productions of the valley could be brought down, is obvious on observing its precipitous character. The valley, however, opens a little near some mines, and from where the river is crossed to its left bank, a tolerable road leads

and their chairs were
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or worse. I had a very
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From the road
Mont Blanc is visible
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Charvans.
the pastoral group and

to Cogne. This road was made by two brothers, iron-masters, who have recorded its formation on a tablet in a rock. It is kept in repair, and has been much improved, at the expense of the commune of Cogne, under the judicious administration of Dr. Grappin, a physician, a man of general information, who has acquired influence enough over his compatriots to induce them to carry out many local improvements which he has suggested. There is very little cultivation in the valley, the products of the mines giving occupation to its inhabitants; every stream drives its tilt hammer, and almost every person is employed in working, smelting, or forging the iron raised.

The hamlets of *Vieille Silvevoir*, *Epinel*, and *Creta*, are passed before reaching the village of Cogne, where is the only place of rest; either, in anticipation of an early start across the mountains from Cogne, or, after having traversed them during the long fatiguing day's journey from the *Val d'Orca*, for the six hours required between Cogne and Aosta is too much to add to such a day's work either way.

Cogne is a considerable village for so remote a position. It is beautifully situated at the union of three valleys, amidst charming meadows, which contrast strikingly with the barren scenes through which the traveller has passed. The valley on the left leads to the great iron mines, and across the mountains to the *Val Soanna*; that on the right is the *Vermiana*, and leads, at the distance of 3 hours, to its vast glaciers.

A day may be spent with interest and pleasure here in visiting the iron mines. A very steep ascent of $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours from Cogne leads to them. The iron is worked in the face of the mountain, and seems to be of almost unlimited extent. A vast surface of pure ore yielding from 70 to 80 per cent. of metal is worked in open day.

Galleries are beginning to be constructed with a view of carrying on the work during a longer part of the year than it is at present possible to do at the great elevation of the mines. The workmen live in wretched cabins during the week, but descend to spend their Sundays in the valley; they speak French, and are very civil and courteous in their manners to strangers. The mine yields at present 50,000 francs of gross produce, and 15,000 for annual profit to the commune—a very trifling income compared to what might be drawn from this source; but the increasing scarcity of wood diminishes every year the number of forges which depend on it.

The height of the mine above the valley is at least 3000 feet, and as much as 120 rubble, or 3000 lbs., of ore is brought down at once, in the manner described in the "*Journals of an Alpine Traveller*:"—

"On our approach to Cogne, I was struck by the appearance of a great quantity of iron ore, heaped upon the roadside, which was here of good breadth and kept in tolerable condition. On the opposite side of the valley, in a mountain, is a mass of iron ore celebrated for its extraordinary richness: the mines are worked at a great height in the mountain side, and I was surprised at the laborious mode adopted for bringing the ore down into the valley, thence to be taken to the foundries and forges. Zigzag paths are made from the adits, upon which barrows on sledges are placed filled with the ore, and these are in succession pushed off by a conductor. When the sliding barrow has acquired sufficient impetus down the inclined plane forming each line of the zigzag descent, the man who directs it leaps adroitly into the barrow and descends with it, and before the load has acquired an uncontrollable velocity, it is brought up by a bank at each angle of the zigzag path or slide. The conductor

then gets out, turns the barrow in the direction of the next slide, pushes it forward, and again, while it is in motion, leaps in, and is taken down to the next angle; and thus in a series of turns, at last reaches the bottom in the valley. The men have, it appears, to walk up the mountain again, and their empty slides are dragged up. I never saw power so misapplied or wasted." So fatiguing is this mode of bringing down the ore to the workman, that he usually makes but one trip a day, for which, with a moderate load, he gets five francs.

On leaving Cogne for the pass, a good road continues up to the place where the path branches off, by which the iron ore is brought down from the mountain. The track by which the miners ascend and the ore is lowered, is distinctly seen.

From all the heights round Cogne Mont Blanc is admirably seen, for the valley is a prolongation in direction of that between Villeneuve and Courmayeur, and is distinctly seen in this course from the Cramont. A very lofty and peaked mountain called Grivolet, between the valleys of Cogne and Savaranche, is also a conspicuous object.

Leaving the little plain of Cogne, the road to the Col ascends by a steep path on the mountain side, leaving on the right the valley of Vermiana, into which descends an enormous glacier from the mountain called the Grand Paradis. The steep path passes over what appears to be a vast dyke in the valley, the torrent flows round it to escape through a ravine at one extremity. On crossing the ridge, the traveller finds himself on a more wild and open ground, leading to the Alps and pasturages of Chavanes. Some of the lower chalets are soon reached: further up on this fine Alp, which feeds large flocks and herds during the summer, numerous chalets form the cluster known as the Chalets of Chavanes. Here the scene is rich in the pastoral groups and beauty of

the herbage, and sublime in the magnificence of the amphitheatre of mountains and glaciers.

Immediately in front is the great glacier of Cogne, by which an active mountaineer can cross and reach Ponte, in the Val d'Orca, in a day.

This pass across the glaciers is impracticable for mules. From Cogne to the crest of the path is a walk of four hours—the glacier itself may be crossed in twenty minutes—the Col is elevated and very narrow, the view from it towards the south is magnificent; in clear weather the city of Turin is visible—seen over and far beyond the deep Val Campen, which lies at the feet of the traveller, and seemingly of perpendicular descent. Towards the N. the Monte Rosa and Mont Blanc can both be seen if the traveller can climb a rugged rock on the right for the enjoyment of these magnificent objects. The descent from the Col is excessively steep, but quite safe down to the valley of Campen; here, however, a commodious path leads gently down through scenes of continually increasing beauty. On looking back the Col de Cogne appears as if guarded by inaccessible precipices. From the Col to the first village—Campiglia—is $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and the distance from Campiglia to Ponte is only 4 hours' walk.

A less dangerous road, however, and one more varied and beautiful, but much longer, is found by leaving the glaciers of Cogne on the right, and turning to the left up a steep and difficult ascent to a narrow col, called the Fenêtre de Cogne, a mere notch in the crest of the mountain. From this place the view of the Alps, which bound the Val de Cogne on the west, is magnificent from the grandeur of their forms and the vast extent of their glaciers.

In the opposite direction, the glaciers which crest the northern side of the Val d'Orca are not less striking, and are perhaps more impressive from their greater proximity. They

form a vast barrier to the right of the Val Champorcher, which opens into the Val d'Aosta (Route 107, p. 375), at Fort Bard.

The descent is extremely difficult, from the steepness of the path and looseness of the soil. This difficulty ends before reaching a little chapel or oratory, built probably as an ex voto by some grateful Catholic for a mortal preservation here. This oratory is placed on the brink of one of several little lakes, formed by the melting of the glaciers. No spot can be more savage than this, or give a more impressive idea of dreary solitude.

The path now skirts, as it leaves it on the right, a dark and enormous mountain mass, and descends rapidly down the valley, but nothing habitable appears. The valley deepens considerably on the left below the path: the eye can trace its course down towards Bard, and a path across the valley is also seen, which leads from the Val Champorcher by the Châlets of Dodoney into the valley of Fenis.

After crossing a buttress of the mountains which the path skirts, and which is called the Col de Ponton, it leads to the bank of a torrent just where it issues from a great glacier; then crossing another ridge over a beautiful pasturage, it descends to the borders of a little lake at the foot of the Col de Reale.

From this spot to Fort Bard down the valley of Champorcher is about 6 hours.

Turning abruptly to the right, the path leads to the Col de Reale in less than an hour, and from this crest one of the finest Alpine panoramas is presented. Not only, upon reaching the crest, is the plain of Italy and the far stretch of the maritime Alps, to the southward, spread out like a vast map, but in an opposite direction the entire mass of Monte Rosa is better seen than from any other point of view. Every peak, and glacier, and valley, and pass, from the sharp pin-

nacle of the Cervin (Route 100), to the Col de Val Dobbia (Route 104) are seen, whilst the intermediate range of mountains above Dodoney, and the deep valley of Champorcher below, serve as a foreground to this sublime scene. The black and scathed rocks which bound the crest of the pass complete this extraordinary panorama.

Nothing can be imagined more beautiful than the view towards the plains where the deep valley of the Soanna sinks into darkness, whilst about the mountains which bound it, and far over and beyond, the plains of Italy stretch away into indistinctness, and are lost in the distance.

From the crest the descent is rapid. Passing to the left under a beetling mountain, the path skirts a deep ravine, leaves on the right some old edits of a mine worked unprofitably for silver, and, after a tortuous descent of two hours, passes by some châteaux. The level of the pine forests is soon reached, and deep in a little plain is seen the church and village of Val Pra, which, instead of being correctly laid down as the highest church and village in the Val Soanna, is usually placed, in the authorized maps, nearly as far down as Ronco. If the traveller arrive late at Val Pra, the worthy old peasant Giuseppe Danna will give him his best welcome.

At the opposite extremity of this little plain, the path descends by a stunted pine forest, and through the depths of the valley to the village of Peney, and by one or two little hamlets to the village of Cardonera. There is nothing peculiar in this part of the valley, until just before reaching the hamlet of Bosco del Roco: there are the remains of a slip from the mountain, which took place in 1839, and strewed the little plain with rocks and stones.

At Ronco there is an inn, which hunger and fatigue may make endurable; below it, a bridge, in a wild and striking situation, leads across a

ravine to the village of Ingria. Before reaching it, however, the opening of the valley of Campes above mentioned is passed, which leads directly to the glaciers of Cogne, shorter by seven hours than the route by the Col de Reale. The only village in the Val Campes, above Ingria, is Campiglia.

The inhabitants of the valley of Soanna wear a singular sort of shoe or boot, it is made of coarse woollen, tied tight round the ankle, but half as broad again as the foot, its use gives an awkwardness to their gait.

Below Ingria, the valley becomes a ravine of singularly wild and grand character. Vast precipices, gorges and forests, offer alternately, sometimes together, their magnificent materials for Alpine scenery. Soon the old towers of Ponte are seen in the valley of Orca, beyond the depths of the ravine. Enormous overhanging masses close the proximate part of the valley, whilst above and beyond Ponte the plains of Piedmont appear.

A path down through a forest, and near some quarries, leads to the Villa Nuova of Ponte, the cotton works established by the Baron Du Port, and about half a mile beyond is the town of Ponte, six hours from Val Pra in the mountains.

Nothing can exceed the picturesque situation of this place, at the confluence of the Soanna and the Orca, rich in vineyards, inclosed by mountains, offering in combination with the surrounding scenery, the towers and ruins of two feudal castles in the most striking situations, and the head of the valley closed by the snowy peaks of the lofty range which divides the Val d'Orca from the Tarentaise.

There are many spots about Ponte which offer views of singular beauty. Few places are so rich in the picturesque: these, too, offer a remarkable variety, for besides the views of Ponte and the valley, from the villages on the surrounding mountains' sides, both the Orca and the Soanna pro-

sent retreats in their deep and retired courses, which are no where exceeded for picturesqueness. A walk down two or three meadows between Ponte and the Orca, leads to one of these, well worth the traveller's visit, where the bright deep waters of the Orca seem hemmed in by lofty and forest-crowned precipices. Of its tranquillity and beauty, no idea can be formed.

Ponte is a singular old town, with long arcades, beneath which there are shops, and there the markets are held. It has a tolerable inn.

The establishment of the *Fabbrica*, the first cotton works known in Piedmont, has given employment to several thousands of men, women, and children, as printers, spinners, weavers, and dyers; the goods being prepared within the walls of the *Fabbrica*, from the raw material so imported from Genoa, to the completion of every article for the market. The prohibition to the exportation of machinery from England, leads to their obtaining it, at a great cost, from Muhlhausen, in Alsace.

Ponte is distant 6 hours from Turin, to which city a diligence goes 3 times a week. There is an excellent carriage road to the capital, which passes through

Courgne—Inn (*Leone d'Oro*) tolerable—a large town on the W. side of the Orca. A good walker may go from Cogne to Courgne in a day across the Col de Cogne; but the stranger should get the assistance of a guide, at least to the Col—and if possible, recommended by Dr. Grappin or by the innkeeper at Cogne. From Courgne the road to Turin continues through Valperga, celebrated for having one of the noblest campaniles in Piedmont, Rivarolo; Lombardore, where the river Mallema is crossed; and Lemie, besides numerous villages. All these places named are towns, and some are large. They are situated in the richest part of Piedmont, amidst Indian corn,

vines, mulberry and fig trees. Those which are placed on the subsidences of the Alps, a little above the plains, are in the most beautiful situations, surrounded by vine-covered hills, and backed by lofty ranges of mountains. Little idea can be formed of the richness and beauty of Piedmont, except by those who have skirted the mountains on the borders of its rich plains. The traveller who enters it abruptly, by the usual routes, at right angles, across the chain of the Alps, sees too little of its actual and picturesque richness to estimate justly this fine country.

ROUTE 112.

PONTE TO VILLENEUVE, BY THE VAL D'ORCA (DETOUR TO THE COL DE GALENE), THE COL DE LA CROIX DE NIVOLET, AND THE VAL SAVARACHE.

(Three Days.)

On leaving Ponte to ascend the Val d'Orca, the road continues on the left bank of the river throughout its course. The scenery is very fine; the forms of the mountains vast and grand, rugged and broken, clothed with magnificent chestnut-trees, and frequently exhibiting the effects of disintegration in the enormous blocks which have fallen from the heights, in many places in such quantity that the road is carried over or around the debris with such sinuosity and undulation, that the variety of views they aid to present gives a peculiar character to this valley.

About 3 miles from Ponte is the village of Sparone. Many little hamlets lie on the road, and many usines are worked for small iron wares, with tilts, and no stream is allowed to remain idle, where, at a small cost, and with simple machinery, it can be made to tilt a hammer, or move a saw.

Beyond Sparone the same character

of scenery prevails to Locana, a little town about 4 or 5 miles above Sparone. In these villages, many of the weavers for the Fabbrica are employed. The streets of Locana are narrow and dirty, and its inn worthy of such a place. The "Three Pigeons" is not likely to be forgotten by any traveller who has had the misfortune to enter there.

Above Locana the valley soon becomes dreary, and the road more rugged. About half way, near some smelting-houses and forges belonging to M. Binna, the road, which he keeps in order below, ceases to be practicable for a charrette. Above, there is only a mule path, which winds up amidst the enormous masses of fallen granite and serpentine, some of which have blocked up the course of the torrent, and compelled it to find another channel—these and the savage mountains who now dominate in the valley, give it great wildness. Yet the tortuous road rising over these *éboulements* often leads to beautiful little plains between them.

There are several hamlets above Locana, as St. Marco, Arsone, and La Frera, but each is more and more miserable, until 6 or 7 miles from Locana. The climax of wretchedness is found at Novasca, which has pointed a proverb—

Novasca, Novasca,
Poco pane, lunga taccia.

Yet this spot offers to the traveller some of the most sublime horrors encountered in the Alps. Here a grand cataract bursts out from a rift in a mountain mass of granite, where all is denuded to absolute sterility. Below it, a thousand enormous masses of granite are bouldered by the materials brought down and thrown upon them by the fall. The passage across the river, among these rocks, is unmatched in Alpine bridge-building: poles and planks are placed from rock to rock, and almost under the spray of the cataract. Beyond

the passage of this torrent, the road still ascends on the left bank of the Orca.

About a mile above Novasca is a terrific gorge, called the Scalare de Ceresol, where enormous precipices overhang the course of the Orca, which tumbles through a succession of cataracts between these herbless precipices. The path which leads to the summit is cut out of the rocks, and a flight of steps (Scalare), practicable for mules, is carried up through the gorge; sometimes on the actual brink of the precipice which overhangs the foaming torrent; in others, cut so deep into its side, that the rocky canopy overhangs the precipice. In some places there is not room enough for the mounted traveller, and there is the danger of his head striking the rocks above him. This extraordinary path extends half a mile. In its course crosses are observed, fixed against the rock to mark the spots of fatal accidents. but as three such accidents happened in company with an old miscreant who lived at the foot of the Scalare, suspicions were entertained of these having been murders which he had committed there. He underwent severe examinations; yet, though no doubt existed of his guilt, there was not evidence enough to convict him. It is believed that, at the spots where the crosses are placed, he pushed his victims over in an unguarded moment, where a child, unhooded, might have destroyed a giant.

The termination of this wild road is like a winding staircase, in which it is difficult for a mule to turn: near here the peep into the ravine is perfectly appalling.

On emerging from this singular path and fearful defile, the traveller finds himself on a plain, where there is barley grown, and an abundance of rich meadow land. Immediately before him is the snowy range which divides the Val Forno from the Val d'Orca, and across which a col leads

to Gros Cavallo, in that valley, in a few hours.

A little way within the plain, the valley turns to the right and the Orca washes the base of a mountain, where the Comte d'Aglié has some silver mines. The ore is smelted in the valley, and near the works there is a spring of water slightly ferruginous, but so highly carbonated, that the gas escapes from it in a sparkling state. The peasants have fitted a wooden tube into the hole, through which it ascends; a little canal of reed fixed to the top of the tube enables them to fill bottles, which are instantly corked and tied, and abundance of this water is thus taken to Turin. It is almost tasteless; when drunk at the spring it is delicious.

The mountains of Levanna, seen on the left as the traveller ascends the valley, are very grand; pinnacled, glaciated, and utterly inaccessible. Three of the peaks, near together, bear the name of the *trois bacs*. The valley widens near Ceresol, the highest of its church villages, about 8 miles above the Scalare. Here you may rest in what a mountaineer would call an *assez bon gîte*—none but a mountaineer, however, would think it so.

To shorten the next day's journey, it will be better, however, to ascend the valley yet higher up by 3 hours, to the Châlets of Chapis, and, if mules are required, to engage them at Ceresol to come up the following morning to Chapis early enough to insure arrival, in good time, at Villeneuve, in the Val d'Aosta, in the evening of the same day. Fatigue only, however, is spared—no time is gained by riding.

This pass was traversed by an English traveller, in 1843, in 10 hours' walking:—

	H. M.
From Chapis to the summit .	9 10
“ Croix d'Aroletto .	1 45
“ Pont .	0 00
“ Gioux .	2 0
“ Villeneuve .	3 35

From Ceresol, the extraordinary pass of the Galase at the head of the Val d'Orca, is first seen, above a perpendicular streak of snow, called the Grand Coluret, which must be climbed to cross the ridge of glaciers which surmounts it, and by which a passage may be made into the valley of the Isère in the Tarentaise.

Col de Galase.

"It is 4 hours' easy walking from Laval, and the ascent presents no difficulty. The descent to Chapis will not occupy more than 2½ hours, at the outside. The traveller bound to Aosta by the Col de Nivolet, however, will do better to inquire for the highest inhabited chalets on his route. Much time and distance will be gained by not descending below the Chalets of Serue, and nothing is lost. The accommodation at Chapis is wretched; and the journey from it to Aosta too long to be pleasant."—A. T. M.

From Chapis there is a walk of 2½ hours to the highest chalets in the valley—those of Serue—which are passed by the traveller who would go to the Galase. Beyond Serue the scene perhaps surpasses in sterility and savageness any other in the Alps. A narrow path leads along the steep slope of the Mont Iséran, until it stops abruptly at an inaccessible gulley in the mountain called the Little Coluret. To ascend above this it is necessary to climb along the face of a fearful precipice overhanging, at a great height, a lake at the head of the valley. Having climbed round it, the plain of Belotta is attained. This plain is the bed of an ancient lake, now filled with an enormous glacier, which streams down from the left. The bottom of this glacier must be crossed by a very steep ascent up a vast mass of ice, and above it, up the gulley of the Grand Coluret, at least 1500 feet from the glacier. Precipices, fringed with icicles, overhang the traveller, and having climbed up close to the rocks, on the right

side, it is at least necessary to cross the snow itself that lies in the hollow; this is not dangerous to a steady hand, but a slip would precipitate the unlucky traveller at least 2000 feet. On the other side the footing is firm, but climbing among overhanging masses of rock requires a steady head and firm foot. Having passed them, he will reach the steep back or upper edge of a glacier, forming a precipice of ice about 40 feet high. When this is passed, the traveller reaches the top, about 100,000 feet above the level of the sea, where one of the most glorious views in the Alps rewards him: he looks out over the head of the Val Isère, upon La Val, and Tignes. To this valley the descent on the side of the Tarentaise is not difficult. In returning, there is less danger in the descent than in the ascent, though it seems more dangerous, for the feet sink deep and firmly in the loose soil of both the Colurets. The Little Coluret can be safely descended, though, from the looseness of the soil, the ascent by it is impracticable.

At the Chalets of Serue refreshment of milk, cheese, and butter may be had: bread the traveller must carry there; with this necessary, and wine, he must stock himself when he visits these wild valleys; and he is especially cautioned against wandering there without a careful and well-recommended guide. At Novesin, or Ceresol, Giuseppe Braccha, better known by the name of Macé, from the loss of one hand, may be heard of, he is a good guide, an active mountaineer, a capital chasseur, and a good-tumpered, intelligent fellow.

"The traveller to the Val d'Aosta, who has given a day to the Col de Galase, is recommended to sleep at the Chalets of Serue, or at any higher chalets which may be occupied, in preference to redescending to Chapis. It would be quite feasible to reach the Chalets of Nivolet, after ascending the Galase, whether from La Val

er from Chapis: they cannot be more than 3½ to 4 hours from Serue—probably much less. I reached there in 2½ hours from Chapis."

To go to the Val Savaranche, it is not necessary to go to the pasturages of Serue. Before the abrupt ascent to the Alp of Serue commences, a torrent is seen descending from the right. Up the left bank of this torrent a difficult zigzag path ascends, and at the end of 2 hours leads to some chalets even higher than those of Serue. The scenes presented during the ascent, of the vast ranges of the Levanna and the Iséran, are of the most sublime character. Above these chalets, the path is a series of flights of steps rudely cut in the rock. Beyond this a scene of frightful sterility is presented: numerous Alpine lakes or tarns are seen, but no prospect of escape, no path from this cul de sac seems to offer itself, yet in the most improbable of all directions there is one, which actually lies up and over the rugged and pinnacled crest of the boundary to the left, offering a path more difficult than that of the Gemmi, without the protection of its parapets. The summit attained, the scene around, viewed from this crest, known by the name of the Col de Croix de Nivolet, is one without parallel in the Alps for the wild peculiarities observed on looking back into the savage valley just left. In it many lakes appear, and the brow above the last chalets cuts abruptly against the deep base of the Val d'Orca, which is surmounted with the enormous range of the Levanna.

On looking on the other side of the col into the Plan de Nivolet, which is the head of the valley of Savaranche, many lakes are also seen at the foot of the glaciers of the Nivolet, the same mountain which, towards the Tarentaise, is known by the name of the Iséran, and directly across the head of the Plan de Nivolet is seen a still higher col than that upon

which the observer stands; it is called the Col de Rhemes, and leads through the Val de Rhemes to Villeneuve, by a shorter course than the Savaranche.

The descent towards the Plan de Nivolet is much easier than towards the Val d'Orc, and having attained the banks of the lake, a nearly level path leads through the fine pasturages at the head of the Plain de Nivolet; yet not a tree or shrub grows here, and the plain is exposed to fearful storms in winter.

In about an hour from the lakes the chalets of this plain are reached. The want of other fuel than dried cow-dung gives a filthy aspect to these chalets. Below them the ground of the plain becomes boggy, and broken up into thousands of knolls. At the end of another hour, there are left, to descend by a path lying over bare and smooth granite, like that on the route of the Grimsel, above Hasdek. (Route 34.) After a considerable descent, the traveller suddenly finds himself on the brink of a vast precipice, and overlooking the village of Pont, in the deep valley, thousands of feet below him. Here, on the edge of the precipice, a cross is placed, which is seen from below; the spot is called the Croix d'Arolletta. From it, one of those sublime scenes which occasionally bursts upon the traveller in the Alps opens upon him. The three vast peaks of the Grand Paradis, breaking through their enormous vestment of glaciers, lies before him; and on the right, a black mountain, that overhangs the path by which he must descend to Pont. Down these precipices he must wind for more than an hour to reach this village, the highest in the Val Savaranche, passing on his descent a magnificent cataract.

But here the striking and peculiar scenery of this pass ends, the valley below Pont is narrow, and with very little cultivation at the bottom. On the left a path leads over the moun-

tain of Camalieu to the Val de Rhemes; and another on the right crosses to the Val de Cogne. (Route 111) GLOUX, or Val Savaranche, is the principal village in the valley, and here refreshment may be obtained.

There are many little communes in this valley. Near to one of these, Penn, an avalanche fell in 1839; it destroyed some cows, and three men perished. Crosses mark the spot where their bodies were found.

Before reaching Glox there is a picturesque spot in the valley, where two villages are perched opposite each other, Tigniotti and Cretton; and here the mountains are seen which bound the valley of Aosta on the side opposite to the Val Savaranche.

In the lower part of the valley, the path continues at a vast height above the course of the river bank, on its right; as it approaches the Val d'Aosta, a magnificent view of Mont Blanc, towering over all the intermediate mountains, opens to the traveller. Here the Val de Rhemes joins the Val Savaranche, and both enter the valley of Aosta. The end of the Val de Rhemes appears like a table land on the mountain side, studded with villages, rich in meadows and vines, walnut and chestnut trees.

From this elevation the descent to Villeneuve is rapid, fatiguing, and difficult; and the journey from Chapis to the Val d'Aosta (Route 107) will be found to be quite enough for one day. At Villeneuve there is neither decent inn nor car, so you may be prepared to continue on to Aosta 2 h. 30 m. farther on foot.

ROUTE 112.

IVROGNE TO MOUNT ST. MAURICE, IN THE TARENTAISE, BY THE VAL DE GRISANCHE AND THE COL DU MONY.

(14 hours)

IVROGNE (Route 107, p. 298).

The entrance to the Val Grisanche

by the torrent which flows into the Val d'Aosta, is utterly impracticable. It is necessary to cross the torrent by the new bridge, and immediately behind the little dirty town of Ivrogne to pass a mill, and ascend through orchards and meadows that appear to lead away from the Grisanche. At the head of these the path arrives abruptly below some precipices; then turning and ascending along their bases, the traveller shortly finds himself in the path which is carried high above the left bank of the Grisanche, and which leads up the valley.

For about 4 hours the scenes have a striking character. The river runs so deep in the gorge as scarcely to be heard, and the rocks which bound its course are so nearly perpendicular, that the tops of lofty and enormous pines, rooted in the rifts below, can almost be touched by the hand of the traveller in passing above them. Overhanging the path, the mountains so close in, that the light of day does not half illuminate this deep and savage defile. On a sort of terrace, on the opposite bank, the ruins of a feudal castle are seen frowning over the black ravine, and fitted for tales of romance. From it, the view into the valley of Aosta must be beautiful, but what access there is to these ruins cannot be traced, or even imagined, from the opposite bank, though this is so high above the torrent, that the path seldom approaches it nearer than 200 feet.

This narrow defile continues during an ascent of more than two hours. Sometimes the path is formed of terraces, rudely and perilously formed of loose stones placed across rifts in the precipices; in others, the buttresses of rock are cut away to make the road high and wide enough to pass a point of danger, this in some places has been done with a mass of rock, which, having fallen from above, and rested on the line of communication, has required boldness and skill to form a path by it; then-

sands of these masses have fallen into the gulf below, and only rendered the torrent more furious by the interruption. Numerous cataracts stream into this valley; and it is necessary in passing beneath one of these, which descends from a great height, far up the gorge, to go hastily across over the rude bridge formed of trunks of trees laid rudely across, and scarcely guarded by a rail, that offers very slight security. On looking up, as nearly as the spray can be approached, another such bridge is seen to span the top of the fall, and which connects some forests or pasturages above.

At length, at the upper extremity of the defile, the valley opens at the village of *Serie*, a place which furnishes only the most miserable accommodation. The passage up the *Grisanche* to *Serie* is all in the valley really worth a visit from the *Val d'Aosta*, and it well deserves from the tourist in that valley an examination as far as *Serie*. To those, however, who would cross into the *Tarentaise*, a further description of the route is necessary.

The sterility of the *Val de Grisanche* above *Serie* is striking; it is rugged and strewn with enormous blocks which have been detached from the mountains, often from precipices so steep that no vegetation rests upon their surfaces, where still impending masses threaten the passing traveller, and numerous crosses record the frequency of fatal accidents. Deep rifts in the sides of the precipices are channels to cataracts that pour their white foam from the dark recesses; in some places, the black precipitous slopes of the mountain are always wet and herbless, and reeking as if from some recent avalanche.

For more than two hours up the valley from *Serie*, the same character of scenery prevails; some miserable hovels and a few fields of stunted barley are found in the bottom of

the valley; on its sides there is only the dark precipice or black forest of pines. The head of the valley is bounded by the immense glaciers of *Clova*. Over these, however, the bold mountainer finds a pass to *St. Foi*, in the *Tarentaise*.

At *Pornet*, the highest village in the valley, the route to the *Col du Mont* leaves the *Val de Grisanche*, ascends a steep path on the right by a torrent, and reaches some chalets on a small but fine pasturage. Above these the path skirts the brink of precipices over a deep gorge, and enters a basin in the mountains—a scene of the most frightful disorder, it is filled with rocks and stones constantly brought down from the surrounding mountains, the summits of which are crested with glaciers, some so precipitous that the ridge of the mountain is surmounted by one of translucent ice, which presents, when the sun shines through it, a most brilliant appearance. The ascent is very steep for nearly three hours up a trackless loose path, and up slopes of snow, steep, and many hundreds of feet across. It is fatiguing and difficult. From the *Col* the scene is very fine, not only of the deep valley of stones towards *Piedmont* but also towards *Savoy*, where nature presents a gentle aspect in the mountains which bound the *Val Isère*; for the *Col* is so narrow that both can be seen from the summit.

The *Col du Mont* was the scene of some desperate conflicts during the wars of the revolution, between the French and the Piedmontese. General *Moulin*, who commanded the former, after many efforts, succeeded in gaining the position by advancing during a snow storm, when such assailants were not expected, and retained it in spite of not less than ten efforts to repossess it. The height of the *Col*, from the absence of all vegetation, must exceed 8500 feet.

After passing down a steep path, leaving on the left black precipices—

the haunts of the chamois—the pasturages belonging to the commune of St. Foi appear in a deep basin, bounded below by a forest. It is almost impossible to imagine a contrast more striking than the wretched and desolate hollow, filled with rocks and stones, on the side of Aosta; and this, one of the most beautiful pasturages in the Alps on the side of the Tarentaise. In little more than two hours the chalets in this basin are reached, and in another hour it is traversed. Beyond it the road winds steeply down through a forest, and at length emerges to cross a torrent and enter the village of Muraille, where another bridge over a deep ravine leads to the hamlet of Massare, thence traversing a brow on the mountain side, the road descends to the village of St. Foi, in the Val Isère. The approach to St. Foi is strikingly fine, for one of the most beautiful mountains in the Alps, the Chaffle-Quarré, bounds the opposite side of the Val Isère. From its base in the torrent, far below the terrace where St. Foi stands, to its summit, which is peaked with a triangular pyramid of snow, the entire height of this stupendous mountain is seen. St. Foi is only 2 hours from St. Maurice, and offers little accommodation to the traveller, at least when compared with the comforts of the inn at St. Maurice.

From St. Foi the descent by a paved road is very steep to the banks of the Isère. Before reaching the river a torrent is crossed, which forms, a little way up the valley, a fine cataract. It is difficult to get a view of it. This is the stream which from above descends between the villages of Massare and Muraille.

From the bridge the path lies across meadows for some way, and on the banks of the Isère. Soon after, rising, it leads to the village of Boes, at the foot of the little St. Bernard, and thence, across cultivated ground, to a new bridge thrown over the torrent of the *Recluse*. Here there is

abundant evidence of the destructive character of the torrent after storms, in the sand, rocks, and stones, which mark its course at such times. Soon after the road passes by some coarse woollen cloth-works, and some shops for making small iron ware. Then across the winter bed of the furious Versoi, which descends from Ronnaval, and below an old round tower belonging to the village of Châtard. From this place the road to St. Maurice is wide and excellent, and ere long, it is to be hoped, a road of the same width and excellence will lead from this valley to the Val d'Aoste by the pass of the Little St. Bernard.

St. Maurice. (*Inn: chez Mayst; excellent.*)

ROUTE 114.

CORMAYEUR TO BOURG SAINT MAURICE, BY THE PASS OF THE LITTLE ST. BERNARD (ASCENTS OF THE CRAMONT AND THE HELVEDÈRE).

(9½ hours walking.)

To go to the Little St. Bernard from Cormayeur, it is necessary to return by the great road to Aosta (Route 107), about a league, to where the branch from it leads to St. Didier; or a shorter course may be found by scrambling down the slopes which lead to the Doire, and crossing it higher up the river, than by the bridge which forms part of the high road.

Pré St. Didier is a tolerably large village, having the importance of a *poste aux lettres*. (*Inn: l'Ours is decently appointed.*) Like that at Cormayeur (though very inferior to it), its chief support is from the pensionnaires, who stay to take the waters of its mineral springs: these at St. Didier are hot, having a temperature of 92° of Fahrenheit in the baths, but 95° at the source.

Between the village and the springs there are some beautiful meadows, the source of its common name, Pré St. Didier: these are sheltered by

the base of the Cramont, and by the enormous precipices of bare rock which overhang the source of the mineral waters, and form one side of a deep inaccessible gulf, through which the torrent from the glaciers of the Rutor and the Little St. Bernard forces its way.

The hot spring lies up this gulf almost as far as it is accessible; from this spot it is led through tubes to a building niched in beneath the precipices. Within a few years, however, this has been deserted for baths, to which the water is now conducted, in the meadow, where a rather elegant structure has been raised—Pavillon, as it is here called. It has been built at the expense of the province of Aosta, as a decoy to the royal family to make it a place of their frequent resort. To this a wing has been lately added, which contains new baths for the public, which are more convenient than the old, and there are several houses in the village, where, for very moderate charges, bed and board may be obtained.

The view of Mont Blanc from the meadows is a glorious scene; and, from beneath the precipices near the source, magnificent foregrounds may be obtained.

The road which leads by the valley above the gorge at the springs of St. Didier, and to the Little St. Bernard, is a steep zigzag, presenting at each turn new and striking scenes of the valley below, and of Mont Blanc. On reaching the level ground above, that overhangs the deep rift in the mountain, through which the branch of the Doire from La Tuille bursts through into the plain of St. Didier, the scene is fine. It borders a pine forest, of which some vast old trunks hang over the precipices, and help to conceal the deep torrent which roars in its course beneath.

Up through this forest a steep path leads to the Cramont, an excursion which no visitor to St. Didier or Courmayeur should fail to make, if the

weather be favourable, for no spot in the Alps will afford him so fine a view of Mont Blanc, or a more glorious panorama.

The ascent up the forest to reach the Cramont lies for an hour amidst the pines, then, emerging into fine pasturages, the path leads up through several clusters of chalets; at the last of these it is usual to leave the mules, if any have been employed, to await the return of the traveller. The opening scenes of the valley below, as he rises, excite and encourage his efforts to attain the summit, which is usually accomplished in 4 hours from St. Didier; the chief difficulties lie in the extreme smoothness of the sward, and the steepness of the slope, which make the footing insecure, and much time is lost by slipping back, particularly over some of the rounded knolls, where the effect of looking back is enough to make the unpractised traveller shudder, for the ground is seen to cut abruptly against some objects in the valley thousands of feet below, with as impressive an effect as if it were the ledge of a precipice of that depth, over which a slip would precipitate the shrinking observer. Nearer the top, however, the footing is more secure; thousands of marmots have burrowed and loosened the soil, and traces of these animals are found even to the summit.

The highest point of the Cramont is the outward edge of a large flat mass of rock, dipping towards the Cramont about 20° , the upper end of this mass actually overhangs the rocks below, so that a stone dropped from it would fall perpendicularly hundreds of feet, and then striking the precipitous sides of the mountain would bound into the abyss beneath, broken into thousands of fragments. This experiment is generally practised by visitors, who witness the motion given to the stones in the channels below, and hear with astonishment the roar which ascends

from the commotion and disturbance. In this savage hollow chamois are often seen.

Here the whole of the enormous mass of Mont Blanc is open to the observer: midway of its height (for the height of the Cramont is 9081 and that of Mont Blanc 6800 English feet above the peak of the Cramont), from the peaks which bound the Col de la Seigne to those of the Grand Jorasse, every aiguille and glacier through this vast line of nearly 30 miles is seen, within an angle of 150 degrees, lying like a picture before the observer from the Cramont. The depths of the Allée Blanche are concealed by some low intervening mountains, which may be considered the western bases of the Cramont.

Towards the N.E. and E. the Val d'Aosta presents a beautiful portion of the panorama. The mountains which bound it sweep down to the Doire, and leave between them the channels which are the courses of its affluents. In the valley the Doire appears like a thread of silver. Looking S.E., directly down the line of ascent to the Cramont, the Camp of Prince Thomas, and the table-land above the precipices of the valley of La Tuille, appear to be immediately beneath. Above and beyond it lies the enormous glacier of the Rutor, one of the finest objects within the view: this is connected with the glaciers at the head of the valleys of Cogne, the Savaranche, and the Griseanche.

Towards the S. is the pass and plain of the Little St. Bernard, guarded by the Belvedere, the Val-laisan, and the other mountains which bound that pass.

To the R. the summits of Monte Rosa and Mont Cervin arrest the attention.

Towards the Great St. Bernard the course may be traced of the path which leads by the pass of the Serena from the head of the valley of Aosta

to St. Remy. The hospice cannot be seen, but the Mont Velan and the Combin are seen beyond it.

All visitors to the Cramont, who have seen it in favourable weather, speak of it with rapture; and Sanssouci thus records his second visit there:—"Nous passâmes trois heures sur ce sommet; j'y en avais aussi passé trois dans mon premier voyage, et ces six heures sont certainement celles de ma vie dans lesquelles j'ai goûté les plus grands plaisirs que puissent donner la contemplation et l'étude de la nature."

The descent requires more care than the ascent, at least to guard against slipping: the guides usually sit down, and slide with great speed over the dry grass.

The traveller who proposes to make a visit to the Cramont a part of his day's journey to St. Maurice, should start very early, and direct that the mules, if he take any, should, from where he left them, be sent across the pasturages, to chalets which lie in his way to the village of La Balme. He will thus gain time in ascending the valley, though the descent to the hamlet of Evolina, down a steep and rugged path over loose stones, is very fatiguing.

La Balme is in the valley, about an hour's walk above where the path up through the forest leads to the Cramont; and there is no object of interest missed between the two places.

A little above La Balme the torrent is crossed, and a path winds steeply up on the mountain side; it being impracticable in the depth of the valley, which is here a ravine, to form a road. This is carried on the right bank to a great height above the bed of the torrent. There are occasional peeps offered of the river, and there is one of particular interest—it is where the avalanches which descend from the Cramont fall into the ravine, sometimes in such quantity that the snow remains, under the

shadow of the mountain, unmelted for the year. This is the spot, in the opinion of those who have most carefully examined into the subject, where Hannibal and his army, in their descent from the Alps, found the road, by which they could have descended into the valley, destroyed. The road formerly lay on the left bank of the river. Within these 60 years, the present road, to avoid this liability, has been made on the other side, high above all risk from such an accident.

Not far from this spot the road turns abruptly to the left, and the Alpine bridge and village of La Tuille, and the glacier of the Rutor, open upon the traveller. The bridge is crossed, and wine and refreshment may be found in the little *auberge* of La Tuille.

A short way above La Tuille the stream from the glacier of the Rutor may be crossed, and a path taken to descend into the valley of Aosta, by some beautiful pasturages, and through a forest that overhangs the precipices above St. Didier, whence the view of Mont Blanc is inferior only to that from the Cramont. After crossing the Camp of Prince Thomas, the path descends down the steep mountain side on the right bank of the Doire. It is nearly in this course that the Sardinian government contemplates the formation of a good road over the Little St. Bernard, to connect the Pays d'Aosta with the Tarentaise.

From La Tuille the road ascends rapidly to Pont Serrant—the last village towards the Little St. Bernard,—and after crossing a very deep ravine over a wooden bridge, a striking scene, and passing the village, the road becomes more steep, but presents little interest except to the geologist. About 2 hours above Pont Serrant the col is reached—a fine pasturage on a plain about a league long, and half a league wide, bounded on the left by the Balvedere and the Vallaisan, and on the right by the Belle-fée, at the

foot of which mountain lies a little lake—the Vernai, which is left in its deep basin on the right, in ascending to the Col of the Little St. Bernard.

After passing the ruins of some mural defences thrown up during the war of the Revolution, when France and Sardinia struggled for possession of these summits, the road enters upon the plain, and the traveller sees before him, at the opposite extremity of the plain, the hospice lately rebuilt.

On the plain, however, there are objects of high antiquity. A circle of stones on the highest point of the plain bears still the name of the *Cirque d'Annibal*. The stones are rude masses, varying in size, none very large; they are about 10 feet apart, and the circle measures nearly 360 yards round. The tradition is, that Hannibal here held a council of war. That he staid on the summit of the Alps, and waited for his strugglers, is an historical fact; and, independent of other and abundant evidence, no plain on the summit of any other of the Alpine passes is so well adapted for the encampment of his army as this.

Near to the circle there is a column standing, the *Colonne de Joux*, supposed to be of Celtic origin. It is nearly 20 feet high, and 3 feet in diameter. It is composed of Cipolino, a variety of marble which abounds in the Cramont. About a mile and a half from the *Colonne de Joux* is the

Hospice, situated at the S.W. extremity of the plain. Here formerly a peasant, appointed by the government, used to administer hospitality; but since it has been rebuilt, some brethren of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard have taken this duty upon themselves, but at present only one ecclesiastic resides there. The expenses of the hospice, which affords very tolerable accommodation, are defrayed by the commune of Aosta.

If the traveller determine to visit

the Belvedere, and has already visited the Cramont, it will be too much for one day, and he will do well to sleep at the hospice, and either ascend the Belvedere in the evening, or on the following morning. It is of easy accomplishment: the ascent may be made in an hour. Mont Blanc, which is not seen from the Col of the Little St. Bernard, is from the Belvedere a magnificent object. The view is of great extent, commanding the mountains far S. of the Tarentaise, and looking down upon enormous glaciers streaming into the valleys E. of the Belvedere; but the scenes are very inferior to those discovered from the Cramont.

The Hospice was founded by St. Bernard, but nothing of its history is preserved. The Great St. Bernard has absorbed all the interest, though, if the veil of the obscure history of the Little St. Bernard could be removed, it would perhaps surpass in early importance that of its great rival: for Celtic remains still exist there, and the foundations of a temple constructed of Roman brick are traced on the col, near the column.

From the hospice, the road winds down the mountain side, and in two hours the traveller reaches the village of St. Germain. Thence a zigzag path descends to a stream called the Recluse, which is overhung at the point of passage by an enormous bank of gypsum, bearing the name of the *Roche Blanche*. In situation it perfectly agrees with Polybius' account, in the passage of Hannibal, of such a rock, and the events which occurred there. This is one of the chief points of evidence, and, taken with the others, furnish a mass which must force conviction on the minds of unprejudiced inquirers—that by this pass of the Alps, Hannibal entered Italy; General Melville, in his examination, the basis of De Luc's treatise; Wickham and Cramer from their researches; and Brokedon from his repeated visits; all travellers in

the Alps, who have examined the other passes also, in reference to this question, have come to the conclusion that on this line only can the narrative of Polybius, the only worthy authority upon the question, be borne out.

Below the Roche Blanche the ancient road by the Reclus is avoided, from its constant exposure to destruction by falls from the Mont de Ses. It now passes by cultivated fields through the hamlet of Villars to the village of Soes (Route 113) and thence to

Bourg St. Maurice. Inn, *chez* Mayet.

ROUTE 115.

GENEVA TO CHAMOUNY.

"16 leagues—about 50 Eng. miles. Diligence daily, in 11 hours."—B. Crowds of voituriers loiter about the streets of Geneva, and especially in the neighbourhood of the principal inns, ready to start at a minute's notice for Chamouny, or any other excursion upon which the traveller may determine. Few travellers take their own carriages from Geneva to Chamouny. A light char with a pair of horses, to take four persons, may be hired for 20 fr. to go to Sallanches or to St. Martin, where another and lighter vehicle can be taken to convey 2 or 3 persons to Chamouny. In Savoy the charges are regulated by tariff; the expenses are now moderate, and imposition is immediately punished upon complaint to the syndic.

If the traveller have a carriage, and intend, after visiting Chamouny, to cross, by the Tête Noire or Col de Balme, to Martigny, on the way to the Simplon, he should direct his carriage to be forwarded to Martigny, from Geneva, to await his arrival there. The passport must be visé by the Sardinian minister at Lausanne,

or consul at Geneva, in order to proceed to Chamouny.

Geneva is left for Chamouny, at the *Porte de la Rive*; and the road, though hilly, is good to Chene, half a league from the city, and one of the largest villages in the republic. The road offers some fine views of the *Voiron*, *Mont Salève*, and the range of the *Jura*. Soon after leaving Chene, the road crosses a little stream, the *Foron*, which has its source in the *Voiron*. This stream is the boundary of the canton of Geneva and the Sardinian frontier; and a little beyond it, at *Annemasse*, is the station of the Sardinian douane. Here the greatest civility is shown if the passport be *en règle*, and no search or trouble is given about baggage in passing this frontier of the Sardinian states. On the first rising ground beyond, the *Mole*, a sugar-loaf mountain, is seen in all its height 3800 feet, partly concealing the only hollow in the range of mountains beyond, by which the course to Chamouny lies.

Beyond *Annemasse* the road runs high above the valley of the *Arve*, in which the blanchéd stones mark by their breadth how furious the river must be in its winter course. Suddenly the road winds round the brow of a hill that overhangs the valley, and turns into an abrupt and steep hollow, to pass the *Ménage* on a good stone bridge, then, rising steeply on the other side, the road passes over an elevated plain, and soon reaches the village of *Nangy*, about three leagues from Geneva. A little beyond there are some ruins on the right; and, after passing *Contamines*, are seen those of the *Château of Faucigny*, that gives its name to the province of *Faucigny*, of which *Bonneville* is the chief place. The road now passes so near to the *Mole*, that this mountain is an imposing and beautiful object. Upon it an obelisk has been built—one of the points in a trigonometrical survey of *Savoy*. Beyond *Contamines* the road de-

clines. The mountains which bound the *Arve* present a bold aspect, and the entrance is striking, through an avenue of trees, to

Bonneville, 3 leagues from Geneva, which is generally travelled in a char in 4 hours. Here the horses are usually rested; and the traveller, who will find the *Couronne* a better inn than any at *Cluses*, generally takes a lunch or early dinner.

This is the chief place in the province of *Faucigny*, it is in the diocese of *Annecy*, and has a prefecture. Its inhabitants were formerly 3000; at present do not exceed 1300.

There is a good stone bridge at *Bonneville*, which was built in 1782. It crosses the *Arve*; and near to it is a Column erected in honour of *Carle Felice*, and in gratitude for his having added to the security of their town by the formation of strong embankments, to restrain the furious *Arve*. It is surmounted by a statue of the King, and is 93 feet high.

The bridge is crossed in pursuing the route to *Cluses*. On the left, the *Mole* is flanked, and the road lies between the base of this mountain and the *Mont Brezon*, the range that on the right bounds the valley of the *Arve*, which is here rich in cultivation. The road, after some time, undulates, and passes through the villages of *Vaugier* and *Scionzier*; beyond the former, the valley widens where the *Arve* is joined by the *Giffre*, a torrent that descends from the *Bast*, flows through the valley of *Samoëns*, and by the town of *Tignes*, then, joining the *Rissa*, below *St. Joire*, enters the valley of the *Arve* at *Port Marigny*.

The road continues close under the *Brezon* until its precipices frown over the route near *Cluses*. Here, crossing the *Arve* on a stone bridge, it enters the town of *Cluses*, turns abruptly to the right, and passes between vast mountains, through a defile, in which *Cluses* is built, and the passage of which it entirely commands.

Cluses (*four*—*Parfaite Union, Eau de France*), an old town 8 leagues from Geneva. It was almost entirely burnt down in 1843, and still remains in ruins. It has suffered many times before from the like calamity and from pestilence.

The population is about 1800. A large proportion of these are employed in watchmaking, for which this town has been celebrated above a century. They prepare movements, watches in a rough state, for the watchmakers in Geneva, and in Germany. 30 years ago, above 1400 persons were thus employed in Cluses, Maglan, Scionzier, and other villages in the neighbourhood; of these above 1000 persons were employed at Cluses. For so retired a spot, its relation with commercial men is extraordinary. Their early habits of business, and fitness for conducting it, has led to the establishment of many natives of Cluses in Alsace, at Augsburg, Strasbourg, and Lyons, as bankers and manufacturers. The town is miserable enough in appearance, and excites not the least suspicion that rich men were ever born there.

On leaving Cluses, the road is carried through the defile on the borders of the river, and beneath precipices, that mark the first grand entrance into an Alpine ravine. The valley is very narrow, nearly all the way to Maglan, and, in some places, the road is straitened in between the river and the bases of precipices, which actually overhang the traveller. From some of these, a little out of the road, the steep talus of rocks and stones which have fallen from above, spread out to the river, and the road rises over the ridges. The banks of the river are well wooded, and the scenery is as beautiful as it is wild.

Before arriving at Maglan, the precipices on the left retire a little, forming an amphitheatre, which is filled, nearly half-way up, with the debris of the mountain. At the top of this talus, 800 feet above the valley, the

Grotto of Balme is seen, to which a mule-path leads, which is undistinguishable below. At a little hut in the hamlet of La Balme, mules are kept for a visit to the grotto; and whilst these are getting ready, *lunade gaseuse*, and other temptations to the thirsty traveller, are offered.

Those who intend to go on to Chamouny, should not waste any time here; for 3 hours are consumed in seeing the cave; but if the day's journey be only to St. Martin or Salanches, the grotto is worth a visit. Its depth is great. It enters the mountain more than 1800 feet; but the view from it, owing to the narrowness of the valley, is limited. The peaks, however, of Mont Douron, seen on the other side of the valley, are remarkably fine in form.

A little beyond La Balme, those who are amateurs in pure water may taste from a spring which bursts out close to the road in large volume. Saussure conjectured that it might be the embouchure of the channel which empties the lake of Flaine, in the mountains above.

Maglan lies below the lofty mountains on the right bank of the Arve; the commune, which is straggling, contains nearly as many inhabitants as Cluses,—they, too, are distinguished for their establishment in foreign countries. Beyond Maglan the same character of scenery prevails, but the valley widens. About a league and a half beyond Maglan, the road passes close to one of the highest waterfalls in Savoy, that of *Nant d'Arpenaz*, the stream is small, and before it reaches half its first descent it is broken into spray. After storms, however, its volume falls on the rock, on which it breaks; after reaching the slope or talus, formed by the soil and stones it has brought down, it rushes across the road beneath a bridge, and flows into the Arve. The rock of brown limestone, from which it descends, is remarkable for its tortuous stratification, forming a vast

curve, and the face of the rock is so denuded that its structure is perfectly seen. The route from Geneva is so much frequented by strangers in the season, that it is beset by all sorts of vagabonds, who plant themselves in the way openly as beggars, or covertly as dealers in mineral specimens, guides to things which do not require their aid, dealers in echoes, by firing small cannon where its reverberation may be heard two or three times. These idle nuisances should be discontinued.

Between the fall of Arpenas and St. Martin, the valley increases in width, and rich fields spread up the base of the Douron from Sallenches; the peaks of the Varena, which rise nearly 8000 feet above the level of the sea, and immediately over the village of

St. Martin, which now opens to the view, and shortly after the traveller enters the bustling inn-yard of the Hôtel de Mont Blanc. Here, in the season, he never fails to meet numerous travellers going to or from Chamouny; the latter imparting their impressions of the wonders of Mont Blanc, and their adventurous scrambles in the presence of the "Monarch," to the listening expectants of such enjoyment;—all is excitement.

Within a hundred yards of the inn a bridge crosses the Arve, and leads to the town of Sallenches, half a league from St. Martin's. On this bridge one of the noblest views in the Alps is presented of Mont Blanc: the actual distance to the peak is more than 12 miles in a direct line, yet so sharp, and bright, and clear is every part of its stupendous mass, that the eye, unused to such magnitude with distinctness, is utterly deceived, and would rather lead to the belief that it was not one-third of the distance. On looking up the valley over the broad winter-bed of the Arve, however, objects recede, and give the accustomed impressions of distance: above this rises the moun-

tain of the Forclaz, its sides clothed with pines, and its summit with pasture. Over these are seen the Aiguille de Gôtti, the Dome de Gôtti, and the head of the loftiest mountain in Europe, propped by ridges of aiguilles, and the intervals of these filled with glaciers. This one view, the first usually enjoyed by travellers from England to Chamouny, is so impressive as to be generally acknowledged a sufficient reward for the journey.

Sallenches (*Inns*: Bellevue; d'Angleterre), about 36 miles from Geneva, is a little town, containing about 1500 inhab., rising out of the ashes of one which was totally destroyed by fire on Good Friday, 1840. It broke out while everybody was at church, and thus got a-head before it was observed. Many lives were lost. Though above half a league further, the tariff for charrs, mules, and guides is the same as at St. Martin. Tariffs may be referred to upon hiring either, and thus all disputes are avoided; a *pour boire* to the postillions is at the will of the employer, and their civility almost always insures it. A *charr* to Chamouny, without return, is 12 francs.

The pedestrian who intends to visit Chamouny and return by Geneva is advised to go from St. Martin up the right bank of the Arve to Chodé, Servoz, and Chamouny, and return by the Col de Forclaz, and the Baths of St. Gervais. If, however, the traveller should not intend to return by the valley of the Arve, the most agreeable approach to Chamouny from St. Martin is by Sallenches, and the Baths of St. Gervais to Chodé.

From Sallenches the distance along a level road to the baths is a good league, and an agreeable drive, from the views presented of the Mont Varena, which overhangs St. Martin and the valley of Magian. Near the

Baths of St. Gervais the road turns abruptly on the right into the gorge of the Bon Nant, a stream

which descends from the Bon-homme. At the upper extremity of a little level spot, a garden in the desert, are the bath, the houses or pavillon, for lodging and boarding the invalids who retire to this delicious spot, and find, in their absence from the stirring scenes of society, a repose which restores the mind and body to its energies; the credit of this is, however, given to the waters, which are at 105° temperature; the heat of Bath with the qualities of Harrowgate: they contain iron and sulphur. In the Journals of an Alpine Traveller, he says, on leaving St. Martin's,—

"Went in a *char-à-banc*, a sort of carriage like a sofa placed on wheels, to the baths of St. Gervais. This is so little out of the usual route, by Châtel, and so pleasant a deviation, that all visitors to Chamouny should go or return by it; it is a little fairy spot, in a beautiful valley, where excellent accommodation may be had on pension; hot mineral baths for the sick, and delightful walks around this little paradise for the convalescent. At the back of the house, a little way up the glen, there is a fine cataract; and one of the pleasures of this place is its solitude, amidst scenes so beautiful and wild, that it would be difficult to find it without a guide." "The views from St. Gervais are very fine, though the higher Alps are concealed; but the limestone range of the Aiguille de Varens, above St. Martin, is singularly picturesque in its outline and detail."—P. F.

The glen is a *cul-de-sac*; there is no leaving it upward, it is necessary to return to the entrance, where two roads branch off—one, very steep, leads up to St. Gervais, a beautiful village in the Val Montjoie, through which the Bon Nant flows, until it falls into the gulf behind the baths; above St. Gervais, this road continues through the villages of Bionnay and Tréves to Contamines, and the pass of the Bon-homme. (Route 116.)

The other road at the entrance of

the glen of the baths of St. Gervais, after skirting a little way the mountain base below the Forclaz, leads across the valley of the Arve, and falls into the shorter road by Passy to Châtel. Passy is a village, a little on the left out of the road; it is remarkable for some Latin inscriptions, which were found in building the church; they have led to many conjectures upon its antiquity, and the supposed acquaintance of the Romans with this retired valley.

Châtel is a little hamlet, where the road steeply ascends above the broad plain of the Arve, which from Salanches to this abrupt rising off the valley, forms a vast level, that, when filled by winter torrents, resembles a lake in its extent. Near to Châtel there is on the left a fine cascade, which travellers, who start at 5 A.M. for Chamouny, generally visit for the sake of the beautiful iris that then plays over it.

At length, after attaining a considerable height above the plain of the Arve at St. Martin's, the road passes what, until within a very short period, was a little lake, the Lac du Châtel; in which, as in a mirror, a fine view of the summit of Mont Blanc, towering over the lower range of mountains, was reflected; this was one of the little "lions" in the excursion to Chamouny; but a *débris* of black mud and stones has descended and filled it, and the lake of Châtel is no more.

Pictet, in full encouragement of the little vagabonds that infect the route, at least from Cluses to Chamouny, advises travellers to provide themselves with small coins to give to the numerous little children who serve as guides to the cascade, the lake, &c.

The road, still rising above the spot where the lake was, turns into a deep curve to cross the bed of a wild torrent. This usually furnishes the first Alpine adventure to the traveller, for the road can seldom be kept in good condition for a week: every

fall of ruin alters it to those who follow. From this wild spot the road passes through what is called a forest, and soon reaches the

Village of Servoz, where there are now two inns, offering very tolerable accommodation to travellers overtaken by storms. Here the horses of the charrs are usually rested, and if St. Martin have been left before breakfast, this is a capital place to obtain one, good enough to satisfy an appetite given by the freshness of the morning air in the mountains. Tea and coffee, eggs, milk, butter, and bread, and the delicious honey of Chamouny are ample materials, to these chicken or a ragout of chamois can often be added.

At Servoz there is a shop where the minerals of Mont Blanc are sold, but these are usually bought by travellers at Chamouny, where the collections are larger, and the purchase is a reminiscence of Mont Blanc.

At Servoz, guides may be had to accompany the traveller to the Buet, one of the night-seeing summits near Mont Blanc, and offering a fine view of the "Monarch;" and, from its elevation, nearly 10,500 feet above the level of the sea, a vast extent of horizon is presented, bounded on the E. by the mountains of St. Gothard, and on the W. by ranges which extend and subside into Dauphiny. the lakes of Geneva and of Annecy are partly seen, and the whole line of the Jura mountains bounds that part of the horizon.

The Buet is a dangerous mountain to visit without a good guide: the fate of a young Danish traveller, M. Eichen, is still remembered. He perished in August, 1800; his fate arose from his disregarding the advice of his guide.

Servoz is the best side on which to ascend the Buet; the usual way is to proceed up the mountain, and sleep at some chalet; then starting early, reach the summit of the Buet, and

descending by the Val Orsine, arrive at Chamouny in the evening.

Those who, in returning to Geneva, would vary their route, may, from Servoz, enter the Valley of Saxt at its head, and, descending by Samoens and Tanninges, pass on the N. side of the Moie, by St. Jecire and Bailard, and enter the high road from Chamouny to Geneva, near Nangy. (Route 115a.)

From Servoz the road, after crossing the torrent of the Dison which descends from the Buet, lies close under the foot of the Breven, between this mountain and the Arve, which issues at Pont Pelissier from one of the finest gorges in the Alps. The valley between this bridge and Servoz was once a lake, produced probably by a mountain fall damming up the valley of Châtelain, by which the Arve descends to the valley of Ballenches. Near the Pont Pelissier, on a mound, are the ruins of the château of St. Michael. Chapels and monasteries on elevated places are frequently dedicated to the archangel, and some chalets in such situations bear his name.

After crossing Pont Pelissier, the road ascends by a very steep path to a ridge, the Montets, which separates the valley of Chamouny from the vale of Servoz. From several spots, especially near the crest, the peep down into the now inaccessible ravine through which the Arve finds a passage, is a depth to shudder at.

From the Montets, the enormous mass of Mont Blanc, now in close proximity, is magnificent; and it is impossible to describe the emotions it excites: but the summit can no longer be seen; it is concealed by the vast Dome de Gouté.

The descent from the Montets lies through some fine meadows to Les Ouches, the first village in the valley.

Soon the white lines of glaciers are seen to extend themselves into the valley. The first is that of Taconey, which is 2 miles up the valley above Les Ouches: it is, however, so mere

a line compared with the vastness of other objects around, that the traveller never fails to be disappointed in its apparent size. Numerous torrents are passed, which descend furiously from the glaciers of Mont Blanc, and cut deep channels, which are difficult to cross, or to keep in repair the passages over them—they are disrupted by every storm.

About half a league beyond the stream from the glacier of Tacomey, is the hamlet of Bossons, and near it the glacier of that name, which reaches further out into the valley than any other; but this too, like that of the Tacomey, disappoints, unless the traveller visit it, when he will find that from its height, the *Moraine*—i. e. the rocks and stones that are thrust forward by the ice, and form a huge embankment to the glacier,—is difficult and fatiguing to climb, and the white and apparently unimportant mass of ice, of which the lower extremity of the glacier is composed, is really formed by enormous masses split into a thousand fantastic forms—some are fine pinnacles 60 or 80 feet high, others immense blocks broken or melted into fantastic forms, and so imposing that they excite a shudder; but the colour, the deep and beautiful blue colour, of the ice in its depths, offers effects of which no description can convey an idea.

A little above the glacier of Bossons the Arve is crossed, and the road continues on its right bank. At the head of the valley is seen the Glacier du Bon, the largest in the valley, the terminus, in fact, of the *Mor de Glace*. This lies, however, a league beyond the village of Chamouny.

CHAMOUNY. (*Inns* H de Londres et d'Angleterre; one of the best held and appointed inns to be found in the Alps; where Victor Tairron makes capital provision for the wants of travellers, especially English, and more comfort will be found there than in almost any other inn out of England. De l'Union, good; Hôtel de la Cou-

ronne is pretty good and clean, though small.)

The customary charges are—dinner, 3 to 4 francs; breakfast, 1½ to 2 fr.; bed, 1½ to 2 fr.—Mineral warm baths may be had at the inn; these offer the most refreshing and agreeable luxury, after the fatigue of mountain excursions.

At Chamouny and elsewhere, the travellers' books at the inns are great sources of amusement, often containing, in the remarks of preceding travellers, useful information. A most disgraceful practice has too often prevailed, of removing leaves for the sake of autographs—it is difficult to imagine any act more unworthy; for this selfish gratification they destroy what would be pleasure to hundreds.

Chamouny is now a large and important community, which displays almost the bustle of an English watering-place in the most retired, heretofore, of the Alpine valleys.

The village of Chamouny, or Le Prieuré, as it is sometimes called, from a Benedictine convent established here about the end of the 11th century, was known earlier than is generally imagined. The original act for founding the priory was discovered by Capt. Sherwill, among some old documents which had for ages been neglected. This act bears the seal of Count Aymon, and a reference to "Papa Urbano regnante," this can only refer to Pope Urban II., and fixes the period between 1088 and 1099—probably about 1090. The gift which accompanied this deed was of the Vale of Chamouny, from the Col de Balme to the torrent of the Dison near Sarvos—about 7½ leagues in length, by about 3 in breadth, including the mountain sides and slopes. From this document the origin of the name of Chamouny may be discovered. The words *Compus Massius*, champ muni, or fortified field, from perhaps its mountain boundaries; this name does not occur after the adoption of

Priory—this probable conjecture is Captain Sherwill's. The documents furnished also a light history of the progressive settlement of its inhabitants, and the occasional intercourse of important strangers with the priory. The first visit recorded, that of the Bishop of Geneva, within whose diocese Chamouny lay, was in the 15th century; when, after visiting the abbot of Salenches, "he continued his perilous journey to Chamouny, where he arrived as late as the 4th of October, in the year 1443. He was accompanied by the abbot, his two officiating clerical attendants, and some monial persons. The visiting party performed the journey on foot. They remained several days at the priory to repose; and after having visited this most secluded part of his diocese, the bishop returned to Geneva, by way of Annecy," whether by Megeve from Salenches, or from Bonneville, the document does not mention.

The first knowledge of Chamouny was clearly not a discovery of Wyndham and Pocock's. With Geneva and with Germany, the natives of Chamouny had long had much intercourse, and their fairs, held at the priory, brought many strangers. The ordinance for establishing these fairs was granted by Philip of Savoy, Comte of Geneva, and bears date 3rd of November, 1530, and three years later, he gave permission for the establishment of a market, to be held every Thursday. This weekly market still exists.

Messrs. Wyndham and Pocock's excursion to Chamouny, and their report of it, led, by its publication in the *Mercure de Suisse*, in the months of May and June, 1741, to the excitement of great interest in these retired wilds, amidst the most sublime scenery in nature, and at the foot of the loftiest mountains of Europe, whither thousands have made their pilgrimage. Unlike other places, merely fashionable, and crowded by idlers, no extent

of participation can lessen the sublime emotions and impressions made by the scenery of the vale of Chamouny. More than 3000 strangers have visited it in one season, and of these, hundreds of the vulgar and unfeeling parvenus, whose exclamation of "how rural!" recorded by Lord Byron, would have shocked refinement elsewhere, here cannot lessen the enjoyment offered in this glorious temple of nature.

The guides, oxen, and all affairs that can be regulated by the state, to guard against disputes, are here in the hands of a syndic, who, as *guide en chef*, has a code of laws, and tariff of charges, which all must obey. All disputes are referred to him, if they should arise: to him application must be made for guides, who, each in turn, must attend the traveller who needs his services. If, however, a particular guide, out of turn, be taken, three francs extra must be paid for each course. Courses are certain excursions; thus, the Montanvert is one course, the Flegère another: if both be done in one day, the compromise is ten francs.

The existing regulations date from 1831, when forty men were enrolled, selected for their intelligence, and the excellence of their certificates, which had been given to them by their employers when satisfied with their conduct. The chief receives his salary from the government, but "The guides do not now, as formerly, seek to instruct themselves. Before 1831, a man was chosen for his ability, his courage, his prudence, and his general knowledge: now, a guide knows, that, being placed on the list, his turn must come to attend a stranger, and that no one can deprive him of the benefit of his appointment; he therefore sits quietly down by the side of his fire, where he waits only the call of the chief guide, and abandons all books of instruction. Therefore it is to be feared, that when the original race of guides has passed, and there appears no longer on the list the names

of Coust, Payot, Passard, and Balmat, we shall see at Chamonix a comparatively ignorant race of guides, capable, no doubt, of conducting strangers in all ordinary cases, but not possessing that agreeable information and useful knowledge, which render a walk over the most dreary mountain still more engaging, and which often draws from the pocket of the pedestrian an extra franc, as an acknowledgment of the additional pleasure he has received from the conversation of his guide."

The price allowed by government for the services of a guide was 7 francs per day, which they voluntarily reduced to 6 francs, the old French crown.

Jacques Balmat, the most daring, skilful, and experienced of the guides, was the first who made the ascent of Mont Blanc. When he disappeared in 1835 he was 70 years old. He went out with a hunter of Valorsine to chase the chamois, parted from him near the Pic de Medi, having proposed an ascent which the other thought too dangerous; but poor Jacques was from his youth a gold-finder; one who believed that it would be possible to become suddenly rich by such a discovery. He always preferred to follow this phantasy rather than act as guide, and he paid for it the forfeit of his life. The spot from which he fell, over the precipices of the Mortire is known, but to recover the body was considered impossible.

EXCURSIONS AROUND CHAMONIX.

"— Above me are the Alps,
The palace of Nature, whose vast walls
Have planned in clouds their snowy
 scalps,
And thro'ed Eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The Avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow!
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits, as to show
How earth may pierce to Heaven, yet leave
 vain man below."

It is impossible to imagine the

bustle and excitement of a visit to Chamonix. The arrival and departure of travellers, the presence of the guides and their tales of adventures, the plans for to-day or to-morrow, the weather, not have the commonplace substitute for having nothing else to say, but the most important source of enjoyment or disappointment to the traveller. On looking out in the evening upon Mont Blanc, from the windows of the Hotel de Londres, [with a plan for to-morrow, with what anxiety all indications of a change are watched; how everybody is consulted; groups of ramblers arrive from Geneva, from the Vallais, from Piedmont, or from visits to the surrounding points of view; success is envied—failure pitied.

When cloudy weather forbids your thinking of excursions in which a distant view is the chief object, a visit to the beautiful and unique *Cascade des Pelerins* (p. 341), $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour from Chamonix, is excellent occupation: travellers should make a point of seeing it.

The Montanvert.—This is generally the first, often the only excursion made from Chamonix, with the intention of returning to it. The object of this excursion is to visit the Mer de Glace, the enormous glacier which terminate in the Glacier du Bois, and the source of the Arve, in the valley of Chamonix. It is a mule-road, and the inn or pavillon on the Montanvert may be reached in 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

To go to the Montanvert it is necessary to cross the Arve and the opposite meadows, by a path which traverses the valley to the foot of the Montanvert, where the path rises above the valley, through the forest of pines which skirts the base of the mountain, in some places very steep, and to ladies, or unpractised travellers, mounted on mules, apparently dangerous; but as the guide is generally in attendance in all places of difficulty,

and there are really none of danger, confidence is soon possessed.

After a scramble amidst rocks, and the roots of pines and larches, occasional openings among the trees afford peeps into the valley, and mark the great height so rapidly attained. Sometimes crags are crossed—the channels of avalanches in the winter, which sweep down every thing in their course. As you mount higher—that gigantic obelisk of granite, the Aiguille de Dra, peers down upon you from above the pine-tops—and becomes a most striking feature in the scene.

"An inn, or pavillon, affording sleeping accommodation to a limited number (3 bed-rooms), besides homely fare, has lately been built on the Montanvert. Travellers should beware of the host of the inn."—J. P. C. It has succeeded to the rude hut composed of a boulder stone and dry wall tarred over, beneath which Sansure slept, and to the regularly built cabin, called "Château de Blair," from the Englishman who erected it, 1778-81. The inn is a good station for visiting the higher part of the Mer de Glace, Jardin, &c.; although the thermometer sometimes sinks to 39° Fahr. in Sept. Professor Forbes determined its height above the sea level at 6806 ft.

From the Montanvert, the Mer de Glace is seen to an extent of two leagues up the valley, towards the Mont Perard and the Aiguilles of Lechud, on either side of which a branch continues; that on the S.W. forming the great glacier of Tacul, and that on the E. and N.E. the glaciers of Lechaud and Talèfre. The view of this enormous sea of ice is one of the most striking in these scenes of wonder, but its great extent, from the vast size of every object about it, is very deceptive. Directly across the Mer de Glace are some of the finest of those pinnaled mountains which form so striking a feature in the Chamouny scenery. The nearest is the

Aiguille de Dra, and still further on the right, is the Aiguille du Moine. A thousand nameless pinnales pierce the clouds between them, and seem to prop the loftiest of this stupendous mass, which is the Aiguille Verte, rising more than 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, and nearly 7000 feet above the Montanvert.

Those who do not intend to cross the Mer de Glace, should, at least, descend upon it, to have a just idea of its character, and by walking far enough upon it, two or three hundred yards, to observe the beauty of its purity and colour in the crevices, which cannot be conceived when looking down upon it, for the stones and soil are rejected to its surface, and thrown over at its edges, forming what are called the moraines of the glacier.

The Jardin.—Those who wish to cross the Mer de Glace, and visit the Jardin or Courtil, on the Glacier de Talèfre, should sleep at the pavillon, for, to a fatiguing day's journey, two hours and a half makes an important addition. The accommodation now offered at the pavillon enables the traveller to sleep comfortably and start early. No person should venture without a guide, and with one, a description of the course is scarcely necessary. David Contet is an active, intelligent man, and the best possible guide to the Jardin, as he is well acquainted with the state of the crevasses on entering upon the Mer de Glace, the chief obstacle to the traverse of the Mer. The great object of the excursion is to enter more into the heart of Mont Blanc, to penetrate into its profound valleys, and witness scenes of wilder horrors and more savage solitude; and there is no excursion from Chamouny that excites these sublime emotions more powerfully. The guide should be provisioned for this excursion, and in fact any other where the visitors are not numerous enough to insure an accom-

blishment for refreshment. Bread and cold meat, and wine, should be taken by the guide to the Jardin, the Mont Breven, the Chapou, and such other places as the guide may advise.

The course taken, is to follow the S.W. side of the Mer de Glace, and reach the base of the Aiguille du Charmon, where, from there being fewer crevices, the Mer de Glace can be crossed with greater safety. Several ridges of moraine, called *arêtes*, which lie in the direction of the glacier, are crossed, and that part of the glacier called Lechaud is ascended a little, to attain the lower extremity of that of Talèfre, which here presents an awful appearance, from the disruption of the ice, and the vast and wild masses and pyramids into which the glacier has broken, from its abrupt descent into the glacier of Lechaud. These hang in terror over the traveller who dares to approach them.

To pass these glaciers it is necessary to climb the rocks of the Couvert, the base of the Aiguille du Talèfre. This, which is difficult from its excessive steepness, is not dangerous. A part of the path lies in a little gully in the rock, to climb over which, in some places, the hands are required, as well as the feet. This part of the passage is called the Egralets. Above it, where the path is less steep, and where there is some herbage, the traveller reaches the bed or level of the Glacier du Talèfre, which leads to an oasis in this desert—an island in the ice—a rock which is covered with a beautiful herbage, and enamelled, in August, with flowers—this is the Jardin of this palace of nature, and nothing can exceed the beauty of such a spot, amidst the overwhelming sublimity of the surrounding objects, the Aiguilles of Charmon, Blodère, and the Géant, and the enormous glaciers of Tacul; all vindicate the truth of the poet's glorious description,—

"Mont Blanc is the monarch of mountains;
They crown'd him long ago,
On a throne of rocks, in a robe of clouds,
With a diadem of snow."

In returning from the Jardin it is not necessary to descend by the Egralets, a steep path leads down from the glacier of Talèfre to the glacier of Lechaud, and then by the path to the base of the Charmon, to Montanvert, and Chamonix.

It requires 3½ hours to go from the Pavillon to the Jardin, and 5 to return from the Jardin to Chamonix. The journey from Chamonix to the Jardin and back may be performed in 12 or 13 hours—allowing 3 or 3 hours to rest. By starting from the Montanvert of course the fatigue will be lessened. "It is one of the grandest excursions in the whole range of the Alps, and, owing to the purity of the atmosphere, is not so fatiguing as is generally supposed. If the traveller be not pressed for time, and have a taste for such sublime scenes, he may, by sleeping a second time at the Pavillon, enjoy these in a high degree, by exploring, after a descent from the Jardin, the upper part of the Mer de Glace and the Glacier de l'Echaud: for this there will be time enough, and even to make collections of plants and minerals, which are highly interesting; the former at the Egralets and on the Jardin, and the latter on the Moraines of the Glacier of Talèfre and on the E. side of the Mer de Glace. The next morning, therefore, instead of returning by the beaten road to Chamonix, the traveller may, under the guidance of David Costet, explore the bases of the Aiguilles between the Mer de Glace and Mont Blanc, and crossing with caution the Glacier du Pèlerin, descending from the Aiguille du Midi, he will find himself on the brink of a precipice immediately overlooking the Glacier du Bossone, not far from the point where it is crossed, opposite the Grands Malats, in the ascent of Mont

ONT BLANC AS S

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|-------------------------------------|----------------------------|
| 1. Aiguilles-Rouges. | 34. Aiguille des Grandes- |
| 2. Cabane de la Flégère. | 35. Aiguille du Greppond |
| 3. Chalets de la Charlanox. | 36. Aiguilles de Blaitière |
| 4. Chalets du Planprat ou Pliamp | 37. Aiguille du Midi. |
| 5. Sentier du Planprat au Prieur | 38. Glacier des Pèlerins. |
| 6. Aux Escaliers. | 39. Glacier de Blaitière. |
| 7. Montagnes de la chaîne Septen | 40. Glacier du Greppond. |
| 8. Rochers de la Croix-de-Fer. [Val | 41. Le Plan-de-l' Aiguille |
| 9. Le Col de Balme. | 42. Chalets de Blaitière d |
| 10. Chalets de Chars | Chalets dits sur le Ro |
| 11. Village du Tour | entier de Montanver |

no; and here he will have a far finer idea, than from any other point, the real nature of the difficulties to be encountered, and the magnificence of the scenes to be enjoyed, in that fine excursion. A very steep but beautiful descent, chiefly over herb, and parallel to the course of the Glacier du Bosson, will lead him to the valley of Chamouny, two miles below the village; and in passing he may visit two remarkable Cascades, formed by the water which descends from the Glacier de Pélissier, which are little visited, though near the great road through the valley. In one of these the water, descending with prodigious velocity through a natural and almost vertical conduit in the rock, meets with an obstacle which, giving it a sudden check, causes it to gush forward and upward, thus forming a parabolic arch of singular beauty, especially at the season or under circumstances of abundant water. A short day is only necessary for this interesting excursion."—Prof. Forbes.

The Flégère.—This point of view of Mont Blanc is that which is most generally attained by ladies, because it may be accomplished on mules the whole way, and it is one of the finest in the valley. The point attained lies exactly opposite the Glacier du Bois, or Mer de Glace; and from no point are the remarkable group of Aiguilles, which surround the Aiguille Verte, so finely seen. The Montanvert is visited for the sake of its proximity to the Mer de Glace; the Flégère, to enjoy a view of Mont Blanc with its attendant objects. From Chamouny to the Flégère requires only $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and about 2 h. to return. The road that leads to it lies up the valley, to the hamlet of *les Près*, where it turns off to the left towards the Aiguille de Chalanod, one of the Aiguilles Rouges, where a steep path commences, which leads up to the pasturage of *Pré de Viola*. Thence a good hour is required to

attain the Croix de la Flégère, which commands a view of the whole range, from the Col de Balme to the furthest glacier that, below Chamouny, streams into the valley, which lies in a great part of its extent in delicious repose beneath the observer.

Within two minutes' walk of the Cross is the Chalet of Flégère, which affords shelter in unfavourable weather, and where refreshment may be had: for sight-seeing is turned to good account in every place in the neighbourhood of Chamouny, where the visitors are numerous enough to ensure a sale of the provision made. The height of the Croix de Flégère is about 3600 feet above the valley.

If the traveller be pressed for time, and can only visit one of the spots of interest around Chamouny, it should be the Montanvert; if two, this and the Flégère; the third should be the

Breven.—This excursion requires 6 hours from Chamouny to the summit of the Breven; it is fatiguing and difficult for ladies, yet many go there, for if they can bear the fatigue, their guides either avoid danger or protect them when exposed to it; and the confidence which the names of Balmat, Costet, Turrez, Davonsoux, and others inspire is so great, that the adventurous dame who begins with the Flégère often ends with the Breven or the Jardin.

It is fatiguing, however, to reach the Breven and descend in one day, about 12 hours; for this reason many go in the evening to the chalets of Planpra, or Pliampra, the path to which lies behind the church of Chamouny, and leads directly towards the base of the Breven.

This mountain and the Aiguilles Rouges form the N.W. boundary of the vale of Chamouny, nearly throughout its extent. It is strikingly distinguished, however, from its neighbour by its ridge being unbroken, and even rounded, though it offers on the

side of Chamouny a vast line of precipices, apparently inaccessible.

About one-third of the ascent to the Breven may be accomplished on a mule, another third will attain the chalets of Planpra, where there is a glorious view of Mont Blanc and the valley of Chamouny. In this wild spot the meadows and pasturages are beautiful.

Above Planpra, either a fatiguing path may be taken, which is cut in the rocks, or one that leads directly up the pasturages, which, when dry, are very slippery, it is a choice of labour and difficulty, without much difference: many patches of snow are passed, and it is not uncommon to observe the red fungus upon it, such as Captain Parry noticed in the high latitudes of his northern voyages. At the end of an hour from Planpra, the path reaches the base of a steep rock, which it is necessary to climb by a sort of open chimney about 50 feet high. To clamber up this perpendicular gully is one of the feats of which travellers boast; those, however, who do not value the glory it confers, or will not set it against the risk, go on half a mile, and find a convenient path by which this precipitous rock can be surmounted. Above it the path lies up a gentle slope, neither fatiguing nor dangerous, to the summit of the Breven; this has an elevation of about 8500 English feet above the level of the sea, or 5000 above Chamouny, yet not more than two-fifths of the height of Mont Blanc above the valley. This elevation, however, offers the finest view of the whole mass of Mont Blanc of all the numerous sites whence it can be seen. The vale of Chamouny alone separates them, and this proximity is so great that every peak and glacier, and even crevices in the glaciers, can be distinguished; every pasturage and chalet in that band on the mountain side which lies above the pine-forests and below the eternal snows.

When adventurous travellers ascend Mont Blanc, numerous visitors crowd the Breven to watch their progress, for the course lies like a map, from the village to the summit, and, with a good glass, every step they take may be observed. From the Buet, 3000 feet higher, there is a more extended horizon, but the Breven conceals all the lower belts of Mont Blanc, and as the Buet is double the distance from the peak of the "Monarch," he is not so distinct, nor offers a scene half so grand, as the view of the entire range from the Col de Balme to the Col de Vosa, for the cross on one, and the pavilion on the other, may be seen from the Breven.

The return to Chamouny may be varied by passing on the W. side of the Breven, above the valley of Dicoas, near to a little lake, then descending by the chalets of Calveiran, towards the village of Champen, a path leads down to les Ouches, in the valley of Chamouny, and thence up the valley to the priory.

Source of the Arveron.—This affluent of the Arve issues from below the vault of ice with which the Glacier du Bois and the Mer de Glace terminates. It is a delightful walk of an hour, along the plain of the valley, crossing beautiful meadows and a little forest. The road to the Col de Balme, and up the valley, is left at les Prés, where that to the source of the Arveron turns off to the right, and passes the hamlet of Bois. The vault of ice varies greatly in different seasons, and the author, at different times, has remarked a change of from 30 to 100 feet of height in the arch. It may be entered, but this is dangerous, and some have suffered for their temerity. The guides generally prohibit entrance, but many walk thus far without their aid, and their folly has no restraint. The danger is that blocks of ice may detach themselves from the vault. In 1797

three persons were crushed. One, a son of M. Maritz, of Geneva, perished; his father and his cousin escaped with broken legs.

The scenery around the source is very grand; the deep blackness of the depth of vault, the bright and beautiful azure where the light is transmitted through the ice, are striking. The enormous rocks brought down by the glacier from the mountains above, here tumble over and are deposited in the bed of the Arve. Here, too, the dark forest, and the broken trunks of pines, add to the wild character of the scene.

The advance and recession of the glaciers seem to depend upon the seasons. If it be hot, a larger quantity of ice is melted, and the glacier advances, and a wet season, by depositing a greater quantity of snow, increases its weight and force. Sometimes the difference is many hundreds of feet. It is not more than thirty years since it reached the forests of pines, now passed through in approaching to it.

A path, steep and difficult, brings the visitor from the Montanvert, down through the forest to the source of the Arveron, of which many who are active and strong avail themselves, and thus return to Chamouny.

The Chapeau is easier of access than the Montanvert. It is one of the points of view over the Mer de Glace, on the side farthest from Chamouny, from it the Aiguilles of Charmoz, and le Blaitère are seen immediately under Mont Blanc, with the vale of Chamouny, the Breven, and other vast and interesting objects; but its chief interest lies in its proximity to the Mer de Glace, where the glacier begins to break into pyramids and obelisks of ice; and here avalanches are frequently seen, where these toppling masses fall over with frightful effect. Captain Sherwill thus describes the Chapeau:—"I should advise travellers who have not seen the source of the Arveron to visit this

and the Chapeau on the same day, which may be done either in going to or returning from the latter: this plan is far more preferable, and much less fatiguing, than to descend to the source by the path of La Fila, usually recommended by guides on quitting the Montanvert, and which is very inconvenient to ladies, the mountain being extremely ragged, and the descent so rapid that males never go that way. "A visit to the Chapeau may be accomplished either on foot or with the mules: if you go direct to it, you must continue along the valley as far as the village of Les Tines; and, after having passed this picturesque spot, ascend a narrow road on the right hand that leads to the scattered hamlet of Lavancha, continue through this latter by a good mule path beside the glacier, until you arrive at the foot of the ascent to the Chapeau. Here it is necessary to leave your mules in care of a boy, while the guide conducts you to a cavern, above which is the grass mound properly called the Chapeau: strangers in general are satisfied with a visit to the cave, from whence the view is perfectly unique, and very astonishing.

"On your return from the Chapeau, you descend by the same path as far as Les Tines, from whence there is a road on the left that leads to the hamlet of Les Bois, situated at the source of the Arveron. This excursion may be accomplished in about 6 hours, and will prove one of the most agreeable and least fatiguing of those that surround Chamouny.

Pedestrians who feel themselves capable of undertaking difficult passes may, on quitting the Chapeau, continue to ascend by the side of the Mer de Glace, and arrive opposite to the hut on the Montanvert; but to accomplish this there is a very dangerous rock to pass, known by the guides by the name of '*Le Meurtre Pas*.' I took with me two guides, Joseph Coutet and the Giant, as he

is called; and having arrived opposite the Montanvert, we traversed the Mer de Glace. This is dangerous, but the traveller will have a far better idea of the grandeur of this frozen ocean than by merely visiting a few of its waves from the usual point near 'La Pierre des Anglais,' so termed at the ascent of Dr. Poocke and Mr. Wyndham in 1741.

"In the month of July, when the weather permits, a large quantity of heifers are driven from Chamouny, each attended by its owner, to the hut on Montanvert, for the purpose of being conducted across the Mer de Glace, to pass their summer of three months on the slopes of the mountains that are near the Aiguille Dru. Before they are launched upon the sea of ice, a number of peasants precede them with hatchets and other tools, in order to level such places as may thus be rendered less dangerous, although accidents generally attend this transit. At certain intervals men are stationed to point out the line of march: the operation, which requires several hours, and is truly picturesque to witness, is worthy the attention of the stranger, if he should be at Chamouny at the time: it is a kind of *fête* or holiday, for men, women, and children, attend the procession, passing the whole day on the mountain in the full enjoyment of this extraordinary and Herculean task. One man remains on the opposite side of the Mer de Glace, as guardian to the herd, that wander about in search of the rich but scanty pastures of those untoppled mountains. He carries with him sufficient bread and cheese to last one month, which is renewed at the expiration of that period, being carried to him by some one interested in his well-doing, and is the contribution of all those whose heifers are under his care. He is allowed one cow, which furnishes him with milk-kneading is his chief employ, and thus he passes his time of expatriation in making stockings and contemplating

the wonders of nature that surround him during three months of the year."

The ascent of *Mont Blanc* is attempted by few, of these, the records are to be found at Chamouny. When Saussure ascended to make experiments at that height, the motive was a worthy one, but those who are impelled by curiosity alone, are not justified in risking the lives of the guides. The pay tempts these poor fellows to encounter the danger, but their safety, devoted as they are to their employers, is risked for a poor consideration. It is no excuse that the employer thinks his own life worthless: here he ought to think of the safety of others, yet scarcely a season passes without the attempt. One Englishman went to the summit, only to say that he had been there. For long before the arrival the guides were certain that all view would be shut out by clouds; yet he went, and now boasts that he did it in half an hour less than it has been done by any other scrambler.

In 1838 a French lady reached the summit a Mademoiselle Dangeville, who reached the top in 1840, chose to keep her guides distinct from those of another party that ascended on the same day, disdaining to be indebted to the aid which the gallantry of the other party might have offered. When on the summit she ordered her guides to lift her as high as they could, that she might boast of having been higher than any other person in Europe. This was motive enough for all the needless labour and fatigue, to a Frenchwoman!

When Messrs. Fellowes and Hawes went up in 1837 they took a course to the left of the Roches Rouges, and this has greatly lessened the danger of the ascent by avoiding the most dangerous part of it. All who have succeeded have advised no one to attempt it; they admit, however, when again in safety, that the fatigue and danger was infinitely exceeded by the gratification.

The excitement of sleeping out in

the mountain is part of the interest of the adventure. This may, however, be enjoyed by going to the *Grands Mulets*, an excursion in which there is little danger, and sleeping there; choosing a moonlight night and fine weather to enjoy the extensive view, the bright sky, and the thunders of falling avalanches. Or, another excursion may be made to enjoy a night out, by crossing into Piedmont, over the Col du Géant, 11,146 feet above the sea. *Forbes*. This adventure requires 3 or 4 guides. It was performed in the year 1822 by 2 English ladies, Mrs. and Miss Campbell, who, with eight guides, started at mid-day, August 18th, slept out one night on the mountain, and descended the next day to *Cormayeur*. *Saussure* remained out many successive nights and days engaged in experiments on the Col du Géant; and during the prohibition of English goods by *Bonaparte*, this was a common path for smugglers, who crossed it from Switzerland to Italy laden with British muslin.

ROUTE 115 a.

THE VALLEY OF SIXT.

This valley deserves much more attention than it has yet received. It is much recommended to all lovers of the picturesque, as one of the finest in Savoy: it is wonderful that it is not more visited by travellers to and from Chamouny. The following account of a visit to it was given by the late Capt. Markham Sherwill, whose ascent of Mont Blanc in 1825, and frequent visits to Chamouny, and residence there, made him perhaps better acquainted with the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc than any other Englishman:—

"You must start early in the morning from Chamouny, walk or ride, if an opportunity offers, to Servas; breakfast here, and lay in a moderate supply of cold meat and bread, with

wine, or brandy and water; the latter is preferable. Take the footpath that leads to the Col d'Anterne. Be sure you engage a guide at Chamouny, who is acquainted with the pass, or it would, perhaps, be better to take one from Servas. After having ascended as far as the last chalets, you bear to your left, instead of continuing to the summit of the Col d'Anterne, and direct your course amidst the terrific *débris* of the *écroulement* of the *Montagnes des Fys*. The path is rugged, but when the pedestrian has reached the top of the mountain, which he must attain through a forked-like opening, he will contemplate with great satisfaction the magnificent view of Mont Blanc, and a thousand other stupendous objects. Having rested here an hour to enjoy a scanty meal, the descent on the northern side is gradual, and you arrive in about an hour at some chalets, which bear the name of *Les Chalets des Sales*, properly so termed, for they are a cluster of huts, containing the most dirty, filthy, and savage (in appearance) set of women that can be imagined. Here you will find milk and cheese, with tolerably good water, of which there is none on the *Montagnes des Fys*. Near these huts are fossil shells. On quitting this spot, where women, children, and swine pig together, you continue to descend rapidly during nearly 4 hours through a narrow gorge, whose beauties and luxurious appearance are very striking after the barren and bleak pass of the mountain: cascades, rushing streams, and forests of dark and imposing feature are amongst the varied objects worthy of attention. At Sixt there is a very tolerable albergo, where most delicious trout are to be obtained in great abundance, the water of this valley not being too cold, as at Chamouny, to prevent a good supply. *Pellet's Inn* at *Samoens* (*Croix d'Or*, cleaner than most in Savoy), below Sixt, is the best in the valley.

"The second day you ascend the

valley towards the mountain, called the *Tête Noire*, or *For à Cheval*, which terminates the valley. This semicircular and perpendicular horn-shaped mountain is ornamented with seven cascades, produced by the melting of the snows on its summit, over which there is a dangerous path, known but to few, that leads to the *Pic du Midi*, and on to *St. Maurice* in the valley of the *Rhone*. During this walk in the valley of *Sixt* there are various objects of great interest. On your right the *Buet* raises his snowy head to the clouds, from hence the ascension of this interesting mountain is more easily made than from *Valoreine*, being an excursion of about 4 hours to the summit. (See *M. de Lac's* account.) After having passed the old monastery of *Sixt*, corral with the former priory of *Chamouny*, the very fine fall of *La Gouille* presents itself on your left, than which nothing can be more rich in Alpine accessories. The mines at the end of the valley are difficult of access; most of the miners live at *Sixt*. There are exterior communications from shaft to shaft along the perpendicular face of the mountain, highly dangerous for those who are unaccustomed to narrow paths and precipices. It would require much time to enumerate all the objects of curiosity to be seen at short distances from *Sixt*, where I stayed 4 days. Before quitting this spot, I will add, that it is possible for ladies to arrive at *Sixt* on mules; but in that case, on quitting *Servoz*, you must continue the path that leads to the summit of the *Col d'Anterne*; and when there, take the left-hand mule road, which will lead you towards *Sixt*; but be sure your guide is acquainted with the mountain *d'Anterne*, for should he take the right-hand path, you will have a good chance of sleeping at the foot of the glaciers of the *Buet*. This is a fatiguing day for ladies.

"The third day you descend towards the beautifully situated village

of *Sambons* (*Croix d'Or*, a good inn); then passing through *Tanninges*, you arrive at *St. Jecire* at the foot of the *Mole*, a mountain so well seen from the ramparts of *Geneva*; an excursion to the summit of which will amply repay, and is by no means difficult. The panoramic view from its point is one of infinitely varied beauty. From *St. Jecire*, whose noble chateau has been the cradle of so many eminent cardinals, generals, and statesmen, you proceed to *Nangy* and *Geneva*. This third day may be accomplished without sleeping at *St. Jecire*, where there is a good inn, provided you can meet with a char, which is not likely, either here or at *Nangy*. The safer way is to sleep at *St. Jecire*, and reserve the fourth day for an easy journey to *Geneva*.

"A *char-à-banc* may go all the way from *Geneva* to *Sixt*: the road throughout is good.

"If you ascend the *Mole* from *St. Jecire* on the fourth day, you may descend to *Bonneville*, hire a carriage, and return very conveniently to *Geneva*."—B.

The Pass of the *Col de Coux*, from *Sambons* to *Monthey* in the *Vallais*, is said to be fine.

The mines mentioned by Captain *Sherwill* are now worked by Englishmen, who have established themselves there.

ROUTE 116.

CHAMOUNY TO MARTIGNY, BY THE *TÊTE NOIRE*, *TRIENT*, AND THE *COL DE FORCLAS*.

About 7 hours' walk: no guide needed.

There are two roads which lead from *Chamouny* to *Martigny*; one by the *Tête Noire*, the other by the *Col de Balme*. Travellers are often perplexed which to choose of these two passes. The general scenery of the *Tête Noire* is superior; but the *Col de Balme* has one view which far surpasses any in the *Tête Noire*.

"Those who can spare 2½ additional hours for the journey should proceed from Chamonix to the top of the Col de Balme and enjoy the view (R. 117, p. 350), then strike off into the Val Orsine across the pastures and through the forests, dropping down upon the village of Val Orsine. Although no path is marked for the first part of the way, this detour may be made on horseback, and is well worth the trouble, combining as it does the beauties of the two passes of the Tête Noire and Col de Balme. This course was taken by the writer in 1837, and when it becomes known he has little doubt that a path will be made from the chalet on the Col de Balme."—Ed.

The direct route to the Val Orsine and Tête Noire lies up the vale of Chamonix, by *Les Prés*, where the path to the Arveron divides, thence the main route of the valley continues to the chapel and hamlet of *Tiss*; here the valley narrows, and the road ascends steeply on the banks of the Arve, opposite to the base of the Aiguilles Rouges, to some pasturage, and the hamlet of *Les Isles*, beyond, the Arve is crossed, and the village of Argentières is left on the right hand, this is the third and highest parish in the valley, and is two leagues from the priory, here the magnificent glacier of Argentières is seen streaming down from between the Aiguilles d'Argentières and de la Tour.

Soon after passing Argentières the road turns to the north, leaving the path to the hamlet of La Tour, and the Col de Balme on the right. The path rises rapidly to the miserable hamlet of Trelochant, passing what is called the Montan by a sterile gorge, and at a short league from Argentières the summit of this pass is attained; the streams on either side take different courses, that through Chamonix to the Arve, and that towards Martigny to the Rhone.

A little beyond the crest a savage and sterile valley opens to the left,

through which the Eau Noire, the torrent of the Val Orsine, descends; and on looking up this valley, the snows of the lofty Buet lying behind the Aiguilles Rouges, are seen. After passing the hamlet of Coutraire, the road descends rapidly to Val Orsine, the chief village of the valley. Its church having been more than once swept away, a strong rampart of masonry and earth has been raised to defend it from similar catastrophes.

Below Val Orsine the valley narrows to a gorge, abounding in summer with wild fruits through it, the torrent forces its way into the more open valley below, acquiring in its course fresh force, from the contributions of numerous waterfalls and streams which descend from the glaciers above.

In this gorge, a sort of barrier marks the frontier of Savoy—it is utterly useless as a defence: soon after the torrent is crossed, near to where a mill and some pleasant meadows contrast with the generally savage character of the deep valley.

Considerable improvements within a few years have taken place in this route, on the side of Switzerland. Formerly a fearful path led from the depths of the valley by a zigzag course, over loose and dangerous slopes to gain the Tête Noire, up what was well known by the characteristic name of the Malpas, now, instead of descending into the valley, to rise again, the road is carried over the mountain side, and at one place a gallery is pierced through a rock, in a situation of singular grandeur, where it overhangs precipitously the dark valley beneath.

This improvement, which removes all danger from the pass, has not been extended to the side of Savoy: the government of Sardinia seconded no efforts of improvement thus spiritedly begun by its neighbours. On the contrary, the steep and rocky path, left like steps, is only practicable for mules—and for these in many places difficult; and it is to be hoped that

the time is not distant when a good char road will lead into the valley of Chamouny from Martigny. The latest improvement is an extension of the road, on the part of the Vallée as far as to the frontier of Savoy, by cuttings, and the construction of terraces, on the side of the valley of the Eau Noire, by which the violent undulations of the old road are avoided. In a wild part of the ravine the new road passes under and quite out of sight of an overhanging rock, which bears the name of the *Roche de Balme*: an inscription contains some compliments to Lady Guildford, which, having been nearly obliterated, has been restored, with mistakes "too numerous to mention," but very amusing. The Guildford stone lies off the new road, to the right.

A little beyond the gallery there is a house called *H. de la Couronne*, the usual halting place between Chamouny and Martigny, where shelter in foul weather may be had, and bad wine or a glass of schnaps to warm the wet and cold traveller. Near this spot the road turns abruptly into the dark forest of Trient, passing round the brow of a mountain covered with dark forests. This brow is called the *Tête Noire*, beyond which the road through the forest continues for half an hour. In the depths below the forest, the torrent of the Trient is heard forcing its way into the Eau Noire, which it joins before their streams fall into the Rhone.

On leaving the forest, the valley of Trient opens, and in about 6 hours after his departure from Chamouny the traveller reaches the little suberge in the hamlet, where he may rest and refresh. Here a new room has been built as a *salle à manger*, but the dormitory is wretched. It must, however, be worn before weariness refuses even such accommodation.

The little valley of Trient is deeply seated amidst pine forests, the *débris* of the surrounding mountains, and the fearful precipices from which

these have been detached. In the plain of the valley some barley is grown, and the meadows are luxuriant.

["The route from Tête Noire to Martigny may be varied by following the stream of the Eau Noire downwards into the valley of the Rhone, through a very beautiful gorge, instead of pursuing the usual path over the Forclas. On leaving the chalet at Tête Noire, we took a path to the left, leading down to the stream, and thence up to some chalets on the opposite side. We then kept to the right bank of the stream all the way, and generally considerably above it. The path is fit only for pedestrians, and in some places difficult to find: but it passes by numerous chalets. It seemed to be wholly unknown to the guides, as well as to the inhabitants of Martigny! It is more beautiful than that over the Forclas (especially if the weather be not sufficiently clear for the latter), and occupies about the same time, for we arrived at Martigny 5 minutes after the guides who had conducted the rest of the party over the Forclas."—G. E. M. 1844.

"The path down the Val de Trient to Vernayaz turns to the left shortly after passing the Sardinian frontier, and after passing a few houses, ascends by a steep zigzag to a considerable height on the left side of the Val de Trient, overlooking the upper part of the valley, which there makes a bend to the south, and in which Trient itself is placed. This upper part of the valley, from the height to which the path ascends, looks like a narrow black trench, and the distant view of Mont Blanc filling up the depression in the side of the valley of Chamouny, through which the road of the Tête Noire passes, is also very fine. The path continues for a long time at nearly the same elevation, affording fine views of the valley of Trient, and skirting at times fearful precipices, at others running through smiling pastures, and passing the villages

of Pinhaut, Tretien, and Salvant; beyond which it leaves the inaccessible gorge through which the Trient pours into the valley of the Rhone a little to the right, and descends by a pretty little well-wooded valley upon the village of Vernayaz, a little above the Pissavache.

"The scenery is very fine throughout, and the path well made; and I found it easily without a guide, although, from the oft-expressed surprise of the peasantry in Sept. 1843, it was evident how seldom it was traversed by a stranger. Between Tretien and Salvant a romantic little bridge is passed, which I thought at least equalled in beauty of situation the Pantenbrücke in the Linththal. The anberge at Pinhaut is a miserable place, and afforded nothing but wine and *psis de seigle*; but the village itself is charmingly situated."—J. H.]

A little way beyond the hamlet of Trient, the torrent which descends from the glacier of the Trient is crossed, and a steep path leads up through the forest, which clothes the mountain side of the Forclas: little more than $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour is required for this ascent. On the way, another port or barrier is passed: it is left in a wall which closes the passage between the mountain and the precipice. Near it are the ruins of a redoubt: this is another specimen of playing at soldiers among the Valaisans. On the right a path is passed, which, in crossing the valley from the Forclas to the Col de Balme, avoids the hamlet of Trient. The traveller who is en route from the Forclas to the Great St. Bernard, and does not wish to pass by St. Branchier may, if a pedestrian, go from the Forclas direct to Orsières by the pretty Lac de Champ.

From the Col de Forclas the descent is by fine pasturages, and two hours are required to reach Martigny: the view of the valley of the Rhone seen in the descent upon Martigny is celebrated in the Alps. The

path is much sheltered by pines and beeches, and lower in the valley by the pear and apple-trees: in the neighbourhood of these are numerous cottages, and many are passed before the path falls into the route that leads from Martigny to the Great St. Bernard, and the valley of the Drance (Route 104).

Martigny (Route 59). Travellers proceeding hence to Chamouny are not required to have a Sardinian *visé* to their passports.

ROUTE 117.

MARTIGNY TO CHAMOUNT BY THE COL DE BALME.

About 7 or 8 hours' walk.

This road, inferior in attractions to the *Tête Noire*, on the whole, may be recommended to those travellers who approach Chamouny for the first time from the Vallais, for the sake of the first impression which the view of Mont Blanc makes upon them when seen from the Col de Balme; but see p. 347. It should be taken only in very clear weather.

On leaving Martigny, the route over the Forclas (Route 116) is re-passed; but, in descending to the valley of Trient, a path to the left leads towards the glacier of Trient and the dark forest, up through which lies the ascent to the Col de Balme.

Deep in the valley on the right, the hamlet of Trient lies in repose amidst its beautiful meadows; and before and above the traveller, on the opposite side of the valley, are the precipices of the Aiguille, from which poor Eucher de Berg fell in 1791, when, in defiance of the advice of his guide, he tried some fool-hardy feat, and paid his life for the attempt.

The path through the forest of the Forclas at length emerges higher up the valley of Trient than where it was crossed from the *Tête Noire*; and the traveller has to pass over the detritus

of winter torrents, which must be crossed before the forest that leads up to the Col de Balme is entered. The path through it is excessively steep and fatiguing, often intercepted by the entangled roots of the pines, which form steps two or three feet in height, and it is a subject of wonder how mules get up or down such places. At length, after climbing about an hour and a half up the mountain side, and through the forest, the traveller emerges upon the pasturages and chalets of Herbageres. Above these, the ascent is gradual to the summit, where one of the finest scenes in the world bursts upon the traveller. Mont Blanc, from his summit, to his base in the vale of Chamouny, lies like a model before him, surrounded by the Aiguilles of La Tour, L'Argentière, Verte, de Dru, Charmon, Midi, &c., &c.; and each divided by enormous glaciers, which as they stream into the valley clothe the steep course of their descent. How glorious is the "Monarch," thus seen, attended by all his peaks like guards. Below, the eye sweeps its course entirely through the vale of Chamouny, to the Col de Vosa, at its other extremity. On the right, the Aiguilles Rouges are the nearest: beyond these, bounding the valley, lies the Breven, and behind it is seen the Mortire, which supports the snowy summit of the Buet. It is a magnificent scene to dwell upon, and those who do not arrive at Chamouny by the Col de Balme, ought to make an excursion from the Prieuré, expressly to enjoy this most glorious view.

There is a house of refuge on the Col de Balme, where shelter and refreshment, with excellent wine, may be had, and 5 or 6 tolerable beds are ready to receive travellers overtaken by a storm.

On the descent, the source of the Arve is passed, at least the highest of its springs; the path lies down over fine pasturages, and by the chalets of Charamillan, to the hamlet of La

Tour, where cultivation, though scanty, is reached, and barley, oats, and flax are raised. On the banks of the torrent may be observed heaps of blackish slaty rubbish, which is brought down by the torrents, and carefully preserved by the inhabitants in small heaps. The traveller will be pleased with the sagacity of the peasants when he learns that this black slaty earth is scattered over the snow with which the fields are covered in the spring to accelerate its melting, which it really effects several weeks before it would otherwise disappear. This is owing to the warmth absorbed by the black earth from the sun's rays,—a beautiful and philosophical process which the inhabitants appear to have long known and used; for Saussure mentions it as an old practice. About a mile below La Tour, the path falls into the road to Chamouny from the Tête Noire (Route 116).

To go in one day from Chamouny to Trient, by the Tête Noire, and return by the Col de Balme, requires 12 or 13 hours. When this is intended, to gain time, it is desirable to take a char as far as Argentière, the road being good enough to go over it with great despatch from Chamouny.

ROUTE 118.

CHAMOUNY TO CORMAYEUR, BY THE COL DE BON-HOMME, AND THE COL DE LA SEIGNE.

(Two or three Days.)

The passage from Chamouny to Cormayeur is easily made in three days. The travellers may go on the first after 12 o'clock from Chamouny to Contamines, the following day from Contamines to Chapin or the Hameau de Motet, the third to Cormayeur. It is, however, very often done in two days by going to Chapin or Motet the first day, as often, too, by making

the second the long day, starting from Nant Bourant, and reaching Cormayeur.

In leaving Chamonix the road lies down the valley to Les Ouches, where it leaves the route to Servoz on the right hand, and proceeds by the hamlet of Poully. A little beyond this, another path, which on the right leads by the mountain of Vandagny and the Forcles of St. Gervais, is avoided, and one is taken that leads up through a forest of larches, and by a steep zigzag course to the châteaux. From the Col de Voez, where a pavilion has been placed, there is a fine view of the valley of Chamonix, Mont Blanc, &c., extending to the Col de Balme.

From the Col, a very steep path leads down by some châteaux towards the deep course of the torrent that issues from the glacier of Blonnessay, which lies before the traveller, and presents amidst its rocks and snows a most savage aspect. Without going far up, it is difficult to ford this torrent; but having crossed it, some cottages are passed at the head of the forest that clothes the mountains which bound the eastern side of the Val Montjoie, into which the path now descends. On the opposite side of the valley is seen the beautifully situated village of St. Nicolas de Veron, on its fine terrace on the mountain side, and backed by the vast mountains of Hermance, the northern buttress of the Mont Joli.

The route to the village Blonnessay in the Val Montjoie, leads too far down the valley. Much distance is saved to those who would ascend it, by taking a path to the left, which through Le Champel and other hamlets, over well cultivated fields, and by rich meadows, in the valley, leads to Contamines, a large village beautifully situated: it has a handsome church, though this is scarcely remarkable in Faucigny, where the Church is generally the pride of the village.

The view of the valley presented to the traveller in descending from Blonnessay to Contamines, extends along its whole length, even up to the peaks of the Bon-homme.

At Contamines there is an indifferent inn; but if the traveller wish to reach Cormayeur the next day, it is desirable that he should go on to Nant Bourant, where he will now find tolerable resting quarters, and start thence early on the following morning.

From Contamines the view of the Val Montjoie is very fine. One of its finest features is the beautiful Mont Joli, the base of which, on the right, bound the valley. Below Contamines, the valley descends to that of the Arve, near the baths of St. Gervais: this lower part of the Val Montjoie is very pleasing; passing through the villages of Rioumay and St. Gervais, the latter is finely situated; the descent to the baths is very abrupt; the distance from the baths of St. Gervais to Nant Bourant is 2½ hours, and from Chamonix to the latter place, 7 hours.

On leaving Contamines, which lies on rather high ground above the river Bon Nant, which flows through the Val Montjoie, the path, after passing another village, descends and crosses the torrent to the hamlet of Pontet. above this the valley narrows until it ends at Notre Dame de la Gorge, a chapel and mission-house, most singularly situated in a deep dell which lies at the foot of Mont Joli. Up the ravine the course is impracticable, as it terminates in a cataract of the Bourant.

At Notre Dame de la Gorge, there is a fête on the 15th of August, which is attended by hundreds of peasants and others, who come from the neighbouring villages to attend mass: a sort of fair is held, and the scene is very animated.

Close to the church a wooden bridge crosses the torrent, and a very steep and rudely-paved path leads

directly up the mountain side and through a forest: the denuded face of the granite on the path, and the large stones which fill up the interstices, make this a difficult road for mules, and a fatiguing one to men. It leads to the chalets and pasturages of

Nant Bourant (about 7 hours' walk from Chamouny), where the torrent is crossed by a stone bridge: the gulf through which it rushes has a fearful depth, and a little way down, below the bridge, the water falls into a still blacker and deeper ravine, forming the *Nant*, or cataract of the Bourant; it is difficult even from above to get a view of its furious descent.

At the chalets of Nant Bourant a tolerably convenient place for sleeping has, within a few years, been erected, and this is the best place to rest at when a succeeding long day's journey is determined upon. "The finest fall on the Bonnant is one seldom seen, a short $\frac{1}{2}$ hour from these chalets, on that branch of the stream which descends from the glacier of Trelatite. It is not necessary to return to the chalets in ascending the Bon-homme."—A. T. M.

Above the chalets the valley is very narrow, the road passing through the forest, which belts and clothes the base of the Mont Joli, at length it enters upon the pasturages, which are rich, though scanty from the quantity of stones and rocks that abound: after rising above the *débris* which have fallen from the mountains, the path winds up to the chalets of Mont Joie, where the traveller usually rests and obtains the refreshment of a draught of milk. Between Nant Bourant and these chalets huge masses of glaciers extend down the crue on the S.W. flanks of Mont Blanc; but immediately above the chalets is the vast glacier of Trelatite. This, and the black rocks which support it on one side of the valley, and the precipitous and *débris* over

which there is a pass to the valley of Haute Luce on the other, almost inclose these chalets as in a deep basin. Upward, the valley is closed by the Bon-homme; and, on looking back, the whole length of the Val Mont-Joie is seen bounded by the peaks of the Varons above St. Martin's.

From the chalets of Mont-Joie the path leads up a steep acclivity which overhangs the depths of the valley. As the mountain is ascended, it becomes more and more sterile; the pine does not grow so high as the chalets of Mont-Joie, and on the next terrace above the chalets, on the Plain des Dames the rhododendron is the largest shrub that flourishes. On the Plain there is a cairn, a heap of stones, which has existed from time immemorial. Tradition says, that a great lady with her suite perished here in a storm, and gave name to the fatal spot; every guide adds a stone to the cairn, and requests the traveller to do so, from some feeling of awe associated with it as a duty.

From the Plain des Dames the path leads up herbless slopes and over some patches of snow, to reach what, from below, seems to be the col. On the left, wild and abrupt precipitous rise: and two of the peaked rocks there bear the name of the Bon-homme and the *Femme de Bon-homme*.

The crest, however, which lies close to these pinnacles is that of the Col de la Gauche, across which a path lies that leads down to Maxime de Beaufort, and the whole course of the valley of Beaufort to the Bourg is seen before and below the traveller. On looking back, too, the valley of Mont-Joie is seen in all its length, and these glorious scenes of Alpine valleys, with the thousand peaks which crest the chains of mountains that divide them, offer displays of Alpine scenery nowhere surpassed.

The passage of the Col de Bon-homme is at times dangerous in bad weather, owing to its exposure to the W. wind, which stirs up those sharp-

ful snow-eddies called "tourmentes" upon this outlier of the Alps.

The path of the Col de Bon-homme turns on the left from the Col de Gauche, behind the pinnacles of rock, and extends by a loose, swampy, pathless slope to the col, distant an hour from the Col de Gauche. "On the summit let the traveller beware of taking the path right before him; it leads to Beaufort. If he be going to Cormayeur, he follows an ill-traced path on his l., over black shale (or snow during part of the season), which conducts him nearly on a level, after $\frac{1}{2}$ hour's walk, to a point somewhat higher than the last, and which is called La Croix de Bon-homme, 8195 feet above the sea level."—*Forbes*. From it, the beautiful mountain of the Chasse-Querre, or Aiguille de Vanouse, one of the most elegant snow-clad peaks in the Alps, in the Val Isère (Route 113), is finely seen. The traveller is soon convinced here how easy it would be in fog or snow-drift to lose his way. A good guide is felt to be necessary; for though he may reach the Col de Gauche by the posts which indicate the path, it is difficult to decide upon the direction he should take where the routes divide, and the unguided stranger may wander into courses of difficulty and danger before he is aware of either.

From the col two courses branch off; three even are mentioned by the mountaineers; that on the left conducts, by a wild, lofty, and difficult path, to Motet; a middle course, one rarely followed, leads to the Hameau de Glacier; and that on the right, which leads down, in $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour, to the chalets of Chapin, over a broken swampy ground; and from Chapin, in 3 hours, the traveller can reach Bourg St. Maurice, in the Tarentaise, by the valley of Bonnaval.

It requires 4 or 5 hours to go from Nant Bourant to Chapin. The state of the weather makes an important difference in the time: the journey

should never be undertaken but in fine weather, or with a good prospect of it. On the 13th of September, 1830, two English gentlemen perished in a snow storm whilst crossing it—the Rev. Richard Braken and Augustus Campbell, the former at the age of 30, the latter 20; they were on their way from Nant Bourant to Chapin.

At Chapin some of the chalets are fitted up in a rude way to receive travellers who may be disposed to come here and sleep, thus dividing the journey to Cormayeur; one of these has been much improved, and dignified with a sign, *Le Soleil*. From Chapin a path leads in 2 hours up by the stream of the Versoi (which descends through Bonnaval) to the Hameau du Glacier, so called from its proximity to one of the glaciers of Mont Blanc, and, half a league further, to the chalets of Motet. This miserable spot divides with Chapin the honour of entertaining travellers. Those who reach Motet direct, cross the Cime du Four, to which the path on the left, on the Col de Bon-homme, leads an hour sooner than by the *détour* to Chapin, but the road rises 850 feet higher, and the descent is much more fatiguing; the accommodations, too, at Motet, are much worse than those at Chapin: it is, however, generally taken, for the sake of gaining time, by those who go to Cormayeur from Nant Bourant in one day. The Hameau du Glacier is, perhaps, a better place to rest in for the night, because it is lower; but there is no choice of comfort.

The pasturages of Motet belong to the people of the Tarentaise, and are generally occupied by a family from St. Maurice.

["A practicable route by the Col d'Enclaves, higher and shorter than the Col du Four, turns off somewhere about the highest chalets of the Mont-Join, crosses the ridge between the Col du Four and the

Mont Blanc, skirting the latter to the Col de la Seigne, without descending (?) nearly to the depth of Motet. It does not appear difficult, and must shorten considerably the journey from Nant Bourant to Courmayeur."—A. T. M.]

The ascent of the Col de la Seigne, though very tedious, is not very difficult. The summit, 1½ hour from Motet, is 8422 feet above the sea. It commands the whole extent of the Allée Blanche and the S. side of Mont Blanc, which, without being absolutely a precipice, is too steep to allow snow to rest long on it. Its vertical height above the Allée Blanche is 11,700 feet. The ridge of the Col de la Seigne separates the waters which run into the Rhone from those which are tributaries of the Po.

"From the Col de la Seigne, an Alpine view of extraordinary magnificence burst upon us. We looked upon Mont Blanc, and along the course of the valleys which divide Piedmont from the Vallais, and extend nearly 80 miles on the eastern side of its enormous mass, through the Allée Blanche, the Val Veni, and the Val d'Entèves, to the Col de Ferret. Two immense pyramids of rugged rock rear from the valley their scathed heads, and appear like guards to the 'monarch of mountains'; beyond and below them lay the little lake of Combal, whence issues one of the sources of the Doire Italica, and down the sides of Mont Blanc appeared to stream the glaciers of the Allée Blanche and the Miage; whilst the distant peaks which overhang the western side of this long valley or valleys (for different portions of it, from the Col de la Seigne to the Col de Ferret, bear different names) give a peculiarly grand and severe aspect to the scene: among these the Géant and the Grand Jorasse are distinguished. The eastern side of the valley is formed by the Cramont, and a range of mountains

which extend to the Col de Perret, and terminate the vista in Mont Valin and the masses which surround the pass of the Great St. Bernard. The summit of Mont Blanc was occasionally enveloped in clouds, and the changes which these produced upon the scene were often strikingly beautiful. Most travellers, whose expectations have been formed upon the descriptions in guide-books, are led to believe that the E. side of Mont Blanc is one vast precipice, from the summit down to the Allée Blanche: it is certainly much more abrupt than towards the vale of Chamouny; but no such anticipation will be realized in the magnificent view from the Col de la Seigne.

"From this col, leading across the great chain of the Alps, we began our descent over some beds of perpetual snow, which, lying on the northern side of the path, remain unmelted. Though steep, these are not dangerous, as the feet sink 2 or 3 inches and give firmness to the step. Scarcely any melting takes place on the surface of the snow, unless where the soil has been washed over, or has fallen so as to cover it. Generally, the snow melts below, in contact with the earth, and this is one of the causes of avalanches, where the mass which slips acquires momentum enough to rush on. Caution is generally necessary near the edges of these beds of snow, where it is thin, lest the traveller should sink through, perhaps 2 or 3 feet. After a tedious descent to the first pasturage, at the base of the two immense pyramids which formed so striking a feature from the summit, we sat down upon the short and soft grass of the pasturage of the chalets of the Allée Blanche, to rest the mules and ourselves, and took refreshment, which we had brought with us. The life and spirit of such enjoyment as this is only known to Alpine travellers. The sward around us was enamelled with beautiful flowers: of these, the

broad patches of the deep blue gentianella were the richest in colour; the Alpine ranunculus, and a hundred other varieties, embellished the place where we rested; being surrounded by, and in the immediate vicinity of, the loftiest mountains in Europe.

"Soon after leaving this delightful spot, we skirted the little lake of Combal by a very narrow path.—After passing the lake at the lower extremity across an embankment of great thickness and strength, the path descends on the left side of the torrent, which struggles with horrid violence in continued cataracts down the ravine for several miles, particularly where, in passing by the glacier of Minge, our route lay amidst rocks and stones, the debris of the mountain, brought down by the glacier, of which it concealed the base and sides. We were occupied nearly two hours in passing this moraine.

"The path is rough and stony here and there, and a little water from streams trickles across it."—G. B. M.

"At length we escaped from this fatiguing part of our route, and entered the beautiful meadows of the Val Veni, which are separated from the Val d'Entrèves by a high ridge that skirts the forest of St Nicolas. There are no chalets in the Val Veni, but several granges, in which the great quantities of hay made in the meadows and slopes of this valley are stored.

"The forest of Saint Nicolas, which we traversed on our way to Cormayeur, is opposite to some extensive buildings at the foot of the Glacier de Brenva: these were formerly occupied by miners, who prepared the lead and copper ores raised near this place; but the expenses having exceeded the profits, these buildings are now falling to decay. Across the valley we saw the beautiful glacier of Brenva appearing through the enormous larches and pines of the forest, presenting to us a scene deservedly esteemed one of the

finest in the Alps. We now rapidly descended by a narrow road which fearfully overhangs the lower range of the glacier of the Brenva, whose sides were covered with masses of granite and rocks of great magnitude. The torrent which we had seen rushing through the valley passed beneath the glacier, and reappeared increased by a stream, which issued from an arch at the termination of the glacier, like that of the Arveron in the vale of Chamouny."—Brucheden.

"The chief glaciers of the Allée Blanche (on the N side) are, 1, G. de l'Estellette; 2, G. de l'Allée Blanche; 3, G. de Minge; 4, G. de la Brenva. The 2nd and 3rd of these have formed barriers across the valley by moraines, so as to have occasioned lakes by the interruption of the river course. That formed by the Glacier de l'Allée Blanche is nearly filled up by alluvial matter; but an extensive flat attests its former existence, together with the extensive barriades of debris through which the river now tumbles in a foaming rapid. The moraine of the G. de Minge is, perhaps, the most extraordinary in the whole Alps, and has given rise to the Lac de Combal. Below the moraine of Minge, which occupies the valley for some space, are some chalets, and then a level fertile plain, whilst the valley widens and becomes less savage and more romantic. Trees appear on both sides, especially on the rt., where the forest is very fine, and clothes all the N. slope of a conical summit, called Mont Chetif, or Paim de Saure, which is composed of granite, though separated from the great chain by secondary rocks. The paths through these woods are among the most beautiful and striking with which I am acquainted. That leading to Cormayeur, after attaining some height above the torrent, proceeds nearly on a level, until, emerging from the trees, we come into full view of the magnificent Glacier de la Brenva, which, formed in a hollow to the E. of Mont Blanc,

pours its mass into the valley which it has in a good measure filled up with its moraine, forming a kind of bridge which it has pushed before it, and on which it bestrides obliquely the Allée Blanche, abutting against its opposite side at the foot of the Mont Chetif. A chapel, dedicated to Notre Dame de la Guérison, stands on the rt. of the way, exactly opposite to the ice; and another steep descent conducts us again to the bank of the river, which here turns abruptly, after its confluence with the stream of the Val Ferret into a ravine, cutting the range of the Pain du Sucre. The united streams are passed by a wooden bridge at the Baths of La Bace, and 20 minutes more brings the traveller to

"Cormayeur (Route 107), after a laborious walk of 11 hours from Nant Bourant."—*Forbes, Alps of Savoy.*

The time required from Nant Bourant to Cormayeur by the shortest course, that over the Col du Fours to Motet, is 11 or 12 hours, and from Nant Bourant to Bourg St. Maurice by Chapin, 7 hours, these journeys by the Bon-homme, Fours, and Seigne, may all be accomplished on mules; but this mode of travelling merely saves fatigue without gaining time, for as the guides walk, the traveller only advances at the guides' pace.

ROUTE 119.

SALLENCHES TO L'HÔPITAL COMBLANS
(ALBERTVILLE), BY QUINE AND
BEAUFORT.

From Sallenches (Route 115), a new route is being constructed, which, if it proceed with spirit, will one day open a char or carriage communication between the valley of the Arve and that of the Isère, in the Tarentaise. It is still incomplete, 1846.

The road which has been made or improved to Megève rises directly up the steep side of one of the slopes

of Mont Foron to the village of Comblou, about an hour's ascent. Its gay spire is seen from the road to Chamoisy, near Pnsy, and also from the valley of Magians in approaching to it. From Comblou there is a most beautiful prospect, well worthy the traveller's walk from Sallenches or St. Martin's. It commands the valley of Magians on one side, and the Varens, and the upper valley of the Arve on the other. The Aiguilles de Varens rise in great grandeur directly en face of the spectator, and on the right of the upper Arve, all the peaks and glaciers of Mont Blanc, and its extreme summit, are as distinctly seen as in a model. Few spots for such prospects can vie with the village of Comblou.

A little beyond Comblou the highest part of the road to Megève is passed: thence to the latter bourg, the distance is a league, over a road nearly level. Here are two miserable inns. From Megève a road leads to the Pas Sion, a col which divides the valley of Haute Luce from the valley of the Arly, and leads by the shortest course to Beaufort.

From Megève the road descends the valley of the Arly in two hours to Flumet, a little town of Upper Faucigny, containing about 1000 inhabitants. Here, on a rock, are the ruins of a castle, in which the first baron of Faucigny resided.

Flumet is seated near the confluence of the Flon and the Arly: the former river descends from the hamlet of Giotta, by which a path traverses the Col des Aravis and the Grand Borand to Bonneville.

Below Flumet the road is only practicable for mules; it is excessively hilly and wild. The valley of the Arly is a gorge, deeply seated; and bears the name of the Combe of Savoie. In two hours from Flumet it leads to Heri, a village situated in a most agreeable spot, surrounded by high mountains covered with pine forests.

Below Heri, the path, in many places cut out in the mountain side, overhangs the deep bed of the Arly, and alternate spots of savageness and beauty are found throughout this valley. Its richness in walnut-trees is celebrated, and the oil which the nuts furnish is an important article of commerce.

Ugine is a large ill-built town, containing 3000 inhab., famous for its fairs of cattle and mules. To the N. of the town, on a steep limestone rock, there are the remains of a lofty square tower, flanked by other towers, which defended a château attacked in the 9th century by the Saracens. The château was destroyed in the 13th century by Humbert, first dauphin of Vienna. It is situated on the rt. bank of the Arly, on the road between Faverges and Annecy (Route 120).

From Ugine an excellent carriage road continues down the Arly to l'Hôpital Confians, through a deep and rich valley. Before arriving at l'Hôpital, one sees on the other side of the Arly the valley of Beaufort, where the Doron, which flows through it, falls into the Arly. The valley of the Doron leads by a mountainous mule road, in about 4 hours, to

Maxime de Beaufort, a town famous also for its cattle fairs. The inhabitants are rich and independent, from their commerce in cheese, butter, and cattle: their pasturages are the most valuable in Upper Savoy. Beaufort communicates with Megève by the valley of Haute Luce and the pass Sion, by the head of its valley with the Col de Bon-Homme, and by the valley of Rozelex and the Col d'Allée with the valley of Bonneval (Route 113) in the Tarentaise.

Beaufort is one of those retired spots in the Alps, whence the inhabitants issue in the winter to seek employment in foreign countries. Some periodically return, content with their gains; others realize great wealth, and remain to die where they

obtained it. Among these are remembered M. Viallet, a great planter in St. Domingo, whose fortune before the revolution was valued at a million and half francs; M. Cornu, a rich banker of Paris; Bouchage, a banker of Toulouse; Pavra, a celebrated silk merchant of Lyons, and Jean Mollia, who died about 1780, and left to his descendants the enormous sum of, it is said, 400 millions of francs.

At present Beaufort is one of the most independent communities in Savoy. They were permitted by Charles Emmanuel, duke of Savoy, to free themselves from feudal rents by purchase, and in 1773 they paid to M. Villecardel de Fleury, marquis of Beaufort, 100,000 francs for their emancipation. The old families of Beaufort in England and France had their origin here.

Near Beaufort, on a hill at the entrance to the valley of Haute Luce, are the finely situated ruins of the château de la Salle. This château received Henry IV. and his courtiers in October 1600: the pranks played there by them furnished some scandalous traditions.

L'Hôpital and *Confians* are divided only by the Arly; the former being situated on its right bank, the latter on the rocky slopes above it on the other side.

Confians is an ancient little town, with about 1300 inhab. It was formerly surrounded by strong walls, and defended by two very strong forts. It resisted the troops of Francis I. in the war of 1536, when it was partly burnt, and its two forts demolished. A little below Confians, near the banks of the river, there is a royal smelting-house and foundry, where the silver from the ore raised in some mines in the neighbourhood is reduced: it is seldom worked, and the *Fonderie Royale* is a worthless appendage to Confians.

L'Hôpital or *Albertville* (a name given in compliment to the present

king of Sardinia); *Inns*: several very good; that of the Frères Gony is very comfortable. L'Hôpital, with its wide streets and clean appearance, is one of the nicest little towns in Savoy; it has about 1800 inhab., and lying in the high road, by which communication is held with Ugine, Annecy, and Salanches, with Chambéry, and with Montiers Tarentaise, it has, since the establishment of good roads, been daily increasing in importance. A diligence by Faverge to Annecy, and another between Montiers and Chambéry, which passes through l'Hôpital, have been established.

ROUTE 120.

GENEVA TO CHAMBERY BY ANNECY,
10½ POSTES.

A diligence goes every day from Geneva to Chambéry, but on alternate days by two different routes—one by Annecy, the other by Rumilly.

On leaving Geneva, the road, common to both as far as

1½ St. Julien, passes through the Plain Palais, crosses the Arve, and continues through Carouge and the richly cultivated plain of the Arve, until it rises to the village of St. Julien, on the frontier of Savoy, where the baggage and the passports of travellers are examined.

Here the road continues to ascend a long hill to the Mount Sion, a ridge which runs nearly at right angles with the Mont Saleve. From its height, above 3300 feet above the level of the sea, the views of the Lake of Geneva, the Jura, and the deep valley of the Rhone flowing into France, form a fine panorama.

It is a pleasing drive, but there is nothing remarkable in the scenery. Its course is generally high, though it undulates until it rises to

2 Crucilles, a little town possessing 1300 inhab., the ruins of an old

castle, and a dirty inn; opposite to which one of those crosses is placed, so common within the archbishopric of Chambéry, which invites every body, under a promise of 40 days' indulgence, to say an ave and a pater and make a genuflexion, as a set-off against crime!

From Crucilles the road to Annecy crosses the stream of the Usses in a deep delf. A lofty bridge, built of brick, once crossed this ravine, about half-way down the valley. This has long been impassable, except to the fool-hardy pedestrian: it was too narrow even to have been safely passed in a char. The Sardinian government has thrown an iron wire suspension bridge over this ravine, to carry the road directly across, and continue the route by the shortest connexion. The length and height of the road on the bridge are each about 500 feet. It is called the *Pont Charles Albert*, or *Pont de la Caille*, and was opened in Sept. 1838. A toll of 50 sous is paid for 2 horses, and 60 sous for a larger number.

It is a pleasing drive by the villages of Alonzier, Caval, Pringy, and Metz, through a hilly country, often presenting fine points of view; at length it crosses the Mont des Bornes, and descends a hill side which overlooks the plain and lake of Annecy, and the fine mountain scenery which surrounds it. There is a singular beauty in the views thus presented, and a charm in the approach to Annecy which is likely to be long remembered. At the Pont de Brogny the river Fier, which falls into the Rhone at Siessel, is crossed, and in half an hour the traveller finds himself at

2½ Annecy. (*Inns*: Hôtel de Genève; tolerable, but very dear.) This city of 6000 inhab. is in a beautiful situation at the extremity of a great plain, and on the borders of a lake, which is discharged by canals, that cross its streets, and which

is led by the canal of Thion, to fall into the Fier at Cran.

Annecy is a curious old town, the shops in many of its streets are under arcades, and there is an air of respectable antiquity about it—though this, the ancient capital of the duchy of Geneva, is only the modern town. In the 12th century it was known as *Anneciaceum novum*, to distinguish it from *Anneciaceum vetus*, which formerly existed on the slopes of the beautiful hill of Annecy-le-vieux. Numerous medals of the Roman emperors of the two first centuries of the Christian era have been found here, and inscriptions, sepulchres, urns, and fragments of statues, and of a temple, attest the presence of this people. It rests upon little more than conjecture, that it was known to them as *Civitas Boria*, or according to some bewildered antiquarians, as *Doria* or *Dignatia*, no monument, or MS. authorises one or the other.

The earliest mention of Annecy is by the emperor Lothaire, who gave it, under the name of *Anneciaceum*, to his wife, Tietberge, as proved by a document, bearing date January 11, 867.

In the 12th century, the present Annecy was distinguished from Annecy-le-vieux, by William I. Comte of the Genevois. When the house of Geneva became extinct, Annecy passed into that of Savoy. In 1412 it was totally burnt. To assist in restoring the inhabitants to their town, Amedeus VIII. duke of Savoy, gave them many privileges, and enabled them to establish flax-spinning works, which have continued to be its principal manufacture. In 1630, the plague almost depopulated the town, and destroyed or dispersed the workmen. Victor Amedeus I., afterwards established here four silk mills; these were destroyed by fire during the war of 1691.

In 1794, during violent disputes among the different manufacturers of Annecy, a large establishment for

the manufacture of hats, which had existed for a century and a half, was destroyed, as well as others for the production of worsted stockings. At the same time were destroyed the manufactory of the fire arms of Collin, famous in its day, and extensive works for scythes, reaping hooks, and cutlery; perhaps there is no town in Europe whose history has been so long associated with manufactures as Annecy. The linen bleacheries established in 1650, which have always sustained a high reputation, are still flourishing. Encouraged by Napoleon, when Savoy was under the French government, M. Duport, now the Baron Duport of Turin, established here the first cotton works; these still flourish. He subsequently established these at Pontre, in Val d'Orcu. (Route 111.)

Even now the manufactures of Annecy are not all enumerated; there are others of black glass—of sulphuric acid, of printed cottons, &c., and in the neighbourhood, a fine vein of coal is worked, at Entreverme,—and at the village of Crans there are oil, corn, and falling mills on the Fier, and mills for the manufacture of paper.

The active inhabitants of Annecy have always sought new channels for their industry—they found this to be necessary in order to procure subsistence for the population of the city, when its numerous convents were suppressed. It has now substituted industry and independence for idleness and beggary.

There are many objects of interest among the public buildings of Annecy—the ancient *Château*, the residence of the family of Genevois-Nemours—the old Bishop's palace—the *Cathédrale*, with its sanctuary, where are deposited the relics of Saint François de Sales, and the Mere (Sainte) Chantal: scandal has been busy with their names. The translation of the relics of the former was made on the 28th of May, 1806, with great cere-

mony; the following day those of Sainte Jeanne-Françoise Prémot de Chantal were transferred with equal solemnity.

The tender friendship that long subsisted between St. Francis de Sales and La Mère Chantal, has given to their memory, and relics, with pious Catholics, a degree of interest similar to that excited by the remains of Abelard and Eloïse.

St. Francis de Sales was descended from the noble family of de Sales in Savoy; he was born in 1567, having devoted himself to the church, and evinced great zeal and eloquence in its defence. He was ordained prince and bishop of Geneva, by Pope Clement VIII., for the popes assumed the right to confer these titles long after the Reformed religion had been established at Geneva. Annecy being made a bishop's seat when the Genevans expelled the chapter from their city, St. Francis de Sales died at Lyons in 1622, and was buried at Annecy. His canonisation took place in 1665: but before that event his remains were so highly valued by the inhabitants, that when the city was taken by the French in 1630, one of the six articles of capitulation stipulated that the body of the venerable Francis de Sales should never be removed from the city.—*Bakerell's Tour in the Tarentaise.*

At the lower extremity of the lake there is a beautiful promenade, where fairs and public amusements are held. The views from it of the mountain and the lake are fine.

A monument has been erected on the Promenade to Berthollet the chemist, a native of Annecy, by his fellow-citizens.

The level of the lake of Annecy is about 1400 feet above that of the sea; it abounds in fine fish, among those least known to travellers are the lotte, and a fish peculiar to this lake, the *uisea*.

A good road carried along the S.W. shores of the lake leads to Faverges. About two-thirds of the

distance is the *Château Duing*, placed on a neck of land which runs out into the lake—here many strangers come to board and lodge during the summer, and enjoy the most delightful excursions in its delicious neighbourhood.

The best way to get to the *Château Duing* is by the lake: a boat may be hired for a few francs, and a boatman to row there. In ascending the lake, an opening in the lofty mountains, which bound its north-eastern side, discloses the *Château of Manthon*, on the delicious slopes of a recess. Here St. Bernard, the "Apostle of the Alps," was born, and the place of his nativity, independent of its local beauty, cannot fail to interest the traveller. (Route 108.)

A road leads up by Manthon, and across the mountain above into the valley of Thonon, one of the most retired, and unfrequented by strangers, in Savoy. It may be visited in going from Annecy to Bonneville, on the road to Chamouny, for a road leads thither in 8 hours through Thonon and Entremont, an excursion offering much beautiful scenery, and very little known. Opposite the *Château Duing* is Talloires, the birthplace of the celebrated chemist Berthollet.

From the *Château Duing*, the road to Faverges continues up the valley of Eau Morte about 3 miles; it is so nearly level that the plain of the valley is often inundated.

Faverges (In. very dirty) has a population of about 2000, it is beautifully situated amidst wooded slopes and mountains; it is well cultivated, and abounds in rich meadows. It was known in the 13th century as *Fabricarium*, a name arising from its numerous forges for copper and iron. Its reputation has not decreased; there are now silk-mills established there, manufactories of cutlery, and tanneries; and since the completion of the road by Ugine into the Tarentaise it is daily improving. Its old castle is finely situated.

A slight elevation divides the head of the valley of the Eau Morte from that of the stream of Monthoux, which runs into the Arly at Ugine. (Route 119.) The valley of Monthoux is richly wooded and picturesque. There is, however, a much shorter way than by Ugine to l'Hôpital Confiance; two hours may be gained by going there over the mountains by the Col de Tamié.

If the traveller have time, a short excursion may be made from Annecy to Annecy-le-Vieux; where, on the inner and S angle of the tower a Roman inscription will be found.

The establishment at Cran, of the hydraulic machines for the drainage of the lake, is also deserving of a visit.

From Annecy to Aix there is nothing remarkable. The road passes through the villages of Viégny and Balbont to

1½ *Alby*, a village containing about 800 inhab. It is situated on the Chéron, and one of the most remarkable objects between Annecy and Aix is its fine stone bridge—a single arch of great height and span, which is thrown across the Chéron, at Alby. This village was more important formerly when the Comtes of Geneva surrounded it with a wall and castles, of which some traces exist, which were built on both sides of the river to defend the passage of the valley. Beyond Alby the route is without particular interest, except at

1 *Albens*, a village of 1000 inhabitants, where coins of Claudian, Antonine, Gallienus, and other emperors have been found. Beyond Albens the road soon descends, and overlooks the plain of Aix, where that town, the lake of Bourget, and the basin of Chambéry, bounded by the Mont du Chat, the Mont d'Ars, the Mont Grenier, present a scene of singular beauty.

1½ *Aix les Bains*. (Inns: H. de la Poste, beautifully situated, with large gardens, very good; H. Venat, new Swiss.

and clean, but not well managed, better situated than the Poste.) The wine of Montmeillan is good. There are numerous boarding-houses; that of M. Gaillard a very comfortable house. Charges, dinner, 4 fr; breakfast 1½ fr.; baths in the house at 1 fr. 20 c.; douches 1½ fr.

This watering-place was known to the Romans under the name of *Aqua Gratianna*, and it is still resorted to on account of its mineral springs, and of the attractions of the beautiful country round it, by more than 2200 visitors yearly. The town itself is situated at a little distance to the east of the pretty Lac de Bourget, and contains 2000 inhab.; in itself it has little to recommend it, and little or nothing has been done to promote the accommodation or amusement of strangers. It contains several Roman Remains, a *Triumphal Arch*, in a debased Doric style, probably of the 3rd or 4th centuries, raised by T. Pompeius Campanus, a portion of an Ionic *Temple* of Diana or Venus, and a *Vapour Bath*, lined with bricks and marble, with hypocaust, and pipes for the water, in a tolerably perfect state.

Its *Mineral Springs* are warm and sulphureous; they have a temperature varying between 100° and 117° Fahr. The *Alum Spring* (incorrectly so called, as it contains no alum) issues from beneath an antique arch; it is partly employed in douching horses.

The *Sulphur Spring* is exceedingly copious; it is drunk at the source, and is good for correcting derangement of the digestive organs. These waters, however, are chiefly employed for baths, and above all for douche baths. A handsome bath-house has been built by a former king of Sardinia, into the apartments of which the hot water is introduced in streams, which descend from a height of eight or ten feet upon the patient. After undergoing the douching process, which consists in having

the water applied to various parts of the body, while they are at the same time subjected to brisk friction by the hands of two attendants, the patient is wrapped up, dripping wet, in a blanket, carried home in a sedan-chair, and put into a warm bed. A brisk perspiration succeeds.

Baths are given twice a week during the season in the room at the Cusino, where there is also a reading-room. Gaming is prohibited.

A portion of the time not occupied in the bathing process may be agreeably employed in rides and walks in the neighbourhood, whose varied and beautiful scenery cannot fail to afford pleasure and amusement. The favourite excursion is to *Haute Combe*, on the opposite or north-west shore of the *Lac de Bourget* (*Borghetto*). This monastery, beautifully situated by the side of the lake, and at the foot of the *Mont du Chat*, was founded in 1125. Its Gothic chapels were the burial-places of the princes of Savoy, counts of Cîteaux, &c. Among them was an archbishop of Canterbury, son of Count Thomas of Savoy, who died in 1270. The building was pillaged and desecrated at the French revolution; the coffins were opened and rifled, and the monuments, paintings, and stained glass destroyed. It was, however, restored by Charles Felix, king of Sardinia, as nearly as possible to its original condition; the tombs have been renovated, the walls painted afresh, and the windows replenished with Bohemian glass. About half a mile behind the abbey is an intermittent spring, called *Fontaine des Merveilles*.

The W. shore of the lake consists of a tall precipice of limestone, rising almost perpendicularly from the water's edge, and extending from *Haute Combe* to the castle of *Bordonn*. One of the meditations of Lamartine, that entitled "*Le Lac*," was inspired by the scenery of this spot. Behind *Bordonn* commences the ascent of the *Mont du Chat*, the probable route of

Hannibal; the old Roman road has been recently replaced by a fine causeway, skilfully conducted in zig-zags up the hill.

An agreeable way of visiting the scenery of the lake is to take a boat from Aix to *Haute Combe*, and then send it to wait at the little village of *Bordonn*, at the foot of the ascent to the *Mont du Chat*, and after visiting the chapel and fountain, walk by agreeable by-paths along the heights which skirt the south side of the lake, and descend by the great road from the *Mont du Chat* (p. 373.) The boats are ill built and worse appointed, requiring three men. The trip will cost about 8 or 9 frs.

Steamers now ply on the lake of Bourget, between Chambéry and Aix, and Lyons by the Upper Rhone during the season 3 times a-week. The steamers are small and dirty, and the voyage tedious. E. B. A very tortuous canal carries the waters of the lake into the river Rhone, where the appearance of a steamer, winding about like a vast animal in the meadows, is sufficiently strange.

The length of the entire voyage descending is about 9 hours; but a long and vexatious delay takes place at the douanes both of Savoy and France, which makes it from 3 to 3 hours more. The ascent of the Rhone from Lyons is very tedious, requiring 29 hours; the scenery is not generally remarkable, but there are some points both striking and exciting. the most remarkable of these is at the *Saut du Rhone*, where the channel narrows into a deep ravine between vast overhanging rocks, those on the side of France surmounted by the garrison of *Pierre Châtel* in a most commanding situation; through this narrow channel the water rushes in fury amidst vast rocks, but the pilots with great skill pass in safety, and immediately below the point of greatest danger, about beneath a bridge of iron wire that connects the frontiers of France

and Savoy under the fort of Pierre Châtel. The most difficult navigation in the ascent is to work the steamer up the rapid in this ravine. See HANDBOOK for FRANCE.

At the S. extremity of the lake was the castle of Bourget, the residence of the ancient counts of Savoy, down to the time of Amedeus V. or the Great, who was born in it in 1249. He sent for the painter Giorgio di Aquila, a pupil of Giotto, to decorate its interior; and some fragments of fresco, now nearly effaced, in a cabinet formed in the thickness of the wall of one of the towers, are probably a part of his work.

The route from Aix is very beautiful as it passes below the finely wooded slopes of the Mont d'Aix and Dent de Nivolet, its undulations often presenting views of the lake of Bourget, and the fine range of the Mont du Chat. The approach to

2 CHAMBERY (Route 127) is highly picturesque, and offers some beautiful views.

ROUTE 120 a.

FROM GENEVA TO AIGUEBELLE, ON THE CENIS ROAD, AVOIDING CHAMBERY.

On this road there is a saving of 2½ postes—viz.

1½ St. Julien, including ½ poste de faveur.

2 Cruseilles, extra horse all the year.

2½ Annecy.

3½ Faverges—Faverges is not a regular post station, but the landlord of the Hotel de la Poste will supply horses at the tariff. A new road is in progress from Faverges to Albertville (l'Hôpital) along the plain, by which the dirty town and hill of Ugine will be avoided.

3 Albertville (L'Hôpital).

3 Aiguebelle. Leaving Albertville the road passes through Grégy; it there leaves the Montmeillan road,

and shortly after crosses the Isère by a wooden bridge, where a toll is paid (18 sous for a carriage with 2 horses and 3 persons). C. H.

ROUTE 121.

GENEVA TO CHAMBERY, BY RUMILLY.

12½ postes. There is so little to interest the traveller in this route, that it is generally avoided by strangers, who prefer going by Annecy, though it is a little further round.

1½ St. Julien (including ½ post de faveur). Here the route by Annecy separates from that by Rumilly: the latter takes a more westerly course toward the Rhone; it rises over the ridge of the Mount Sion, but at a place 1200 feet lower than the point of passage to Annecy. Hence it descends into the beautiful little valley of the Usse at

2½ Frangy (extra horse all the year), a neat little town, with good houses, and tolerable inns. Many Roman antiquities, in coins, medals, and inscriptions, have been found here.

The road rises steeply from the vale of the Usse, and is carried over a country where the valley of the Rhone can be traced, which is, at one point, only a few miles from Seyssel; there it takes a course, up, and high above the valley of the Chéron, and presents many and extensive views into and over this valley. This is the most picturesque part of the route.

1½ Mionas, extra horse all the year.

1½ Rumilly. Here the Chéron, near its confluence with the Elpha is crossed. In every village along this route, Roman coins and medals have been found. At Rumilly, these and other relics have been dug out. The antiquity of Rumilly, *Rumiliacum*, is high; it lay in the principal road from Aix to Geneva, but nothing is known of its early history; and at a later period traces of a fire or a plague alone mark the progress of time in

the history of most of the Savoyard towns of this class. It has now a population of nearly 4000.

From Rumilly to

1½ *Albens* the drive is very beautiful, especially under the hill of Chantagne, where the village of Bloye is situated. At Albens the road by Rumilly and Annecy from Geneva to Chambéry unite. A little off the road at Grésy is a cascade, in visiting which, a lady, in the suite of Queen Hortense, lost her life, perishing by a fall over the precipice before the eyes of her friends.

1½ *Aix les Bains*, p. 361.

2 *CHAMBERY*, p. 377.

ROUTE 122.

CHAMBERY TO LANSEBOURG BY L'HÔPITAL CONFLANS, MOUTIER, TIGNES, AND THE COL D'ISERAN.

A post road to l'Hôpital (Albertville) 6½ posts.

2 *Montmeillan*. (Route 127.) Here the routes to the Mont Cenis and the Val Isère divide: the former crosses the Isère to enter the valley of the Arc at Aiguebelle, and continues in it to Lanslebourg; the latter ascends nearly up to the head of the Val Isère, and after crossing the Col d'Iséran, descends by the valley of the Arc to Lanslebourg.

Montmeillan is left, after having ascended through its steep streets to where two roads branch off: one, on the left, leads to Aix; the other, on the right, proceeds along the mountain side, on the right bank of the Isère to

St. Pierre d'Albigny, a neat little town with a good inn. There is nothing worthy of notice before reaching St. Pierre. The Isère flows through a portion only of its broad winter bed, leaving the blanched stones to mark its extent at that season. The slopes around Montmeillan and St. Pierre are celebrated for the wine they produce.

A little beyond St. Pierre is a fine feature in the scenery of the valley, the Château de Miolans. It is built on a mass of rock jutting out of the mountain side in a most commanding situation. The ascent is gradual to the platform, which on the top of the rock is extensive enough for the castle. Its elevation is about 800 or 900 feet above the Isère, commanding extensive views up and down the valley, and across into the valley of the Arc; for it is nearly opposite to the confluence of the Arc and the Isère.

"The old towers of the Château de Miolans overhang inaccessible precipices, four or five times their height. The look-out upon the beautiful scenes in the valley below, from the slits which serve as windows to the cells in the towers, must often to the poor prisoners within (for this was the state prison of Savoy) have created a desire for liberty, and at the same moment have crushed the hope of its attainment.

"The château originally belonged to one of the most ancient families in Savoy, distinguished as early as the ninth century. Between that period and the sixteenth, many of the barons of Miolans were celebrated as soldiers, and other members of the family were eminent in the church, as bishops of the Maurienne; but the male line becoming extinct in 1522, the château was bought by Charles III., duke of Savoy, and converted into a state prison, which continued to be its appropriation until the events of the French revolution united Savoy to France, when the castle of Miolans was dismantled. However strong it might have been as a prison, as a military station, at least since the use of cannon, it must have been defenceless. Now it is interesting only to the painter and the antiquary; rank weeds fill its courts, its drawbridges are decayed; its walls are crumbling to the earth, and bear to oblivion in their ruin the names written upon them by the soldier in the guard-

room, and the captive in his cell. Where formerly the sighs of the poor wretch pierced the walls of the dungeon, blasts of winds have now passed through a thousand rents, and whistled the requiem of feudal tyranny" — *Journals of an Alpine Traveller*

A path on the northern side of the road leads down through the meadows and vineyards to the village of Praturive in the road beyond Micolans; thence through the village of

$\frac{3}{4}$ Grécy, and the hamlets of St. Vial and Fronteney to

$\frac{1}{2}$ Albertville (l'Hôpital) in Route 119. The distance hence to Moutiers is calculated at $\frac{3}{4}$ post.

At l'Hôpital the Arly is crossed to pursue the course to the upper valley of the Isère, a district distinguished as the Tarentaise. The journey to Moutiers, distant about 16 English miles, is through a picturesque valley. The road lies on the right bank of the Isère, through a succession of beautiful scenes. The direction of the valley in ascending from Montmeillan to Confians is N.E., but from Confians to Moutiers it is a little east of south.

Above Confians the valley is much narrower; the lower ranges of the mountains are more richly wooded, the valley retired and pastoral in its character. The ruins of châteaux are often seen, on heights that jut out on rocks in commanding situations from the rich backgrounds of forest trees.

The first village that is passed is La Batie (Obblin), and the next of any importance is Roche-Cavins which is about half-way between Confians and Moutiers. About 10 miles from Confians, near the hamlet of Petit Cour, there is a fine cataract, which dashes down amidst immense rocks, — a spot forming a striking contrast to the general fertility and repose of the valley. About three miles farther, the valley opens into a rich little plain, where the pretty village of Aigueblanche is situated.

Here the road rises, and having passed its crest, descends into a deep defile that leads to Moutiers, by a road terraced on the steep slope of this ravine, from which it abruptly enters the basin of the Val Isère, in which Moutiers Tarentaise (*Darentasia*) is situated on the confluence of the Isère, and the Doron of Rosel.

$\frac{3}{4}$ Moutiers. — (*Inn*. Hôtel de la Diligence; — a small inn, Chez Victor, both dirty; the former perhaps the worst.) Inhabitants 2000. This capital of the Tarentaise derives its present name from an old monastery, which was built at a little distance from the ancient Darentasia, which was destroyed many centuries since. The ancient city was the seat of the bishops of Darentasia; and it is highly probable that in this city, which gave its name to the bishopric as early as the year 430, and to the province of the Tarentaise — having been destroyed at an unrecorded period — its bishops built at a little distance, another church, and a monastery for the clergy, who came to fix their residence in the present Moutiers; and preserved the primitive title of their seat, which has not varied for thirteen centuries. That no vestiges of the ancient city should have been found, is not very extraordinary, when it is considered that the Ostrogoths, and the Lombards in the seventh century, and the Saracens twice in the ninth century, having penetrated into the valleys of the Maritime, Cottian, and Graian Alps, destroyed the habitations, and ruined the towns and villages. It is often afterwards mentioned in local archives connected with the church, and in the wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and in 1630, when it was almost depopulated by the plague. The history of its church is perfect from its first archbishopric in 420 to its last in 1793, a period of 1373 years. The city now contains an hospital for the poor, which was founded in the tenth century, and an *Ecole des*

Affam, with a laboratory for practical examination of the productions of the mines of Passy. The surrounding country is one of especial interest to the geologist.

The Salt-works are now the distinguishing feature of Montiers. They are admirably conducted, and produce nearly 1500 tons of salt yearly, extracted from a saline source which is only impregnated to the amount of 1.25 per cent., even in the strongest of its three springs.

These springs rise at the base of a vast mass of limestone, in the deep ravine of the Doron, about a mile above its junction with the Isère. The water rises with force from its source, and emits carbonic gas and a little sulphuretted hydrogen. The springs are warm, and that of the strongest 99° Fahrenheit. During the great earthquake of Lisbon, the salines of Montiers ceased to flow for 48 hours: when the reflux took place the quantity was increased, but the saline impregnation was weaker. The salt-works at Bez (Route 86) are conducted in a similar way, but with a vast difference in the saline strength of the water. At Montiers it has scarcely half the strength of that of sea-water; yet it is worked to some profit by the simplicity of the process, and the use of water as the motive power for the pumps.

Besides common salt, the water contains, in small proportions, sulphate of lime, sulphate of soda, sulphate and muriate of magnesia, and oxide of iron.

There are four great evaporating-houses filled with faggots of black-thorn. The water from the mines is pumped to the top of the first and second of these, which are uncovered, and then allowed to pass through perforated canals, slowly dropping through the woodstacks and spreading over the extensive surface of the branches. By this process the sulphate of lime attaches itself to the wood, and the water loses so

much by evaporation, that the proportion of salt, after the operation, is increased nearly one half: i.e. to about 3 per cent. It is then pumped above the third house, constructed in the same way, except that it is covered, to prevent the saline solution from being again weakened by rain. In this, the evaporation leaves the solution of the strength of 12 per cent. A fourth house now receives it, and in favourable weather it there acquires a strength of 22 degrees. The process of pumping, after percolation and evaporation, is carried on by the force of a canal of water, detached from the Doron, and the machinery scarcely ever requires interference.

When the brine has acquired the strength of 20 per cent. it is conducted into a large building, where there are boiling pans, and the salt is crystallised in the usual manner.

So much fuel is saved by this system of evaporation by the air, that only one sixteenth of the fuel is consumed which would be required for evaporating the weak brine as it comes from the springs. The faggots are changed once in about 5 or 6 years: they decay soonest in the first evaporating-houses, where the solution is weakest, those in 3rd and 4th are more durable, from the coating of selenite they acquire, which, when broken off, resembles the stems and branches of encrinites.

There is another mode of evaporating from cords, invented by an ingenious Savoyard, of the name of Battel. It consists in suspending cords from the roof, and fixing them tight at the bottom. They are about 16 feet long. These cords are placed as thickly as possible, consistent with free ventilation; and the upper ends are so fastened, that the water pumped over them trickles down, only by these cords, very slowly. By repeatedly allowing the brine thus to descend, the greater part of the water is evaporated, and the cords left in-

crusted with a cylinder of crystallised gypsum, which is detached by a particular instrument. This practice of completing the process, by evaporation in the air, is discontinued now, though the cords are used for getting a higher concentration of the brine than heretofore: this strong solution is sent, like the rest, to the boiling pans. The weak solution used to rot the cords, but by only using them after 5 per cent. had been obtained in the solution, they have been known to remain 30 years in use, without being changed, some of these, originally 4 an inch in diameter, are coated with gypsum 2 or 3 inches thick. These works belong to the government, though they yield an annual profit of only 50,000 francs=2000*l*.

From Moutiers to Bourg St. Maurice the road again takes a N.E. direction; and, on leaving the little basin of Moutiers to ascend the Isère, it passes through a gorge which continues a short way, and then opens at the village of St. Marcel. The scenery around is very fine and picturesque. The road, which formerly passed on the left bank of the Isère, now rises high on the right bank, and is carried over a neck of rock at a great height above the torrent. The view looking down and back upon St. Marcel from the rock is very fine. This road was made by Victor Emanuel, Duke of Savoy, in 1766. The defile at the base of this rock is only wide enough for the torrent of the Isère.

The valley opens above this defile; and immediately beyond it, below the road, is seen the village of Centron, still preserving the name of the Centrones, an Alpine people who inhabited this valley.

About 10 miles from Moutiers is Aime (Axuma), one of the chief towns of the Centrones, and, according to inscriptions found there, was evidently called Forum Claudu before the name of Axuma was given to it. On a hill above it, there are the remains of Roman fortifications: some

round towers of great antiquity, both in the town and on the site of the ancient fort are still standing, the masonry having been strong enough to hold the masses together through so many ages. There is also a subterraneous communication which traverses the town, from some ruins, supposed to have been a temple, to the fortress, the vault of this passage is supported by columns of stone, each shaft of a single piece. Here some inscriptions have been found, particularly one in honour of Trajan.

An ancient communication between the town and the fort may also be traced in steps cut out of the rock upon which the latter stands. That the former extent of Aime greatly exceeded its present boundaries, was shown by some discoveries of subterraneous structures opened in forming a new road into the Upper Tarentaise in 1760.

Above Aime the formation of a new carriage road is in progress, and the inhabitants hope that their Government will soon open it across the Little St. Bernard, and make this a high road to Turin. The beauty and interest of such a route, cannot fail to induce a great influx of strangers, besides the benefit of communication between different communities of the same state.

Generally, the valley of the Isère, from Aime to Bourg St. Maurice, is wild and dreary, and not picturesque. The vine grows as far as the village of Hellentree, which is nearly opposite to the village and valley of Landri, that lead to the mines of Pesoy, the most celebrated in Savoy. They are situated near the foot of the glacier of the Chasse-Quarre, and more than 5000 feet above the level of the sea: the ore is a fine grained sulphuret of lead; it contains about 60 ounces of silver per ton. These mines in 1788 yielded annually about 4000 marks of silver, and 40,000 quintals of lead: they are now less productive. The height of the mines is a serious ob-

stock to their being worked to great advantage.

As the valley is ascended, the pass of the Little St. Bernard opens to the observer a more obvious course than that of the road up the Isère, which turns again from St. Maurice to the E. and S.E., and continues in this direction to its source in the Iséran.

Bourg St. Maurice (Berigentrus). Inn: H. de Voyageurs, chez Mayat; good. (Route 114.)

Thus far up the Val Isère there is a good char or carriage road, but beyond St. Maurice it is necessary, in order to go further up the valley, to go on horseback or on foot; it requires one day to go from Bourg St. Maurice to La Val, and another across the Col d'Iséran to Lanslebourg and the Mont Cenis.

From Bourg St. Maurice to St. Poi, see Route 113. The approach to St. Poi from the meadows below it offers one of the most beautiful scenes in the valleys of the Alps. Having climbed the tortuous and difficult *chaussée* which leads to the village, the route continues for a long way by a wild and lofty path on the mountain side high above the torrent, through the village of La Tuille to Brennieres.

Nothing can exceed the savage grandeur of this route;—the deep ravine is too narrow for the structure of a path lower down towards the torrent. On the opposite side the enormous glaciers that stretch from the Chasse-Quarre along the crest of the mountains, offer the grandest scene of its class to be found anywhere in the Alps. A most magnificent view thus presented is opposite to the village of La Gara, of which the spire seems to touch the glaciers. More than once this village has been destroyed by the fall of ice and rocks, but the danger is defied for the sake of the little land which its terrace above the Isère affords. From the melting glaciers above, the white lines of a hundred cataracts seem to stream down upon the village.

Soon after passing La Gara the road yet ascends to a ridge, which being crossed, the path leads steeply down to the Isère in the depth of the ravine. Here Alpine horrors await the traveller. The overhanging rocks darken the pass, and a fragile bridge only, in a wild situation over a lateral stream, enables the traveller to ascend the valley. A little beyond this bridge the defile opens into the plain and village of

Brennieres. Here the Isère is crossed, and the path ascends on the other side through a rugged pine forest, where the path is carried very high to avoid a ravine. The eye cannot penetrate to its depth, though the roar of the torrent is heard in these solitudes. In passing over this ridge, there is one spot where a cleft in the mountain side can be passed only upon the trees, rocks, and stones, which the peasants have jammed into it, to form a path, which thence descending almost to the river side, continues a short way only, before another expansion of the valley forms a little well-cultivated plain, in which lies the chief village of the valley,—

Tignes. The approach to it, issuing from the defile below, is very striking. The inhabitants are robust and independent, and are great breeders of mules and cattle. Directly opposite to Tignes is a valley, where one may pass by the Col de Large to Entre-deux-Eaux. (Route 123.)

On leaving the plain of Tignes a steep rugged path leads up the mountain side, to pass another of those ravines, which in this valley so singularly alternate with the little plains.

This, the last, separates the plain of Tignes from that of Laval. The forest trees, from their greater elevation, are more stunted, the rocks more denuded, and the whole passage between the two villages is unmatched in apparent danger from falling rocks, and in savage wildness. In the midst, a fragile bridge crosses the torrent, and soon after the traveller finds him-

self in the plain of Laval; where barley is raised, and where irrigation is so well managed, that there is an appearance of luxuriant vegetation. Laval is two hours above Tignes, and in the highest church village in the Val Isère. It is surrounded by lofty mountains, which are crested with snow and glaciers. At the head of the valley, the Col de Galesse, above its glaciers, can easily be seen. (Route 112.)

A miserable hovel called an inn is the only place of reception at Laval. Professor Forbes says that "at Tignes, three hours' walk from St. Poi, and five from Bourg St. Maurice, there is a humble and clean inn, *Chez Bock*, where the traveller is advised strongly to stay and pass the night instead of encountering the dirt and discomfort of the filthy Inn of Laval. From Tignes to Lanslebourg is not a very long day's journey." It, however, the traveller intend to cross the Galesse to the Val d'Orcs or the Val de Forno in Piedmont, he cannot sleep too near the glaciers, in order to pass them at an early hour. Laval should in this case be his resting place. It is centrally placed in a noble country, and only wants a better Inn. "There are routes from Laval 1. A mule path to Lanslebourg, by the Roche d'Or, a very picturesque mountain, and Termignon. 2 By the Val de Rhêmes to Aosta, shorter but higher than the Galesse, and reputed more hazardous. These two may probably be taken as conveniently from Tignes, with a variation in the ascent. 3. Direct to Gros Cavallo between the Col d'Isaran and the Galesse. The two last are difficult."—A. T. M

To cross the Col d'Isaran the path ascends gradually from the valley, by a stunted pine forest. There is a hamlet called Forno, further up the valley on the route to the Galesse, but this is avoided, and by the time the traveller arrives opposite to it he has attained a great elevation. The path to the Col requires a guide from La-

val, as the course is confused by sheep tracks leading to different pasturages, and the true path is only known by bearings the ascent is easy. Some crosses mark the loss of life in these solitudes, in one instance by murder, in another a poor soldier was found dead from cold and exhaustion. Near the summit, the soil produces myriads of flowers, and of great variety. On looking back upon the ridge of the great chain the view is exceedingly grand, but not so fine as from the Col d'Isaran, and during the descent on the other side. Here the traveller looks over a thousand peaks, whose black and scathed precipices appear to spring out of the sea of glaciers which extends from the Levanna (Route 112) to the Roche Melan (Route 127).

From the col, the course lies down the denuded slopes to an elevated pasturage, which narrows to a valley terminating in a defile above deep precipices, where a cataract falls across the path. From this ravine the descent is very difficult and fatiguing down to the plain below, where the pasturages and chalets of St. Barthelemi, belonging to the inhabitants of Bonneval, offer abundant summer resources to the herds and flocks of the proprietors.

From these pasturages the descent is steep and wearying. The valley of the Arc is seen below, and on the left, looking up to the head of the valley, the glaciers of the Levanna seem to fill it; across these a path leads in 5 hours to Gros Cavallo in the Val Forno, and thence in ten hours to Lanzo, in Piedmont.

The first village reached in the valley of the Arc is Bonneval: here the inn is detestable, so, in fact, are all in the valley, until the traveller reach Lanslebourg, distant four hours down the valley from Bonneval.

From Laval to Bonneval, by the Col d'Isaran, is a walk of 4 or 5 hours.

After crossing the Arc, the road descends to Boscana, passing on the

left the valley of Averois, by which the Col de Lautaret and the valleys of Viu and Lanso on the side of Piedmont may be reached,—one of the wildest passes in the Alps.

At Bessans the Arc is again crossed, and a high ridge is passed which divides the commune of Bessans from that of Lans le Villard, a village about a league above Lanslebourg. From Lans le Villard a path leads into the great route of the Mont Cenis. If the traveller have started early, he may reach the posthouse on the mountain on the day of his departure from Laval; if he be late, it will be better to proceed down the valley to

Lanslebourg, and enjoy the comfort of an excellent inn there—the *Hôtel Royal*. (Route 127.)

ROUTE 123.

MONTIERS TARENTAISE TO LANSLÉBOURG, BY THE COL DE VANOISE.

A char may be taken as far as Bosel for this journey, but beyond, it is necessary to take a horse or proceed on foot. It requires two days, and the place of rest is Pralognan.

The road passes by the salines of Montiers (Route 122), and ascending on the right bank of the Doron, reaches in a quarter of an hour the Rock of Salines, situated opposite to the confluence of the valley of Bosel, or the Doron, with that of St. Jean Belleville. Ascending the latter, there are two mountain passes,—one leads to St. Jean Maurienne, the other to St. Michael, both in the valley of the Arc—either an easy day's journey.

The Château de Salins was anciently the residence of the archbishop of the Tarentaise; its ruins are situated immediately above the salt springs, in the valley below. These are guarded with great care, to prevent the people of the country steal-

ing any of the water and making their own salt.

Salins is conjectured to have been the site of the ancient Darentasia. Of the castle of Salins some ruins exist. There are records of its importance in 1082, when the tyrant Aymeric, of Aigueblanche, was defeated by Humbert II., whose succour had been solicited by the oppressed subjects of Aymeric. Humbert retained, at their request, the government in his own hands, and established at the town and the Château de Salins the tribunals of his new province; and documents bearing date 1368, show that these still existed, though it is known that the town was destroyed about the end of the 14th century, by a fall from the mountains on the west. This fall of rocks and stones so filled the valley, that the lower town was buried beneath the mass. All that remained were the parts most elevated. Subsequent falls destroyed what remained, except the castle, and this has been demolished. A few miserable houses, rebuilt around the Salines, awaits a similar fate from the threatening appearance of the rocks above.

The castle, however, remained long after the destruction of the town in the 14th century. Books still exist, which were printed by Maurice Mer-millon at the château very soon after the discovery of printing. It is supposed that the first press in Savoy was established there, and that Mer-millon was the Caxton of the Tarentaise.

Salins lies south of Montiers. From the confluence, the road into the valley of Bosel takes an easterly direction through scenes which are rich in wood and highly cultivated, and where there are many beautiful points of view.

At the village of Brida or La Perrière, which is reached in an hour from Montiers, there are mineral springs, and establishments on pension for the invalids who resort to them,—coffee and reading rooms, jeu de

billiards, and other resources for the convalescent. The waters are so much impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen as to be perfectly detestable to the taste. The temperature of the water is, according to Dr. Socquet, 99½°.

The views are extremely fine, and the neighbourhood abounds in beautiful walks, one of the pleasantest is by a footpath through the wood, at a considerable height above the south bank of the stream, towards Moutiers.

At Bride the Doron is crossed, and a tolerable road leads to Bosel. Between the two villages the country is rich in cultivation, vines and fruit-trees in the valley, corn-fields, and pasturages on the belts of the mountains, and above, pine-forests, surmounted by snows and glaciers, the valley being closed at the head by the mountains of Pesey, and, one of the most beautiful in form in the Alps, the Chaffe-Quarre.

At Bosel mules can be hired for continuing the journey. Above this village the valley widens, and the scenery increases in grandeur, except that in passing under the intermediate mountain of Plagny, this conceals the Chaffe-Quarre.

The ascent to the village of Champagny is steep in the valley, and on the banks of the Doron, of which the broad stony bed marks its wider winter course. On approaching Champagny the road is distinctly seen which leads up to the mines of Pesey. (Route 123.) It is a good mule-path, and leads across the col to the valley which descends to Landry in the Val Isère. The lateral valleys of the Doron abound with beautiful scenery, and most of them lead to points of view in the mountains where some of the finest Alpine scenes are presented, particularly in the valley of Allues, and at the chalets of Châtelet, near the Col de Forclas, whence Mont Blanc can be seen, and a vast extent of the peaks of the great chain.

At Champagny the road to Pralorgnan

lies up that branch of the Doron which flows from the south. After passing the village of Villard Goitreux, thus named from the prevalence of goitre among the inhabitants, the road ascends by a steep path to a narrow valley. On the right there is a cataract, formed by the fall of the Doron into the gorge at Bellentre. As the valley widens it has the character of park scenery, that terminates in the little plain of Pralorgnan, which is backed by the glaciers and scathed peaks of the Vanoise.

The beautiful meadows and calm retirement of the valley of Pralorgnan are very striking. On entering the village, a narrow lane on the left leads to the only inn or house of reception for strangers, where miserable accommodation only can be obtained. The innkeeper is a large proprietor, having between 200 and 300 cows in the mountains.

From the inn-door the path to the Vanoise lies directly up to the right, and the chalets in the mountains are reached in an hour. Each step becomes more and more dreary, until you arrive at the bases of the bleak and streaming glaciers of the Aiguille de la Vanoise. On reaching the mountains it is necessary to climb them on foot, and let the mules scramble as they may, or as the guide can assist them. At the base of these mountains a lake is formed in the winter. To its basin there is but one entrance: within, nothing can exceed the savage solitude of the spot, surrounded by black precipices and glaciers; it seems to be impossible to get out, except by the way one gets in. No trace of a path appears. Under the advice of the guide, however, the glaciers may be climbed and traversed—a most fatiguing and difficult task. Having surmounted the difficulty, the traveller, after crossing a few patches of snow, enters upon an open plain, covered with rich pasturages, but bounded by enormous

glaciers and inaccessible peaks. On the plain of the col, which is now gradual to the summit, poles are placed to guide travellers when snow conceals the track. The path is long and tedious across these solitudes, from the glaciers of the Vanoise to the summit. Three little lakes are passed, the source of streams which descend on one side to the Doron, and on the other to the Arc. On the right, enormous glaciers are seen, which extend to the Roche Chevière, the vast mountain which is seen from the ascent to the Mont Cenis, overhanging Termignon.

From the col, the descent towards the chalets of Entre-deux-Eaux is rapid and difficult. The long sterile valley above these chalets, which leads by the Col de Large to Tignes, in the Val Lère (Route 122), is seen below the traveller, who finds the descent so fatiguing, that the rest, and refreshment, bread, meat, and wine, which he must bring with him from Pralognan, will here be most welcome. Milk, cheese, and butter, perhaps eggs, may be got at the chalets.

After an hour's rest, as refreshing to the traveller as to his mule, the torrent is crossed, but instead of pursuing its course through its deep gorge to Termignon, a path is followed which leads up on the opposite mountain to the Plan de Loup, a long pasturage, not so wild or high, but about the breadth of the Col de Vanoise. The scene, looking back upon the valley of Entre-deux-Eaux, and the Col de Vanoise, is very sublime, and seems, when thus spread out before the observer, of a much greater extent than can be imagined by those who pass them.

On the col of the Plan de Loup another small lake is passed, then a long and most fatiguing descent commences, which leads down to the hamlet of St. Marguerite. Soon after the path enters a pine-forest, through which a miserable road leads down to the valley above Termignon, into

which there are some magnificent peeps. There is still, however, a long and fatiguing descent to make before that little town can be reached. There is a path which, going from the hamlet of St. Marguerite, skirts the Mont Parouffa, behind Lanslebourg, and leads directly to the latter town; but, though a shorter, it is even more fatiguing than the route to Termignon, and one which it is difficult to pass with a laden mule. At Termignon the path from the Vanoise falls into the great route of the Cenis, which in an hour takes the traveller to Lanslebourg (Route 127.)

ROUTE 125.

PONT BEAUVOISIN TO AIX BY THE MONT DU CHAT.

The road to the Mont du Chat leaves Pont Beauvoisin to follow a course on the right bank of the river Guiers Vif, through the villages of Belmont and Tramonex to St. Genix, a large village near the confluence of the Guiers with the Rhone, thence turning abruptly up the latter river, it continues on its left bank for about 10 miles, through some fine scenery, until it reaches

Yenne, a little town most agreeably situated on a rising ground above the Rhone, nearly opposite to a fort, finely placed on a rock above the Rhone, called St. Pierre Châtel, which, on the French side of the river, defends the passage.

Yenne existed in the time of the Romans, under the name of Ejanua, and, according to some authorities, Epsua. It lies in the ancient route from France to Italy, by the Mont du Chat, which was much used before the opening of the Grotto near les Echelles. The whole neighbourhood is very rich in cultivation. Corn, wine, and fruit-trees abound. The white wines named *Marzé*, and *Allasse*, grown at Lucy, on the banks

of the Rhone, a little north of Yenne, owe their excellence to plants which were brought here from Cyprus, by a duke of Savoy, or the lords of his court.

From Yenne, a road, which is not in a very praiseworthy condition in the plain, though it is the route of a daily diligence from Lyons to Aix la Baine, leads directly towards the Mont du Chat, by Chevalin, distant four miles from Yenne. This village is situated at the foot of the mountain. The extreme richness of the country cannot fail to draw the attention of the traveller, and when, beyond Chevalin, the road ascends and rises high enough above the surrounding country, its excessive fertility is its striking feature.

The road over the mountain is well constructed. The summit of the Mont du Chat rises on the right; on the left steep slopes and precipices descend to the base, ending in rich pasturages, in which there are some little lakes or tarns. Many tourniquets in the road give a gradual ascent, and at the end of an hour the summit is attained. The scene, on looking back towards France, is one of the most fertile in the world; studded with villages and towns, and so extensive, that where the distant mountains of Tarrare do not limit the horizon, it subsides into indistinctness. Immediately below, on the same side, are the rich pasturages of the western slopes of the Mont du Chat. Beyond these are the valley of the Rhone, and the hills and plains which extend to the Ain.

On the summit of the pass there is a level, about 300 yards across. The road passes on the southern side of a large mass of rock which is upon it. The summit of the pass is covered with stones, rocks, and brushwood. A temple formerly stood here, of which the foundations may be traced, and many of the stones around made part of the building. The stones have been well cut, and the cornices

of many are yet tolerably perfect. An inscription was found here by Dr. Cramer, which has given rise to the idea that the temple was dedicated to Mercury. "We have said," he observes, "that the temple on the summit of the Mont du Chat was reported to be dedicated to Mercury, but the inscription itself hardly bears out this opinion. M. Albanis de Beaumont, in his description of the Alpes Graques, calls this mountain the Mons Thuates, but without giving his authority. Now, Theut and Thait, in Armorica, are the names of the deity who presided over highways, and who was much worshipped by the Gauls; hence Cæsar says, that the people principally worshipped Mercury, who had the same office among the Roman deities. The name, therefore, of Mons Thuates, would argue a passage here of very high antiquity, and the temple, if really dedicated to Mercury, would tend strongly to the confirmation of this opinion."—*Dissertation on the Passage of Hannibal*.

It has been satisfactorily shown by De Loe, and by Wickham and Cramer, that the army under Hannibal here encountered its first difficulties in passing the Alps. After having ascended the Rhone as far as Vienna, he led his army across the country of the Allobroges, by Bourgoin, les Abrets, and Aoste (Augusta Allobrogum), now a village on the left bank of the Guiera, nearly opposite to Yenne, thence, by Chevalin (Léviscum), across the Mont du Chat to Chambéry (Lentium).

The form and character of the Mont du Chat agrees entirely with the account by Polybius, of those events which could only in such a peculiar locality occur, but the inquiry cannot be condensed into the space that could be afforded here. It has been clearly shown by the above authors, that the army passed the Mont du Chat to Chambéry, thence to Montmélian, and up the Val Isère

to Courmayeur, Montiers, and St. Maurice, and passed into Italy by the Little St. Bernard.

From the summit of the Mont du Chat, 5000 feet about the level of the sea, the view on the eastern side is one of surpassing beauty. It appears to overhang the lake of Bourget, into whose deep blue waters it seems only a leap. Beyond is the rich valley of Chambéry, extending from Albans to the Mont Grenier; the town of Aix seems to be at your feet across the lake: on the right, the city of Chambéry lies like a model; hundreds of hamlets and villages speckle the beautiful valley, which is bounded on the opposite side by the rich slopes of the Mont d'Asi, and the Dent du Nivolet; far beyond are seen the mountains which bound the Val Isère, and the snowy summits of those which extend to the Dauphiny Alps.

The descent is peculiarly exciting. The road is safely and finely made, it winds down the steep side of the mountain, but in many places the parapet is seen to cut abruptly against the deep blue lake, and suggests the idea of its being thousands of feet, *à plomb*, below.

On reaching the base, however, there are fields, rich woods, and villages on the steep slopes which rise from the lake, but this extends only to Bordon, beyond this village there is no path by the lake: its shores are too abrupt, at least as far as Hantecombe. If the traveller would go direct to Aix, a path on the left leads to the village of Bordon, where a boat can be hired to cross the lake to the opposite shore, and a walk of twenty minutes leads to Aix, and the comfortable pension of Maison Vernet.

The direct road continued to Chambéry from the Mont du Chat, passes through Bourget, where the plain of Chambéry commences; this is traversed for about seven miles to the city from Bourget through the villages of Motte and Dinay, and amidst

a luxuriance of vegetation which cannot be imagined.

CHAMBERY, p. 375.

ROUTE 126.

PONT BEAUVOISIN TO CHAMBERY, BY
AIGUEBELLETTE.

About a mile and a half from Pont Beauvoisin the high road to Les Echelles is left: and at the village of Domessin a narrow road turns off to the left, and leads over a low hill well wooded, and thence through a remarkably rich plain, that extends to those limestone precipices which are a continuation of the ridge of rocks that make so formidable a barrier at les Echelles. Avoiding the principal road to La Bridoire, and crossing the plain direct from near Pont Beauvoisin, the path abruptly approaches these precipices. Close to their base a zigzag path, very steep, leads up the talus formed during many ages by the *débris*; in some places, however, the path is so narrow, that the wall of the precipice can be touched by one hand, whilst the other overhangs the steep and dangerous descents below: in some places two persons cannot pass each other. A little time is gained by this short cut, and there is some chance of adventure, and the situations are striking, but it is scarcely worth the fatigue. It leads to the same hamlet, Bridoire, which is highly picturesque in its situation, its cottages, and its water-mills. From this place the road ascends, crosses a ridge, and enters upon the basin of the lake of Aiguebellette, a rich open valley, finely wooded, and where a view of the lake is obtained:—the whole scene is beautiful.

The road undulates amidst the magnificent walnut-trees which abound here, and passes through the village of Lepin, offering some very fine views. There is a singular character of tranquillity and retirement in the spot: the scenery resembles that of the most beautiful of

our Cumberland lakes; but the visit of a traveller is so rare an occurrence, that instead of a crowd of visitors, and a season for visiting, a year may pass away without any other stranger being seen than a little *esquieu* making a shorter cut to Chambéry than by the great road to Les Echelles.

A ridge divides the village of Lopin from that of Aiguebelle; at the extremity of the ridge on the left, overhanging the lake, is a *château*, in a most romantic and beautiful situation; the road on the other side of the ridge descends to Aiguebelle, and passes the ruins of the castle of its barons. It is of high antiquity; its foundation is unknown, and it is therefore attributed to the Romans: it is recorded to have been repaired in the 11th century. It was burnt and demolished by one of the dauphins of Vienna, in the 15th century.

Aiguebelle is a poor little village, in a most beautiful situation, it has a miserable little inn, which cannot furnish even decent wine and refreshment in a country so abundant—not even fish from the lake—these are taken and sent to distant markets. The government claims a beggarly tax upon the right to fish of about 12*l.* a-year; the lake is celebrated for the excellence and abundance of its carp, trout, and other fish. The lake is about 3 miles long, and 2 wide; its depth varies, but it is generally about 150 feet deep. Around the lake are fields and meadows, but most of the slopes of the surrounding mountains are wooded. Oats, barley, potatoes, Indian corn, and flax, are grown in the spots cultivated.

It is curious that a tradition exists here that Hannibal passed with a part of the Carthaginian army by Aiguebelle; and the inhabitants also speak of a distinguished stranger who lived long in retirement in this beautiful solitude, and left many proofs of his benevolence, but died without leaving a name.

On proceeding from Aiguebelle the path skirts the churchyard, and enters a line of meadows beneath magnificent walnut trees. Soon, however, it begins to ascend the mountain side, and rises over the intervening trees, presenting views of the lake, the villages around it, and the distant hills which slope down and border the Rhone. The road now becomes very steep, ascending in zigzags, sometimes sunk in the crevices of the mountain, at others rounding the projections, and increasing, as the observer rises above the lake, the beauty with the extent of the view. At length, after a very fatiguing ascent for an hour, the summit is attained, and a glorious view is presented over the basin of Chambéry, similar to that which is seen from the Mont du Chat; but, though not so elevated, it is, perhaps, superior, the idea of a fall into the lake of Bourget does not, as there, make the traveller shrink from the parapet. Instead of looking down into the lake, it is seen, at its nearest point, about eight miles off, resting at the base of the steep Mont du Chat; and opposite to it are the houses of Aix.

Chambéry seems, from the Aiguebelle, to be just below the observer; and, in the road to it from Les Echelles, which may be seen, the cascade of Cous is distinctly observed; its bright white line forming a very small speck amidst the extended scale of the surrounding objects. The valley, too, between the Dent de Nivolet and the Mont Grenier is more opened, and the richly-wooded and cultivated scene more extended: few such glorious views are presented as that offered to the eye of the traveller from the mountain of Aiguebelle.

The descent from the summit of the col may be made by two routes: that on the right seems to have been the old Roman road, but it is now impracticable for horses. There are traces of its having been a well-con-

strengthened road, in the remains of high and very thick dry walls, which supported, towards the plain, its terraces. Albanis de Beaumont says that, after half an hour's descent by this road, there are many stone coffins found at the feet of the lateral rocks, with slabs which formerly covered them, upon which some characters are seen, though they are too much effaced to be read: blocks, too, of cut stone are found, and he conjectures that they are the ruins of a chapel dedicated to St. Michael, which was attached to an hospital that existed here in the 9th century, and, probably, under some other denomination, even in the time of the Romans.

The road at present used from the summit of the Col d'Aiguanellette to Chambéry is the best, though only practicable for pedestrians or cattle: it might easily be rendered fit for the passage of charrs; but, as there is little intercourse across it, there is no sufficient motive for its improvement.

The first village reached after an hour's descent is Vimine, ingeniously conjectured by Beaumont to be derived from *Via Rhodana*, because it lay on the shortest route from Lemincum (Chambéry) to Vienna, Allobrogum (Vienna, on the Rhone). In going to or from Chambéry by this route, instead of that by Les Echelles, the pedestrian will gain two hours; the whole distance from Pont Beauvoisin requiring about 8 hours.

From the village of Vimine to the hamlet of Cognin is a short hour's walk over a bad road, but through beautiful scenes: thence, in half an hour, the traveller will reach

CHAMBERY. Route 127.

ROUTE 127.

PONT DE BEAUVOISIN TO TURIN, BY LES ECHELLES, CHAMBERY, AND THE PASS OF THE MONT CENIS.

30½ Postes, about 180 English miles. Diligences three times a week.

Pont Beauvoisin (*Int: la Poste, dirty*), is the last village in France: it lies on the bank of the Guiers Vif; here crossed by a bridge, at one end of which are stationed French, and at the other Sardinian, custom-house officers, ready to scrutinise the passports and the baggage of travellers arriving from either side.

After passing for a mile or two across the plain, the road begins to ascend, to a height from which a fine view is attained over the fertile fields of France, and then, bending round the shoulder of the hill, enters the grand gorge of La Chaille. The highway is here formed either by blasting a passage through the solid rock, or by supporting it upon terraces of solid masonry along the edge of the abyss. On the opposite side rises a bare escarpment of limestone, forming cliffs several hundred feet high; and in the depths of the gorge below rushes the white foaming river. The spot has been described by Rousseau in a passage which deserves quotation:—

"Non loin d'une montagne coupée, qu'on appelle le pas des Echelles, au-dessous du grand chemin taillé dans le roc, et à l'endroit appelé Chaille, court et bouillonne dans des gouffres affreux une petite rivière qui paraît avoir mis à les creuser des milliers de siècles: on a bordé le chemin d'un parapet, pour prévenir les malheurs; cela faisait que je pouvais regarder le fond et gagner des vertiges tout à mon aise. Bien appuyé sur le parapet, j'avancais le nez et je restais là des heures entières, entroyant de temps en temps cette écume et cette eau bleue, dont j'entendais les mugissements à travers les cris des corbeaux et des oiseaux de proie qui volaient de roche en roche et de broussailles en broussailles, à cent toises au-dessous de moi. Dans les endroits où la pente était assez unie et les broussailles assez claires pour laisser passer des cailloux, j'en allais chercher d'aussi gros que je pouvais les porter; je les

rassemblais sur le parapet en piles, puis, les lançant l'un après l'autre, je me délectais à les voir rouler, bondir, et voler en mille éclats avant que d'atteindre le fond du précipice."

2 *Les Echelles*, a village also situated on the Guiers, which here descends from the mountains of the Grand Chartreux, to which a road leads from *Les Echelles*. The very interesting excursion thither is described in the 'HANDBOOK FOR FRANCE.'

The valley beyond this village is a complete *cul-de-sac*—a wall of limestone, 800 feet high, stretches directly across it; and from *Les Echelles* the eye in vain seeks at first for the means of exit. At length, a little hole, like the entrance to a beehive, may be discerned in the face of the precipices halfway up, towards which the road winds. On a nearer approach, this is discovered to be the mouth of a tunnel of large dimensions, pierced directly through the mountain. It is 35 feet high and wide, and nearly 1000 long, excavated in the limestone rock. This noble work was commenced by Napoleon, and finished by the King of Sardinia in 1817. There exist two older roads; the most ancient of these, however, by no means deserved that name—it was a mere path, of the most rugged and difficult kind, partly conducted through a cavern by means of ladders placed one above the other. This was called the *Chemin de la Grotte*, or *Les Echelles*, from which the neighbouring village derived its name. The difficulty of the passage was increased at times by the mountain torrent, which, when swollen, took its course through the cavern. It was utterly impassable for beasts, travellers were sometimes carried through it, seated upon an arm-chair, attached to the backs of stout Savoyard peasants, who performed the service of beasts of burden, as the South American Indians do at the

present day on some of the passes of the Andes.

The approach to the old road from the side of France was by a deep fissure low down in the corner of the valley, on the right hand of the Gallery.

An improved road was made in 1670, by Duke Charles Emmanuel II. of Savoy, at considerable cost, by removing vast masses of rock, so as to render it passable for carriages. Napoleon, however, with his usual originality and penetration, struck out a new line, and boldly pierced through the mountain, forming a carriage-way, along which two diligences fully loaded may pass abreast. On issuing out of the Gallery the old road is seen on the right. By tracing it downwards about half a mile, the traveller may approach the old roads on the side of Savoy; the most ancient is now blocked up and impassable. A pompous inscription, written by the Abbé St. Réal, commemorating the enterprise of Charles Emmanuel in forming his road—which, though steep and narrow, and very inconvenient, was a grand undertaking for the period—may still be seen on the face of the rock.

Our route is now carried through a rocky and narrow ravine, which gradually expands into a pretty valley.

1½ *St. Thibaud de Coux*.

Not far from this a little water-fall descends from the cliff on the right, described by Rousseau, in his usual strain of exaggeration, as "*La plus belle que je vis de ma vie.*"

Another contracted ravine must be passed to reach

1½ *Chambéry* (Italian, *Chamberi*).

Inns: *La Poste*, one of the best inns in Savoy, and moderate; *Le Petit Paris*, good.

Chambéry, the capital of Savoy, is an archbishop's see, and contains about 10,000 inhab., and is pleasantly situated within a circle of mountains. Around it are many lovely views.

The Cathedral, a Gothic building, though injured by modern decoration, and not extensive, is interesting.

Several towers and other fragments exist of the ancient *Castle of the Dukes of Savoy*. The Gothic chapel built within its enclosure (1415) survived the conflagration of 1798: it is passed on the left-hand as you enter the town from Lyons. It has beautiful tall, narrow windows of painted glass. That valuable relic the *Santo Sudario* (holy napkin), now at Turin, was for a long time deposited in it. Francis I. of France made a pilgrimage on foot from Lyons to see it: another of these holy napkins is kept in St. Peter's at Rome, and shown to the populace on all great displays of the relics. The terrace near the castle is a charming promenade, owing to the prospects it commands.

Before the French revolution there were twenty convents in Chambéry: there are still seven, four of which are nunneries.

Among the most conspicuous buildings at present are the *Three Barracks*.

There is a *Public Library* containing 16,000 volumes, an incipient museum, and a few pictures, none of them calculated to afford the stranger much gratification; there is also a *Theatre*.

The *Royal College* is placed under the control of the Jesuits, who fill the offices of teachers in the various branches of learning and sciences.

St. Réal, author of the '*Conjuration Contre Venise*,' was born at Chambéry, 1639; and the Comte Xavier de Maistre, author of the '*Lépreux d'Aoste*,' is also a native. This town boasts among her citizens a counterpart of the Man of Ross in General de Boigne, who, having made an immense fortune in the East Indies, in the service of the Rajah Scindia, bestowed the greater portion of it, to the amount of 3,417,850 fr., in benefiting his native place. He

founded two hospitals, and set on foot many improvements. A new street has been named after him, and a monument, consisting of a fountain ornamented with figures of elephants, has recently been erected to his memory. He died 1830.*

Chambéry is, on the whole, a dull town, with little to interest the traveller: it is celebrated for a peculiar manufacture of silk gasses.

About 20 minutes' walk to the south of the town is *Les Charmettes*, the residence of Rousseau and of his friend Madame de Warens. There is nothing in the place at present worth notice independently of its connection with J. Jacques: the house has the appearance of a poor farmhouse, and Rousseau's room was the one over the entrance.

Those who have time on their hands, and desire an agreeable two hours' walk may visit the ravine called *Le Bout du Monde*. The road to it turns out of that to Turin at the end of the *Faubourg de Montmeillan*, follows the left bank of the *Leysson* by the side of the great dyke, as far as the village of *Leysson*, where it crosses the stream, and, passing on the right the picturesque castle of *Chaffardon*, enters the gorge of the *Doriat*, which is closed in on all sides by high cliffs, forming the base of the *Dent de Nivolet*, and has no outlet. Behind a paper mill, built by one of the *Montgolfiers*, the stream falls in a pretty cascade over the wall of rock here formed of remarkable regular and thin horizontal strata, through some of which the water forcing its way forms singular supplementary jets at a distance from the main fall.

A pleasant excursion of a day or two may be made from Chambéry to the baths of *Aix*, and the *Lac de Bourget* (Route 120).

In the course of the next stage we pass, on the left, the castle of *Bâtia*,

* The life and adventures of General De Boigne are admirably told in '*A Ride on Horseback to Florence*, by a Lady,' 1841.

and further on, close to the road, that of Chignin, links of a line of forts extending through the country, on whose towers watch-fires were lighted to alarm the inhabitants in time of war, in case of foreign inroads. For these rude means in the middle ages, telegraphs have been substituted. Up the valleys of the Arc and Isère, the chain of old castles continues almost without an interruption. The mountain seen on the right is the Mont Grenier, 5700 feet high. The side facing Chambéry is a perpendicular escarpment, produced by an immense mass of the mountain having broken off in 1248: it overwhelmed the country at its base with ruin, and buried sixteen villages. The marks of this catastrophe are still visible in the series of hillocks, now covered with vineyards, called *Les Abymes de Myana*. The Mont Grenier stands in the angle between the valley of Chambéry and that of Grésivaudan, which leads to Grenoble: it is traversed by the Isère. On the left bank of the river, a few miles down, stand the ruins of the *Château Bayard*, the cradle of the illustrious knight, "*sans peur et sans reproche*."

2 Montmeillan. (*Inn*, H. des Voyageurs). This little town stands on the right bank of the Isère, at the junction of four roads: that of the Mont Cenis, issuing out of the valley of the Maurienne; that from the Tarentaise and Little St. Bernard (Route 123), that from Grenoble down the fertile and beautiful valley of Grésivaudan; and that from Chambéry. The castle of Montmeillan was long the bulwark of Savoy against France. Henry IV., while besieging it in 1600, was nearly killed by a cannon shot from its walls, which covered him with dirt, and made the king cross himself devoutly; upon which Sully remarked, that he was happy to see that his Majesty was so good a Catholic. It was bravely and skilfully defended for thirteen months against Louis

XIII. by Count Geoffrey Bone de Cavour. The works were finally demolished by Louis XIV., who took the place in 1705. A few scanty fragments of wall, partly overgrown with briars and nettles, crowning the rock above the town, are the only remains of the former bulwark of Savoy, and the key of its Alps.

A good white wine is grown near Montmeillan.

The bridge over the Isère, crossed in proceeding towards the Mont Cenis, commands, in clear weather, a fine view of Mont Blanc, which is seen from no other point in our route. The road then pursues a course towards the Arc; then, taking that river for its guide, enters the valley of the Maurienne, which extends up to the Mont Cenis.

1½ Maltaverne.

1½ Aiguebelle. (*Inn*: Poste, improved.) The country hereabouts is dreary and unhealthy from marshes which produce malaria and its consequences, *goutte* (§ 19). The Castle above the town, called *La Charbonnière*, was the birthplace of several counts of Savoy. "The road is being carried more on a line with the river—an improvement by which many ascents and descents are avoided."—C. H.

2½ La Grande Maison. *Inn*: beds clean, and people civil.

2 St. Jean Maurienne. (*Inn*: *Hôtel de l'Europe*, tolerably good.) The chief town in the valley contains nothing remarkable.

The vineyards of St. Julien, grown on the debris and gravel-beds brought down by the Arc, produce a wine of some repute.

2 St. Michel. *Inn*: H. de Londres, good.

2½ Modane. (*Inn*: *Lion d'Or*, middling.) The last scene of Sterne's '*Sentimental Journey*' is laid here.

The scenery of the valley now becomes interesting. The road ascends high above the Arc, and the gorge, in whose depths it flows, serves as a

natural and tremendous fosse to the Fort Laseillon, built on the opposite height, and commanding with its many-mouthed batteries, rising tier above tier, the passage to Italy. A light bridge, spanning the black gorge which separates the fort from the road, is a striking object: it is called the Pont du Diable.

1½ Verney. Near this, Horace Walpole lost his lap-dog, which was carried off by a wolf pouncing down upon it from the forest.

At Termignon the path from the Col de Vanoise (Route 123) joins our road.

2 Lanslebourg. (Inn: Hotel Royal, "dirty and exorbitantly dear.")—C. H. This village lies at the foot of the Mont Cenis. After passing a large barrack, the road crosses the Arc, and bidding adieu to that stream, begins to ascend the mountain by easy and well-constructed zigzags. Extra horses are necessary to reach the summit; and it takes about 3½ hours for a carriage to mount from Lanslebourg to the posthouse of the Mont Cenis. It is possible to walk up in a shorter time, avoiding the zigzag and following the old road, which debouches near the 30th Refuge.

Between Lanslebourg and Susa there are twenty-three houses of Refuge planted at intervals by the roadside, occupied by cantonniers, whose duty it is to take care of the road and assist travellers. Each house is numbered, beginning from the Piedmontese side of the mountain. Near No. 22 avalanches sometimes fall. the dangerous spot may be passed in three or four minutes. No. 20 is called La Ramasse. Here sledges are kept; and in winter, when deep snow covers the inequalities on the sides of the mountain, travellers may descend in one of them to Lanslebourg in ten minutes! The sledge is guided by a peasant, who places himself in front; and, from the experience gained in collecting (ramasser)

and transporting wood in this manner, they are so skilful, that there is little risk in this extraordinary mode of travelling. The perpendicular descent is 600 mètres—nearly 2000 feet.

The 17th Refuge is the barrier of Savoy: here a toll of 5 francs per horse is levied, and goes to keep the road in repair. Soon after the point culminante of the pass is reached, 6780 feet above the sea level; thence the road descends to the plain of Mont Cenis, and a person may arrive at the posthouse from Lanslebourg, on foot, in 2 hours and 10 minutes, and may descend by the same road in little more than an hour and half. The road passes near the margin of a considerable lake, which is generally frozen during six months of the year: it is famed for its delicious trout: the fishery belongs to the monks of the Hospice.

3 Posthouse of the Mont Cenis (Monte Cenisio), and the Old Posthouse, tolerable inns, where travellers may regale on the excellent trout of the lake, and sometimes on ptarmigan, for which they will, however, pay handsomely. This magnificent road, another monument of the genius of the imperial road-maker, Napoleon, was commenced by his orders in 1803, and finished in 1810, at an expense of 300,000*l*. The engineer was the Chevalier Pabroni. It is one of the safest roads over the Alps, and the most practicable in winter time. From the posthouse the ascent of the Little Mont Cenis (Route 128) commences.

About half a mile beyond the Post, is the Hospice, originally founded by Charlemagne, who crossed the Mont Cenis with an army in the 9th century. The existing edifice, built by Napoleon, is now occupied, half by a corps of carbiniers who examine the passports of all travellers crossing the mountain, the other half by monks of the Benedictine order, who exercise gratuitous hospitality towards

poor travellers. The house contains two or three neat bed-rooms for guests of the higher class.

At Grande Croix, an inn at the lower extremity of the plain, is a group of taverns occupied by carters and muleteers; there the descent begins. The road, as originally constructed, skirted along the sides of the mountain; but owing to its fearful exposure to avalanches, this portion of it has been abandoned, and a new line, supported on a lofty causeway, and reached by winding tourniquets, descends directly through the midst of the plain of St. Nicolas, quite out of the reach of avalanches, except between the 3rd and 4th Refuges, where they still sometimes fall in spring. A gallery cut in the rock where the old road passed, is now abandoned: it exhibits a most singular scene of confusion, the roof having partly fallen in.

The barrier of Piedmont stands in the midst of the little plain of St. Nicolas. On issuing from this plain, a magnificent mountain on the left is seen—the Rochemelon. on its summit is the chapel of Notre Dame des Neiges, formerly visited by pilgrims, but of late abandoned on account of the risk and difficulty of the ascent. From its top a view may be obtained of a part of the plains of Italy. These are not visible from any part of the Mont Cenis road above Molaret. The new road no longer passes through Ferrière and Novalèse, but proceeds directly to

3 Molaret, the first Piedmontese village, near which there is a small inn. A new gallery has been cut in the rock between this and

3 Susa. Inn. La Posta, dirty and dear. This little town of 2000 inhabitants, planted at the point of junction of the roads over the Mont Genève (Route 130) and the Mont Cenis, is chiefly remarkable on account of its antiquity, having been founded by a Roman colony in the reign of Augustus, under the name

of Segusio. The only thing worth notice is the *Arch of Triumph*, of the Corinthian order, erected about eight years B.C., in honour of Augustus: it is outside the town, in the governor's garden. Susa and the rest of the route to Turin are described in the *HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN NORTH ITALY*.

1½ Brussolo.

1½ Sant Ambrogio.

1½ Rivoli.

2½ (including ½ a post of favour).

TURIN. The Hôtel Feder has the deserved reputation of being one of the best hotels in the world. The Hôtel de l'Europe, chez Mottura, and the Pension Suisse, are also excellent hotels.

For TURIN, see the *HANDBOOK FOR NORTHERN ITALY*.

The passage of the Mont Cenis, on the whole, is perhaps one of the least interesting of the great passes of the Alps, though the most frequented; there are, however, some striking points of view; looking back upon Lanslebourg from the ascent on the side of Savoy, and on the descent into Piedmont, the vast mountain of the Rochemelon on the opposite side of the valley of Novalèse, and the views of the Combe of Susa and plains of Piedmont seen on the approach to Susa are very fine. The ascent on the Italian side is long and tedious, requiring 5 or 6 hours. There are some interesting excursions to be made in the mountains which surround the plain of the Mont Cenis, and a day or two may be spent there agreeably, there is an excellent guide, Etienne Mastrillet, to be obtained upon application to the Hospice on the Cenis.

ROUTE 128.

MONT CENIS TO SUSA, BY THE LITTLE MONT CENIS AND THE COL DU CLAIRE.

(Ten or twelve hours.)

Those who would make an excursion by the Little Mont Cenis, a sin-

gularly wild route, instead of quietly descending by the high road from the Mont Cenis to Susa, may accomplish it easily in twelve hours.

The posthouse of the Mont Cenis (Route 127) is left by a path which descends directly to the lake, then skirting its upper border and across the meadows, it soon ascends rapidly towards the pasturages which lead to the chalets of the Little Mont Cenis, which are distant from the posthouse two hours. The mountain slopes around the plain of the Mont Cenis offer some of the richest pasturages in the Alps; those which lead to the Little Mont Cenis are of great extent.

A very little way beyond the chalets of the Little Mont Cenis, the col is attained, and the valley which descends to Bramante, in the valley of the Arc, and which lies at right angles with the path across the col, is seen through a great part of its length. On the opposite side of this valley rises the peak of the Grand Vallon; and a little on the left, from a deep turn in the valley below, called the Combe d'Ambin, rises one of the finest peaks in the Alps, the Mont d'Ambin: on it, though its accessibility seems a miracle, is the station used in the triangulation and measure of an arc of the meridian across the great chain. The entire crest of the Ambin is covered with glaciers, and every crue is traced by a white bed of snow that rests within it. At the lower extremity of the valley of Bramante the mountains of the Vanoise close the view.

To ascend this valley it is necessary to mount from the col of the Little Mont Cenis directly up some rocks, and continue for a short time on that side of the mountain; the path afterwards descends among vast rocks which strew this sterile looking valley, and, after leaving on the right the turn in the ravine below, which forms the Combe d'Ambin, through which a stream, like a thread of silver

flows, the path ascends up a rugged and broken course until it reaches the chalets of Savines. Here there is a rich little spot of meadow land, and a scanty herbage on the slopes of the valley. On the left, a rugged path leads across from the posthouse on the Cenis by some little lakes in the mountains of Bard, to this valley, above the chalets of Savines: it is rather shorter, but more fatiguing. Wolves are so common in the forest of Bramante, lower down the valley, that the dogs kept at the chalets of Savines are of great power, having their necks armed with spiked collars. The wolves here are probably the successors of those ravenous rascals that gobbled up Walpole's poor little dog Toby, as his master passed with the poet Gray at the foot of this forest on his way into Italy. The herdsman always has his rifle ready, when he hears the alarm from his dogs, to destroy the marauder.

Having ascended above the meadows of Savines, the path rises amidst rocks and stones, and at length reaches a little lake in an elevated plain, in which all seems desolate, solitary, and sterile. The black precipices of the mountain of Bard on the left hand and those of the Mont d'Ambin on the right, bound its sides; from the Ambin enormous glaciers sweep down to the lake, and small cataracts, from the melting of the ice on either side, mark their courses by light lines of foam that steam down the precipices, and make their dark masses still blacker. Amidst this apparent sterility thousands of gentianellas, ranunculus glacialis, violets of the richest fragrance, and a hundred other Alpine flowers, grow and bloom unseen, in every swampy spot, and between the stones with which the plain and col are covered.

This lake is filled by the meltings of the glaciers of the Mont d'Ambin. It is called the Lac Blanc, or Lac de Savines: it is about a mile long. At

its upper extremity is a low ridge, certainly not a hundred feet above the level of the lake; this is a crest of the great chain, the Col de Clairée across it two paths lie—that on the right by a wild and difficult course, leads over the Col de Touillon, to Salaberttrand in the Val d'Exilles.

The route to Saas lies on the left; by it the descent from the Col de Clairée is down a steep and rocky hollow, which terminates at the crossing of a bright stream near a pasturage. This spot, where wine may be cooled in the stream, is a delicious place of rest, and where the refreshment, which it is necessary for the traveller to take with him from the inn on the Mont Cenia, will be fully enjoyed. From this place of rest a steep slope leads down to the pasturage seen from the resting-place. It is a flat, surmounting enormous precipices, which seem to forbid any attempt to descend from them. And there will be little disposition immediately to seek a path, for from this spot one of the most glorious views in the Alps is presented. Immediately below is the deep basin and narrow valley of the Clairée, which is almost always filled with vapour that seems to boil as in a caldron; when the clouds from it rise high enough to catch the current of air, they disperse.

Beyond this valley, the mountain above Chaumont, in the Val d'Exilles, bounds the view; but, turning towards the left, the Combe of Saas is seen over the intervening mountains, even to its termination in the plains of Piedmont, stretching away to the horizon far beyond the hill of the Superga.

On the right, are the precipices which must be climbed, though they seem to be utterly impracticable, by those who would go from the Col de Clairée to the Col de Touillon.

So abrupt are the edges of the precipices that divide the lower valley from this pasturage, that descent

seems hopeless. "We stood," says one who has travelled much in these unfrequented passes of the Alps, "on the brink of enormous precipices, their outlines at our feet cut abruptly against the clouds, into which, through occasional openings made by the wind, we could see the black, deep, and shadowed valley. The scene was most impressive. Our guide was puzzled for a short time by the clouds which obscured the point for which we should make. At length he led us down the precipice by a most extraordinary path, which it was difficult to discover: it was like winding steps which had been rudely cut in a crevice—it seemed like a descent through a chimney. Below this rift, a steep, difficult, stony, and most fatiguing path brought us to some Piedmontese chalets.

"Though the clouds seemed to sink as we descended, they sometimes in their changes enveloped us and we were glad to hear the voice of a boy, who, having heard us, shouted to us from the chalets, to tell us what direction we should take.

"A still more difficult path led us further down to some other chalets, below which there were extensive pasturages on a steep slope. Having crossed these, we entered a wood, down through which the most abrupt and fatiguing part of our route lay, which would scarcely have been practicable but for the entangled roots. From the wood we emerged upon a rocky slope, and, after a march of eight or nine hours, reached a few scattered stone huts at the head of the Val de Clairée. On looking back, we appeared to have descended the face of a precipice, down which the numerous streams of the Clairée ran from the summit, as if they issued from the sky, to the torrent by which we rested; the white lines were traceable through three or four thousand feet of their descent.

"The pass of the Clairée is, on the Italian side, the steepest that I

have ever traversed. This was one of the many difficult passes by which the Vandols, in 1687, under their pastor and captain, Henri Arnaud, returned to their valleys. They had, after entering Savoy, wandered by a course rather difficult to trace, until they had crossed the Col de Bonhomme, whence they descended into the Tarentaise, traversed the Mont Isaran into the valley of the Arc; thence by the Mont Cenis, the Little Mont Cenis, and the Col de Clairee, into the valley of the Clairee. Here they encountered the troops of the Grand Duke of Savoy, who prevented their entry into the valley of Exilles by the Clairee, and they were compelled to return and cross the Col de Touilles, from which the southern branch of the Clairee, called the Cauri, flows. The account of their sufferings, before they cleared these mountain passes, and so signally defeated their enemies at the bridge of Halabertand, forms a part of one of the most interesting narratives ever published. It was written by Henry Arnaud himself, their colonel and pastor, and translated not long since by the late Hugh Dyke Ackland, from a rare copy, under the title of 'The Glorious Recovery by the Vandols of the Valleys.' An account of these interesting people, and of this their most remarkable adventure, has been lately given to the world by Dr. Wm. Beattie, in his *History of the Waldenses*, recently published by Virtue, and which contains engraved views of the eventful scenes through which they passed.

"The recollection of their perilous adventures," says the author of 'Excursions in the Alps,' "was vividly recalled whilst sitting on a spot which they also had visited, resting ourselves from a fatiguing descent which they had encountered, and in sight of the savage mountain of Les Touilles, by which they were compelled to retreat, and encounter yet farther dangers. The few miserable huts near us were

uninhabited, and neither afforded shelter nor food. Continuing our route, we kept close to the torrent, from which a large stream was separated for irrigation. By the side of the channel of this stream we continued some way; then the road sank below it; afterwards we ascended rapidly by a steep path cut out at the foot of precipices, which rose in unbroken grandeur directly over us.

"Along the face of these rocks the channel for the watercourse was cut; and though at our greatest elevation above the valley of Clairee, we were at least a thousand feet higher than the natural bed of the torrent, we were still below the head of the artificial channel whence its waters flowed rapidly towards us. It was difficult to believe the fact before our eyes; and, as we looked back into the short, deep narrow valley that we had left, and whilst we saw the Clairee foaming down its course, the aqueduct seemed to ascend steeply from the valley. This water is led round the brow of the mountain to irrigate the meadows above Jaillon. From the highest point of our passage the view up the valley of the Doire to Exilles was very fine, and immediately after passing this point, the Combe of Sus opened to us from between the Roche Melon and the Col de Fenetre, to the plains beyond Turin. We soon fell into the high road from the Mont Cenis (Route 127); and about seven o'clock reached the Hôtel de la Poste at Sus."

ROUTE 129.

GRENOBLE TO BRIANÇON BY BOURG D'OTRANS, AND THE COL DE LAUTARET.

(Two Days.)

Grenoble (Gratianopolis), the chief city in the department of the Isère, an important place, beautifully situated, and having a population of 25,000, is described in the *HAND-*

BOOK FOR FRANCE. It is here only mentioned as the starting point for an excursion across the Col de Lantaret to the pass of the Mont Genève.

There is a good but very circuitous road from Grenoble by Vizille, Gap and Embrun to Briançon, and a diligence goes to the latter town daily from Grenoble; but it is 50 miles farther, and through a country that is generally uninteresting, whilst that by the Col de Lantaret abounds with some of the finest scenes in the Alps.

To save this distance, Napoleon commenced the construction of a new road by this pass, and many magnificent works were completed upon it, but since his abdication it has been abandoned. The new line was called "*Route d'Espagne en Italie.*"

The road to Vizille formerly crossed the plain of Grenoble, then ascending the heights by a course parallel to the river Drac descended to the town of Vizille. But within a few years, a perfectly level communication has been made by the road to Marseilles, up the plain, through fine avenues to the village of la Claix, where there is a remarkable bridge over the Drac. The road to Vizille thence continues up the banks of the Romanche by a course nearly level.

Vizille, $3\frac{1}{2}$ leagues, has about 2000 inhabitants. Its inns are wretched. It is considered as the cradle of the first French revolution, for here the parliament of Dauphiny first made a declaration fatal to the power of the Bourbons.

Here was the chateau of the celebrated constable of the seventeenth century, Lesdiguères. It had, since the revolution, become the property of M. Périer, the brother of the minister, who had established cotton or flax works here; but it was partly destroyed by fire in 1825.

A char may be used on the road to the Col de Lantaret as far as Bourg d'Oysans, to which town there is also a diligence from Grenoble. The road

ascends by the right bank of the Romanche through a narrow, but beautiful and well-wooded valley, which runs with nearly the same wild character into the heart of the mountains for 6 or 7 leagues. In some places the valley widens enough for the establishment of a village or a hamlet: of these, Chicbilane, Gavet, and La Clavet are the principal. Near Gavet there are some iron works. This remarkable ravine or Combe, which is also an English, or rather, Celtic name for a defile, bears the name of the Combe de Gavet, and extends from the plain of Vizille to the plain of the Bourg d'Oysans, a fertile valley, surrounded by lofty mountains. It is within record that a large lake was formed in the eleventh century by the falling of the neighbouring mountains at the entrance of the Combe de Gavet: this dammed the river, and the waters accumulated in the plain above, and formed a large lake, of which the surface was three leagues long, and one wide, and its depth from 50 to 80 feet. This lake existed for about 200 years. At length, in September, 1229, it burst its barrier, rushed into the Combe of Gavet, swept away in its fury every thing that it touched, rapidly passed into the Drac, and thence into the Isère, then flowing over the plain below the two rivers submerged a great part of Grenoble. At the lower extremity of the plain of Bourg d'Oysans, a path across the mountains leads to the valley of Allevard, where there are iron works, but the readiest access to them is from the valley of Grésivaudan, above Grenoble. Very near Bourg d'Oysans, a gold mine is still worked.

Bourg d'Oysans, $7\frac{1}{2}$ leagues from Vizille, is situated on the left bank of the river, and near the upper extremity of the plain. The vegetation of its valley is remarkably rich; the lofty mountains that surround it offer in some places precipitous faces that present extraordinary instances of

terrene stratification. On approaching the Bourg, the enormous Mont de Lema, wreapt in glaciers, closes the head of the valley, and divides the torrent which flows from the dark gorges of the Vençon, which descends from the valley of St. Christopher, from that of the Romanche, which flows through the Combe of Malval.

The inn at Bourg d'Oysans (Hotel de la Poste) is the only endurable one on the route; it is therefore desirable to divide the journey here, and rest at 11 leagues from Grenoble. Indeed, it is almost necessary, as Monastier, the next point of convenient rest, is on the other side of the Col de Lautaret, distant a long day's journey. If the traveller should arrive early enough to push on to La Grave, nearly 6 hours further, he may rest there in a poor inn, made, however, more endurable now than it was formerly; but he should be assured of daylight for his journey thither through the magnificent scenery of the Combe of Malval.

[An interesting excursion may be made from Bourg d'Oysans to La Berarde, in the upper part of the valley of St. Christopher, between 7 and 8 hours' walk from the Bourg. The only inn on the whole route is at the finely situated village of Venos, $\frac{1}{2}$ hour from Bourg d'Oysans, where there are tolerable quarters, but the traveller must carry his own provisions thither. St. Christopher is 3 hours above Venos, and La Berarde lies at the foot of Mont Pelvoux, the highest peak in the southern Alps. The scenery of the whole valley, and especially at and above La Berarde, may vie in grandeur with any in the Alps. The valley is less known than Chamouni was before the time of Wyndham and Pococke; but a day devoted to visiting it from Bourg d'Oysans will always be remembered with gratification by the lover of sublime scenery.]

From Bourg d'Oysans to Monastier, the road is practicable only for

mules. In many places a good char-road remains, but from point to point the road has been allowed to fall so entirely to decay as to become impracticable.

A little beyond the Bourg, the road twice crosses the Romanche, and ascends by its left bank very high above the *Infernet*, as the inaccessible Combe of Malval is called, and at least 800 feet over the torrent. The ancient road—for this course was known to the Romans, from Briançon to Grenoble—passed much higher behind Mont Lema, where there is a village of this name, 4300 feet above the level of the sea. In carrying the new road along, above the torrent, where the escarpments of the mountains are bare, smooth, and nearly perpendicular, wherever it has been possible to cut away the rock in open day, to terrace the road, this has been done, but where masses which could not be removed projected these have been boldly cut through, and a gallery has been made in one place 200 feet longer than that of Gondo, in the route of the Simplon. (Route 57.) Three lateral openings were found to be necessary to light the gallery; from either of these a sight of the foaming course of the torrent, 600 feet below, is most appalling. At the farther end of the gallery the road sweeps down to the banks of the river, and then passes nearly on its level through another gallery. Such are the extraordinary works on this route, so long left useless to the world, for the want of doing something more to make them available. But though utterly neglected by Louis XVIII. and Charles X., the works are now resumed, and Louis Philippe has the honour of continuing them. This magnificent road, which, for scenery and engineering, ranks among the grandest in the Alps, is now (1840) in rapid progress. With the exception of some laborious cuttings made to facilitate the entrance into the defile of the *Infernet*, it is almost

finished to Le Dauphin, and in active progress further on, amidst stupendous difficulties, as far as La Grave.

From the last gallery, the road rises up through a valley filled with rocks and blocks of enormous size that have fallen from the mountains above, and which are interspersed with a few trees and a scanty cultivation. In the midst of such a desert lies the hamlet of

Le Dauphin, 4 leagues from Bourg d'Oisans. Here refreshment may be had at a miserable auberge. Above *Le Dauphin*, the savage and rocky character of the valley predominates; and the traveller enters a nearly straight ravine of almost unequalled wildness, bounded by the precipitous bases of mountains thousands of feet in height, almost everywhere inaccessible, those of *Mont de Lens* on the right absolutely so, and crowned by fields of ice and snow, which, owing to the height and abruptness of the defile, can only here and there be seen from below.

Numerous streams are crossed, which descend in falls from the glaciers that crest the precipices, and foaming over the steep talus formed on the sides of the valley by the disintegration of the mountain, cross the road, and add to the fury of the *Romanche*. Not far from *Le Dauphin*, on the left, a magnificent cataract gushes out from the top of the precipice, and falls in a large volume into the valley below; this is called *Le Saut de la Pucelle*. The universal story of a peasant-girl leaping down unhurt, to escape the violence of a chasseur, is applied to this fall also.

So vast are some of the blocks that strew the valley, that one among others measures 50 paces in length, and against several, stone huts and chalets are raised and sheltered; for though there appear to be little herbage here, what there is is rich enough to induce those who have herds to send them here to pasturage.

Still further up the valley, near a fine cataract, on the left, are the lead-mines of *Les Fresnes*, belonging to *M. Marat de l'Ombre*, where many workmen are employed to raise the ore and smelt it. The adits are seen high upon the precipitous sides of the mountains, and ropes and machinery extend into the valley below; these mines are said to be worked to advantage. The completion of this road to *Grenoble* would be to the proprietors a measure of great importance.

At the head of this savage valley the road rises to the miserable village of *La Grave*, where there is a wretched inn. Here the author was once detained all night in a storm, and the filth and misery of such a place cannot be imagined, and at a future visit no bread could be procured, except the black stuff, so misnamed, baked once a year, which it is necessary to chop with a hatchet (which always lies by the loaf) and soak in water. Eggs, however, may be had, and always good wine. The resumption of the construction of the road, by increasing the intercourse, is said to have made the inn at *La Grave* more tolerable. This extraordinary road is now in the course of being boldly carried the whole way along the rt. bank of the *Romanche*, through the savage defile described.

The situation of *La Grave* is very fine, directly opposite to the vast glaciers of the *Mont de Lens*, which present a scene of the most striking grandeur. During the winter, the cold precludes the burying of the dead, the ground is too hard; the bodies are therefore suspended in the granges until the returning spring: so wretchedly are the people off for fuel, that dried cow-dung is chiefly used.

On leaving *La Grave*, the path descends to pass some rocks; then rising, it leads abruptly to a turn in the valley that overlooks a very fine fall of the *Romanche*, all its waters

being poured into a deep abyss; to flank this abyss, the road, making a little *détour*, rises above the head of the fall, and soon after the traveller reaches

Villard d'Arène, a village as wretched as that of *La Grave*. Here the mountain of the *Lautaret* commences, or rather, the mountain ridge or barrier that divides the valley of the *Romanche* from that of *Monestier* or the *Guisanne*. This pass rises to the height of more than 6400 feet above the level of the sea; the col is covered with the most beautiful pasturage, and is one of the richest spots in the *Dauphiny Alps* for the harvest of the botanist.

On the summit, 2 leagues from *Villard d'Arène*, there is a *Maison Hospitalier*, one of those founded by *Humbert II.* in the eleventh century; this is kept by a peasant appointed to the duty; but travellers are cautioned not to trust to getting fed there, though wine always, and bread and curds may sometimes be found on the *Lautaret*.

The scene from the col is most sublime: immediately above it, on the right, is the *Mount d'Arcine*, scathed, and pinnacled with rocks, and clothed with enormous glaciers, ending on the side of the *Romanche*, in the glacier of *Tabechet*, whence this river has its source; on the other side, the river *Guisanne* is seen tumbling down the *Mount d'Arcine*, from its glaciers, to flow through the valley of *Monestier*.

From the *Col de Lautaret* a steep road descends into the sterile and miserable valley of the *Guisanne*, to the first hamlet *La Madelaine*, thence to *La Loiset*, where there is a tolerable inn; still lower is the village of *Cannet*, at the base of the glacier of *Laciale*; and at the end of nearly 3 hours from the *Col de Lautaret* are

Baths of Monestier, 14 leagues from *Bourg d'Oisans*: here there are several inns, much frequented during

the season, of which the best, *Cher Armand*, is very tolerable.

The mineral waters here have a temperature of 101°, and are both drank and employed in baths; they are so abundant that they are employed to turn a mill. Below *Monestier*, the valley exhibits cultivation, barley is grown, and the meadows, by irrigations, are very productive; and after the naked and sterile route from *La Dauphin* to *Monestier*, the appearance of trees is hailed as giving the highest charm to the scenery.

The whole course of the *Guisanne* can be seen to *Briançon*, where the forts of this frontier town are visible, piled above each other; beyond is a chain of lofty mountains, over which is seen the peak of the *Monte Viso*: this is a magnificent scene.

There are several villages in the *Val Monestier* below the baths; the principal are *La Salle*, *Chantemerle*, so named from the number of black-birds that frequent it; and *St. Chaffrey*. The approach to *Briançon* is strikingly fine, its walls and forts rising as they do to the highest *l'Infernet*, which is placed on a peak, nearly 10,000 feet above the level of the sea; the broad rich valley of the *Durance* below the town, and the mountain boundaries to the valley, make this one of the most picturesque towns and scenes in the Alps.

Briançon, 3 hours' walk from *Monestier*. The best inn is *L'Oura*. This town has gates, walls, and regular defences, and every strong position is occupied with a fort or battery; it guards the frontier of France by the pass of the *Mont Genève* and the valley of the *Durance*. A diligence goes daily to and from *Embrun*, but there is no public conveyance above *Briançon* across the *Mont Genève* to Italy.

It is a city of high antiquity. *Pliny* attributed its foundation to the Greeks, who were chased from the borders of the lake of *Como*; others

have given its foundation to Bellocus or Brennus. Ammianus Marcellinus calls it Virgantia Castellum; it held a Roman garrison. St. Ambrose was here on his way to Vienne in Dauphiny when he heard of the death of the emperor Valens, whom he was going to baptize.

This little city is one of the smallest in France, having less than 3000 inhabs. The streets are narrow and steep; but many of the houses are well built. It boasts of a Grand Place, and its church is worth a visit.

The town itself is strong from its position and mural defences; but the seven forts which guard it render it almost impregnable. Between the city and some of these forts there is a bridge over the deep bed of the Duranee, which foams beneath vast precipices: the bridge is of bold construction, a single arch of 130 English feet span and 180 feet above the torrent: it was built in 1730, under the direction of the Maréchal d'Asfeld.

SEE HANDBOOK FOR FRANCE.

ROUTE 130.

BRIANÇON TO SUSA BY THE PASS OF THE MONT GENÈVRE.

On leaving Briançon for the Mont Genève, the valley of the Duranee is ascended by a narrow gorge for more than a league, as far as La Vachette, a little hamlet at the foot of the Mont Genève; here, on the left, opens the Val de Neuvache, a fine, large and productive valley, a striking contrast to the valley of the Guisanne. It is also called the Val des Prés, from its rich meadows; its mountains are clothed with forests; through it the river Clairee flows for 10 leagues, and then loses its name in a less considerable torrent—the Duranee, which has scarcely run two leagues from its source in the Mont Genève. At the foot of the Mont Genève is a fountain, which formerly bore the name of Napoleon, and

served to commemorate the construction of the new route; this was removed by the Bourbons, lest some thirsty way-farer should bless his memory.

The ascent commences through a pine forest, and by a series of admirably constructed zigzags leads the traveller up to the col, and presents at every turn a variety in the views of Briançon, and its forts, the valleys of the Duranee and Neuvache, and the surrounding mountains; these so much relieve the tedium of ascent that the summit is attained before the traveller has any idea that he has accomplished a distance of nearly two leagues. The old road continued by the pine forests up the l. bank of the stream, and pedestrians still pursue it as it is much the shortest to attain the Col of the Mont Genève.

The plain of the Mont Genève is remarkable for the culture of barley on its summit, nearly 6000 feet above the level of the sea, and there are fine pasturages on the slopes of the neighbouring mountains. On the plain there is a village, called the

Bourg Mont Genève, three leagues from Briançon, which is inhabited all the year: here is the custom-house, a troublesome place to those who enter *La belle France*.

On the plain, and almost from a common source, two rivers rise—the Duranee, which flows into France, and the Mediterranean, and the Doira-Susana, which flows into the Po and the Adriatic.

On the summit of the plain an obelisk was erected, to commemorate the construction in 1807 of this fine road over the Alps; it is 60 feet high, and has on its pedestal inscriptions to record the event: these the Bourbons removed. Is it possible that the wicked and the weak who ordered the destruction of such memorials as these, and the record on the fountain at the foot of the Mont Genève, can have thought that with their removal the fame of Napoleon would be for-

gotten? Some retribution has already fallen upon such folly and injustice. Orders have been given for the restoration of the inscriptions on the obelisk and the fountain by Louis Philippe.

On leaving the Col of the Mont Genève, the course of the river is followed for two leagues down a series of tourniquets, made in the loose soil on the side of Mont Chabertan, along which the road is carried, until it reaches the bed of the river, and crosses it about two miles from Cesanne; the road then continues to this village, where the stream from the Mont Genève falls into a larger branch, which descends from the lofty mountains that bound the Protestant Valleys of Piedmont.

Cesanne, where there are two miserable inns, is not more than 3½ hours' good walk from Briançon.

Below Cesanne, the course lies down the valley to Susa by a miserable road for carriages. The first important commune in the valley is

Oulx, three leagues, a large village at the entrance to the valley of Bardonneche, whence there is a pass by the Col de la Rue, to Modane, in the valley of the Arc. From Oulx, it is about two leagues to Salabertrand, a place memorable for the battle fought and won by the Vandois, under Henri Arnaud, on their return to their valleys after expatriation, in 1689, when they were opposed by 2500 regular entrenched troops, three times their numbers, and commanded by the Marquess de Larrey, who was wounded in the action: every spot around has interest in connection with that event: the mountain by which they had descended on the night of the battle; and that by the Col de Sou, which they had crossed to go into their valleys after their victory.

Beyond Salabertrand the valley narrows considerably, and forms, a good league below, near the fort of Exilles, a deep defile; in the midst of this the force is placed, which par-

fectly commands the valley; here the river is crossed, and the road thence continues on its right bank, beneath the heights of Chaumont—a spot rendered memorable by the fate of the Comte de Belleisle, who fell here on the 9th of July, 1747: his desperate valour, which had been excited by the promise of a *Bâton de Maréchal* of France, if he succeeded in forcing the pass, was checked, after he had received many severe wounds, by a *coup de grace* from a grenadier of the regiment of Monferrat.

The valley, in and below the defile, is richly wooded, and preserves nearly the same character for three leagues, from Salabertrand to

Susa (Rte. 127), 22 m. from Cesanne.

ROUTE 131.

CESANNE TO PIGNEROL, BY THE COL DE SESTRIERES.

From Cesanne, the road made by order of Napoleon to descend into Italy is more direct than that by Turin; but the miserable policy of the Sardinian government has allowed this road beyond Cesanne to fall into decay, and thus almost compelled travellers to pass by Susa and Turin.

The route by the Sestrieres from Cesanne crosses the Doire, and the ascent to the col immediately commences, by a series of zigzags like that of the descent from the Mont Genève; a lengthened snake-like course of each can be seen from the other across the valley of the Doire. The road from Cesanne soon reaches the hamlet of Champas; still the road continues to ascend over fine pasturages, till it reach the Col de Sestrieres and chalets: the plain of the col is nearly two miles long. On the side towards the Val Pragelaa, the view is wild and fine of the valley and the Mont Albergian. Above the Port of Fénestrelles, the road leads down by tourniquets to the banks of

the Clusone, and to the first village, Sautrieres, four leagues from Cossana, and thence to the villages of Pragelas and Traversa: the broad bed of the river beneath the dark pine forests opposite to Pragelas, the lowest in the valley of the two villages, gives rather an appearance of sterility to the valley. At Traversa, there is a humble inn. The distance of this village from Cossana by the Col de Sautrieres is about 3 hours' walk. The Clusone gives a general name to the whole valley, but among its inhabitants the upper part above the fort of Fénelles is called the Val Pragelas, below the fort it is often called the Val de Perouse.

Fénelles, 4 leagues, a village of 800 inhab., with a tolerable inn. The fort of Fénelles is a place of great strength, which guards the approach to Piedmont by this valley. It rises, from the defile formed by the base of the Mont Albergian, to the summit of the mountain, and commands the left bank of the torrent by its immense line of fortifications rising in terraces. The highest battery is accessible through a gallery that contains 3600 steps. On the summit is a basin covered with verdure, called the Pré de Catinât, from this celebrated general having encamped there. Not far from the summit is the Col de la Penète, which looks out upon the Combe of Sam and the valley of the Doire: there are remains of old forts on the base of the Albergian, but they are neglected as unnecessary. The village of Fénelles lies in the middle of the defile below. The fort of Fénelles is used as a state prison. It is the scene of M. Saintine's pretty tale of "Picciola."

From Fénelles to Pignerol there are 3 leagues, almost entirely through the valley of the Clusone: there is little interest in the valley, or variety in the scenery. It is generally narrow; but where there is cultivation, corn and wine abound. The

mulberry for silk-worms flourishes in the valley, and fruit and forest trees luxuriate, as they are almost always found to do on the side of Piedmont. Formerly, this valley was filled with a Protestant community, but their living in it is now prohibited; the Vandois churches are not permitted out of the valleys of Rora, La Tour, St. Martin, and Angros. The valley of La Tour is known also as the valley of Lucerne, and the Val Pelion.

Below Fénelles, the route passes through numerous villages and hamlets—Montole, Ronco Villaret, and Chapelle—before reaching Perouse, the principal town in the valley; which is sometimes called the valley of Perouse. It is situated directly opposite to the valley of St. Martin or the Germanasca, one of the most interesting of the

PROTESTANT VALLEYS. This leads up by the torrent of the Germanasca to *Pemaret* and *Perrier* (or *Pierrera*), through scenes of great richness and beauty. Above Perrier two branches meet: that to the S.W. leads to *Rodette* and *Prals*; that on the N.W. has, above a defile on its opposite side, amidst fruit-trees, corn, and pastures, the commune of *Monsilla*. A little beyond, the road enters a deep ravine of the Germanasca, which is singularly wild and beautiful; at its upper extremity it opens into the valley below the Commune of *Marcel*, nearly opposite to the valley which leads across the Col de la Fontaine to *Prals*.

Continuing up the valley of the Germanasca, the house of the M. Tron, the Syndic of Marcel, is passed; a singularly handsome structure in such a situation. About a league above this spot is the hamlet of *Balsille*, and immediately over, the celebrated *Castella*, a terrace on the side of a peaked mountain, where the Vandois entrenched themselves under Henri Arnaud. Here the little handful of brave men, not exceeding from

600 to 700, struggled for their fatherland, and fought, for three days, the united armies of France and Sardinia, amounting to 22,000 men, when the latter, however, found it necessary to bring up artillery, which was accomplished with excessive difficulty. The heroic Vaudois, foreseeing that against the cannon they could not hold their position, retreated during the night without losing a man; and the following day, their sovereign of Sardinia, having quarrelled with his allies, agreed to restore them to their valleys and their hearths. No history exists so replete with wonderful adventures as that of the simple peasants of these valleys, who fought and suffered, and reconquered, for liberty of conscience.

Above the Balsille, one of the grandest assemblage of materials for alpine scenery is to be found, in cataracts, ravines, and mountains: from the head of the valley there is a pass by the Col du Fiz to Pragelas in the valley of Clusone. The author has crossed from Pragelas to Perouse in one day, and he knows no finer traverse in the Alps, and the panorama from the col is one of the most sublime in the great chain.

Another pass between the valleys of the Germanasca and the Clusone is that by the Col Albergian, which leads from the Balsille and the wild valley and Alps above it to Fénestrelles.

From Perouse to the Balsille, and back to Perouse, may be accomplished easily in a day.

On the route from Perouse to Pignerol, some fine quarries are passed, where stone is raised for the public works of Turin; nearly opposite to these is seen another of the Protestant churches, St. Germano, and the little valley which leads to Pramol, still further down is the church of Prarustia, nearly opposite to where the valley widens, and the road enters upon the plains, through the hamlets of Port and Abadia, to Pignerol.

ROUTE 132.

PIGNEROL TO EMBRUN, BY THE VALLEYS OF THE VAUDOIS, AND THE COL DE LA CROIX.

Pignerol—(*Inns*: Corona Grande; Canone d'Ore)—"all the inns here are filthy and full of bugs; the people uncivil and extortionate: it is better to go on to La Tour, where the inns are good. Pignerol is a straggling town, having some manufactures and a large and rather uncivil population, 12,500 in 1838. It was once fortified. Its castle was once a state prison. It has a fine Cathedral.

A diligence several times a day between Pignerol and Turin, which gives great facility to the traveller who wishes to visit the Protestant Valleys from this city; and from Pignerol to La Tour a diligence travels daily; the distance is not more than 10 English miles. the route lies through St. Secondo to Bischerasso, 5 miles, and 3 miles further to the first Protestant commune at

St. Giovanni. Here a new church was built while Piedmont was under the government of Napoleon. Upon the restoration of the house of Sardinia, the Roman Catholics, whose church is on the other side of a little stream, complained that the voices of the Protestants in singing disturbed their devotions, and an order was given to shut out the abomination by a large barricade of wood, which the Vandois were compelled to erect before the door of their church. This has now, however, dropped away bit by bit, and little remains of this evidence of intolerance. The church is of a singular form—a horse-shoe—but it is not favourable to the preacher or his congregation.

A short league beyond St. Giovanni, through a fertile country, lies

La Tour (*Inns*: L'Oura, opposite Col. Beckwith's house, very good; Lion d'Or, chez Rottier, both very good), the principal town of the Pro-

stant communities: their church, St. Marguerite, is situated about a mile from the town, near the rock of Castelluzzo, celebrated in their history. The inhabitants are much more civil and obliging than those of Pignerol.

An hospital has been established for the sick and poor among the Protestants, by funds raised chiefly in Holland, Russia, and England. In 1837 a College was established there for the education of young men for the ministry of the Vandois churches, and they have thus removed the necessity which had hitherto existed of sending them to Geneva or Lausanne. This institution is chiefly endowed by funds raised in the above countries, but owing in a great measure to the liberality, the exertions, and the zeal for the cause of the Vandois, of Colonel Beckwith and Dr. Gilly. To the latter the Vandois are under the deepest obligations for the interest he has taken, and the influence his writings have exerted in their favour.

There is no part of the Alps that, for richness and beauty in the lower valleys, and for wild and magnificent scenery in the defiles and mountains, surpasses the valleys of the Vandois. Easy of access, by good roads from Turin, La Tour, their principal town, is reached in 6 hours from that city. Twice a day there are diligences from Turin to Pignerol, and daily from Pignerol to La Tour, over fine roads and through a country luxuriant in vegetation. There are good inns at La Tour, to make head-quarters for excursions; and the civility of all classes to strangers, especially English, ought to be a recommendation to rambles in their country. Of the Vandois generally, but especially of the mountaineers, it has been justly said, that "they are far superior in moral character to the Roman Catholic inhabitants; they are, from ancient habit, honest, civil, and quiet, and, from their situation and necessity, simple and laborious."

One of the most interesting excursions from La Tour is into the valley of Angrogna, which is surrounded by lofty mountains and pasturages. It is richly wooded down to the deep defiles of its torrent, and presents every variety of scenery, but some of its wild scenes are associated with their history; as the defiles or *Barri-cades of Pra del Tor*, which, defended by them, gave security to their families, who sought refuge within this grand and most picturesque defile. Above it, in the recesses of these mountains, concealed from the world for many ages, their Barbes, or teachers, held their institution for instruction, and fitted their pupils for the ministry. Every foot of ground in this valley is sacred in the history of this extraordinary people. In the Pra del Tor there has lately been erected a Roman Catholic church, but the heart of the valleys is not the heart of the people. This excursion may be varied by crossing directly over the hill from a little below the Pra del Tor to St. Marguerite, and thence to La Tour: the whole excursion may be made in half a day.

The excursion may be varied by following the high-road to the village of Angrogna, which offers from many beautiful points of view the plains of Piedmont. The return may be made through the defiles, or on the steep slopes that bound the river. A day given to explore the Val Angrogna will be remembered with pleasure.

From La Tour, up the valley of the Pelice, the road passes by the hamlet of St. Marguerite, where is situated the Protestant church of La Tour. Beyond this hamlet the ascent of the valley is rich and picturesque. About an hour and a half from La Tour, the village of Villar is passed; and thence to Bobbio is scarcely another hour. There is a small inn at Bobbio, and a station of Sardinian postmen, or *douaniers*.

From Bobbio, a pass up the moun-

tain leads, by Serra le Cruet and the Col Julien, to

Pralis. From La Tour this is a day's journey, and there are few excursions which offer more striking scenes, especially from the Col Julien. Near the summit—"Alps d'er Alps"—are seen, piled in the most sublime confusion, and, surmounting all, the Monte Viso. So near does the latter appear, that the path to the Col de Viso, on the side of France, can be distinctly traced, ascending nearly due south, beneath the precipices of the Col de Viso, till it turns abruptly to the east at the col. The descent towards Pralis is very long and fatiguing. From Pralis the author went, in one day's march, across the Col de la Fontaine to the Balsilla, and through the valley of St. Martin to Perouse.

On leaving Bobbio, a long wall is seen, an embankment made to guard the village from the inundations of the Pelice; it was built by a grant from Oliver Cromwell, during whose protectorate one of those fearful calamities had nearly destroyed Bobbio. A little beyond, the river is crossed, and the mountain ascent begins, soon, on bending to the left, the scenery becomes wild and savage. The last view down the valley towards Bobbio is very fine.

After a long course amidst strangely situated hamlets, where rocks and trees of the wildest character make up a rapid succession of picturesque scenes, the path reaches a dreary mass of rocks, over which is poured the torrent of the Pelice, and further progress seems forbidden. Up amidst these rocks, however, a path is found, which enters a deep ravine, amidst which are the ruins of the fort of Mirabone, built against the steep escarpments of the mountain, in a gorge which is utterly impassable on the side opposite to the fort; nor is there a path on the side where the ruins of the fort stand that does not pass through its former gates. The

fort was demolished after the wars of the French revolution, in 1796.

A little before reaching Mirabone, a valley towards the right leads to the village of Abries by the Col de Malaure, a shorter but more difficult path than that by the Col de la Croix.

From the Bergerie of Pra, where the Alpine traveller may rest in a grange with more comfort than in many places of much greater pretension, he may reach the Monte Viso by the Col de Seyliere at a much earlier hour than from Abries in the valley of the Guil; having crossed it, the distance is short to the Col de Viso, and this is the easiest detour by the Viso from the Val de Pelice to the valley of the Po.

The lovers of the chase may find hunter's accommodation at the Bergerie de Pra, and abundance of chamois in the surrounding mountains, and the fine, honest character of the peasantry here is a great temptation to its enjoyment.

Above the fort Mirabone, a path through a narrow and sterile valley enters upon the meadows and pastures of the Bergerie de Pra—the highest hamlet in the valley, situated in the midst of fertile pasturage, and where barley and potatoes are raised. This is the highest station of the Sardinian custom-house, on the frontier.

The ascent to the Col de La Croix is by a steep and difficult path, made in zigzags up the abrupt side of the col, towards Piedmont. This, however, is soon surmounted, and from the highest point, which overlooks the side of Italy, the dulle of Mirabone is a savage scene. The col is nearly level for half an hour, and then the path, traversing the side of a hollow, gradually subsides to the valley of the Guil, within the territories of France. On the col there is a station of the douane, and at La Monta, in the valley of the Guil, another, where travellers are examined; the distance

from La Tour to La Monte is 7 hours' walk; the descent into France is very gradual; traces of an intended road surveyed under Napoleon may be seen. On the right, in descending, there is a den, miscalled an inn, at La Monte; thence the distance through the hamlet of Ristolas to

Abries is about 4 miles: here there is a tolerable country inn, *chez Richard*. At Abries the torrent from Valprevaire flows into the Guil, and a path up its course leads to several mountain passes. Below Abries the road through the valley of the Guil leads, in about two hours, to the fort of Queiras, passing in the descent those valleys in which there are still Protestant communities, particularly that of St. Varan, in a valley which joins from the left the valley of the Guil, at Ville-vielles, and the valley of Arvioux, which enters that of the Guil near Queiras. To these, and the Val Franches, on the other side of the Durance, the name of the *Pays de Neff* has been given, to commemorate the services rendered to these communities by this young Swiss Protestant minister, who devoted his life to renovating and sustaining the religious worship of the primitive Christians that had existed in these valleys from time immemorial. Neff seems to have taken for his model Oberlin, the good pastor of the Bas de la Roche, for he not only regarded with the deepest interest the religious faith and practice of these people, but he established schools, and taught them reading, writing, arithmetic, agriculture, and the elements of much useful knowledge, not before possessed by them. He died in 1839. His name throughout these valleys is remembered with the deepest reverence and affection.

The Chateau de Queiras is finely situated in the valley: it is garrisoned, and entirely commands the pass, and from every point of view presents a most picturesque object. There is a tolerable inn at Queiras.

Below the chateau the road skirts the deep bed of the river for a short way, then descending to the torrent, which it crosses, it continues for nearly two hours, through one of the finest defiles in the Alps. In some places the mountains seem to close in above the traveller; and it is often necessary to cross the Guil to find a path on one side, which is forbidden on the other by projecting rocks or perpendicular precipices of vast height whose bases sink like a wall in the torrent. Sometimes, when both sides forbid a passage in the depth of the ravine, the road runs high above the river, and on these higher paths the yellow rind and tortuous branches of the stone-pine overhanging the gorge enrich its sublimity, with a touch of objects in such situations beautiful: some hamlets are passed in this savage ravine. At length the road emerges, winds up a steep and rugged path, crosses the torrent of Beillac, and descends upon Gaillastre, a little bourg which was one of the stations during the war for English prisoners.

A little below, the road passes beneath the fort of Mont Dauphin, which guards this entrance to France—a garrison singularly placed on a rock that is nearly insulated at the mouth of the Guil, at its confluence with the Durance. Here the great route from Grenoble to Briançon is entered; and the course down the valley to Embrun (3 hours) is by an admirably-formed and well-kept road. (See *HANDBOOK, FRANCE*.)

ROUTE 133.

EMBRUN TO SALUZO OR SALUCES, BY THE COL DE VISO.

From Embrun to Abries (Route 132.)

After passing Ristolas and ascending the valley of the Guil to La Monte—where the path to the Col de la Croix turns off to the left—the route to the Monte Viso continues up

the valley to the highest village, La Chalpe, about a mile and a half above La Mouta. At La Chalpe guides may be obtained for excursions either across the Monte Viso to Balasso, or into the valleys and recesses of Monte Viso.

The valley of the Guil above Abries is narrow and savage: here and precipitous escarpments descend to the torrent, and form its left boundary: the bed of the Guil is filled with enormous rocks. The path to the Col de Viso ascends above the right bank over steep acclivities and pasturages. Above these the head of the Monte Viso is continually presented, filling the open space in the view, formed by the sides of the valley of the Guil. After a long and fatiguing ascent to the châteaux and the Bergerie de Monviso, the pasturages are at length left, and the ascent lies over the remains of a road rudely paved with large rough stones, so destroyed in many places by the rocks which have fallen from the impending precipices that the ascent is dangerous and impracticable for mules—the danger lies in their liability to slip between the rocks and stones, and thus breaking their legs. This paved road formerly reached to the Gallery of the Traverette, which pierced the mountain 250 feet below the present crest, but its entrance has been closed by the débris of the precipices which overhang the pass; these have fallen and destroyed the road within its range. From the last traces of the road the traveller must scramble up towards the trackless slope, the mountain which overhangs him; thence a very steep ascent, over beds of snow, keeping close to the impending rocks, leads up to the Col of the Viso 5 hours' distant from Abries.

From the col, the view down the valley of the Po, and over the plains of Piedmont, is one of the most magnificent in the world. This vast expanse, seen from a height of 10,150 English feet above the level of the

sea, commands a view over an extent of 100 miles to the horizon. The rocks and vast precipices in the foreground and on the col, the deep subsidences of the mountains which bound the valley of the Po immediately below the observer, till they sink lower and lower into the plains, are most impressive. On the plain, bright but indistinct masses mark the positions of the towns and cities of Piedmont within the view, and this indistinctness, contrasted with the sharp and defined forms of the enormous peak of the Viso, rising yet 3000 feet higher than the spot on which the observer stands, and in close proximity, produces an indescribable effect upon his mind and feelings; and the indistinct horizon makes this one of the most magnificent and sublime scenes in the world.

In order to gain a prospect of the range of Alps towards the north, the traveller must descend a little towards Italy, and then mount an eminence on the left which before obscured that part of the chain: but this is only recommended to those who have time to spare, which few have who wish to gain Pinerolo on the side of Italy, or Abries in France, as resting places for the night.

The traveller who would enjoy this view should leave Abries so as to be on the Col de Viso by 10 o'clock or earlier. This can only be made certain by starting soon after 4 in the morning from Abries, or better still, by sleeping at La Mouta, or even in a grange at La Chalpe: before mid-day, vapours rise in the plains and the valley of the Po, and obscure the prospect. A surer plan perhaps (and it is worth the inconvenience) is to sleep either at the Bergerie de Monviso, or in a more sheltered situation in the Chalet of La Trouchet, which lies in the bottom of the valley near where it is quitted to ascend the col; here clean straw or hay may be had to sleep upon, and ewe's milk curd for food. The chalet is situated

half way in time between Abries and the Col de Vio 2½ hours from each.

The col is a mere ridge so narrow that it is traversed in a few paces. On it are the remains of a redoubt; and here, during the wars of the Revolution, many struggles were made and battles fought for the possession of this position.

Some, with no better foundation than the fact that the plains of the Po could be seen from the col, have supposed that this was the route of Hannibal; but the same authority that records his having shown the plains to his army states that the army encamped on the summit, and waited three days for stragglers. Here, 100 men could not have encamped, and the pass must ever have been impracticable to elephants, and even horses. The gallery, which pierced the mountain 250 feet below, to avoid the traverse of the last and steepest part of the crest, was only made in the 15th century, but this too was imputed to Hannibal, as if a mountain could be pierced more rapidly by an army than by as many men as could be brought to apply their labour efficiently upon a point so limited.

But the question who constructed this gallery has been recently settled by the discovery of documents at Saluces. It has been attributed to Hannibal—to Pompey—to the Dauphin Humbert of Vienno—to the Saracens—and to Francis I., and the advocates for each found arguments to support their opinions. It was, however, executed under the orders of Ladovico II., Marquis of Saluces, who, with a spirit beyond his age, undertook this extraordinary work for the commercial interests of his people, by making a route three days' shorter than any other from Saluces to Dauphiny. By treaty with René, king of Provence, who contributed towards the expenses on his side of the mountain, this road was opened to receive from France, by laden mules,

salt, drapery, and metal wares, in return for nut oil, wine, rice, and flax from the marquisate of Saluces. By means of this gallery, and the roads constructed as approaches, this intercourse was open 6 or 8 months in the year.

The length of the gallery was about 250 English feet, and 10 feet high, and 10 wide. It was begun in 1478, and was completed in 1480;—an extraordinary work to accomplish in that time, as the excavators could only labour, at that height above the sea level, about 7 or eight months in the year.

At present not a trace of the gallery remains: the rocks have fallen and buried the entrance on both sides. This had frequently occurred—in 1620, 1676, 1798, and 1812—and the fallen masses had been removed by the people of the communes on either side of the mountain. In 1823 a mass fell, and so entirely closed the entrance on the side of Piedmont, that where it was cannot be clearly seen; it had some time before been buried on the side of France. It has ceased to be important for commercial objects since the opening of the route by the Mont Genève, and it will now in all probability remain for ever closed.

The ascent to the col on either side, but particularly on that part of Piedmont, was greatly relieved by the gallery, for though the perpendicular height saved was not 300 feet, this was the most difficult part, for now, in the descent towards Piedmont, its inclination exceeds 45 degrees.

Down this steep and difficult path the traveller has to proceed towards the valley of the Po. To descend there he moves beneath precipices that every moment threaten to bury him, and these subtend such vast angles, that the precipices are a thousand times more impressive than loftier ones at a greater distance.

About 1000 feet below the col, a mass of rock is turned abruptly, and

on the right there lies a scene unsurpassed for the immensity of the objects above, below, and around the observer. On looking up to the right towards the Monte Viso, this mountain rises in all its magnificence on one side of a deep valley, in which are seen some little dark lakes, the sources of the Po, which below them is seen to trickle in a silver line down the black rocks, from the base of the Viso into the valley below. Nothing can exceed the impression of solitude and sublimity made by this scene amidst glaciers, the beds of snow which must be traversed in the descent, and thousands of rocks and stones piled in wild confusion, a path must be found to reach the valley below, which is hid by projecting rocks and masses, seems dark, obscure, and doubtful, with nothing to indicate whether the steep descent will lead. At length, however, all these sublime horrors are passed, and vegetation is soon after reached, in a beautiful little plain covered with the richest herbage. This spot is called the *Piano del Re*; in it there is a delicious fountain, from which the traveller rarely fails to quaff.

A short descent from the *Piano del Re* leads to another little plain, the *Piano di Fiorenza*, so named from its beautiful flowers, with which it is enamelled. Nearly two miles below is the first hamlet, *Piana Malesa*, a name derived from the forest of larches which is near it. The wretched appearance of its inhabitants is sickening; here is the station of the Sardinian dome. About three miles further down the valley is the highest village, Crinolo, which, for filth, poverty, and discomfort, is unmatched even in Piedmont; beds, except of the filthiest description, cannot be obtained, and for bread they depend upon a supply of grain from Pavesa.

Whoever would pass the Viso should start early enough to cross from Abries or La Motta to Pavesa the same day: he should arrive on

the Col de Viso before the ascent of the vapour, and avoid the filth and starvation of Crinolo.

Below Crinolo there are some fine wild scenes in the valley of the Po, and after having passed the confluence of the Lenta with the Po, the village of Oncino is seen in a striking situation between the two rivers. From Oncino, the view of the valley of the Po, and the plains of Piedmont, is singularly fine. The inhabitants of Oncino have some celebrity as brigands; at least their neighbours give them that character.

Professor Forbes made an interesting excursion round Monte Viso in 1839. Instead of descending to the pastures on the side of Piedmont, he skirted, on the eastern side, the middle height of the Monte Viso, and passing the little dark lakes, the sources of the Po, ascended the valley under the Viso, which runs nearly parallel to the great chain; and crossing the Col de Vallante that divides this valley from that of Ponte, which leads down to Castel Delfin, and ascending on the right from the Val de Ponte, recrossed the main chain by the Col de Coulaon on the west shoulder of the Monte Viso, and thence descended into the valley of the Guil, having made a complete circuit of the mountain: but it was accomplished only with excessive fatigue and difficulty.

Pavesa is distant from Crinolo about three hours. It is a large town with 5000 inhab. Here there is a very tolerable inn.* From Pavesa a tolerable road branches off to

Burge — (Inn: Lion d'Or, good and cheap), and passes through a beautiful and rich country, by Bibbiena and St. Giovanni, to Lacerna and La Tour (Route 134).

From Pavesa to Saluces is about

* Desiderio, king of the Lombards, who was defeated by Charlemagne, and kept prisoner for a long time at Vienna, in Dauphiny, was permitted at last to take up his residence at Pavesa.

14 miles, passing through the town of

Sanfront; inhabitants above 5000, and the villages of Gambasca and Martiniana. At the latter, the valley, which had widened to the plains from Passana, is altogether left by the traveller, and the remaining distance of six or seven miles, after skirting the mountain, enters upon the plain, over a level road, to

Saluces—(Inn: H. du Cook).

ROUTE 134.

ST. DALMAZIO TO EMBRUN, BY DANCHELOMETTE AND THE COL D'ARGENTIÈRE.

The Stura, one of the largest affluents of the Po, which the traveller to Nice crosses near Coni, issues from an open valley opposite to St. Dalmazio, where the high road to Nice is left, and the course up the valley of the Stura is by a very good road for a light carriage, which extends as far as Venadio—greatly facilitating the intercourse with this place, which is the principal bourg in the valley, and offering a temptation to invalids to visit the mineral springs in the neighbourhood, which are much frequented. The distance from Dalmazio to Venadio is nearly eight leagues.

In ascending the valley, the first hamlet is that of St. Martino; soon after passing it the Stura appears in its deep course in the valley; and beyond it, rising abruptly amidst some pinnacled rocks and precipices, lies the village of Rocca Sparviera. The traveller interested in the adventurous career of Francis I. will trace here the course of his chivalrous companions in arms, who passed the mountains by this village when they went to capture Prosper Colonna, the celebrated papal general, at Villefranche.

Colonna had been sent by Leo. X. to join the Swiss in Piedmont, and defend its frontiers against the in-

vasion threatened by Francis. He was stationed at Carmagnole, with 500 men-at-arms, and some light horse. Francis, who was waiting on the Dauphiny side of the Alps, having been informed of his situation, and thinking it would be a gallant enterprise to attack Colonna at Carmagnole, sent some of his bravest officers upon the expedition. Amongst these were the chevalier Bayard, Imbercourt, la Palisse, and d'Angbigny. The army of Francis was not yet ready to start; but these gallant soldiers crossed the Argentières, and descended the valley of the Stura to Rocca Sparviera. Here they left the course of the Stura, and, under the guidance of the Signor de Moreta, crossed, by a difficult path amidst the rocks of Sparviera, into the Val de Grana; thus avoiding the Swiss troops stationed at Coni to guard any débouché by the Val Stura into the plains. Having reached in safety the town of Savigliano, the French party proceeded to attack Colonna at Carmagnole. It is probable that he had received some information of their intention, for he hastily left Carmagnole to join a body of Swiss troops under the cardinal Schinner at Pignerol. On his way thither he stopped to dine at Villefranche, where the French surprised him and made him prisoner. The gallant party then fell back upon Poesano to await the descent of the French army under Francis; who, whilst other passes from France were carefully guarded, descended by this from the Argentières. The Swiss, who were at Coni, hastened to join Schinner's troops at Pignerol. Their defeat at Marignano by Francis soon followed, and their long-sustained reputation for invincible soldiers was there lost.

Soon after passing Rocca Sparviera the road winds down to the river, crosses the Stura, and continues on its left bank almost throughout the valley. The cultivated land which borders the Stura is very rich and

luxuriant: the chestnut trees are of great magnitude; and the forms of the mountains which bound the valley are highly picturesque.

About four leagues from St. Dalmazio the traveller reaches

Demont (*Ins: Fleur de Lys, peer*). A town formerly remarkable for its fort, which guarded the valley of the Stura and the communication with France by the Col d'Argentière: it was built by Charles Emmanuel I. in the sixteenth century, upon the ruins of an old castle which had been raised by the Austrians in 1559. It has been memorable for its sieges in almost every war between France and Sardinia. In that of 1744, when the Spanish and French armies, commanded by the infant Don Philip and the Prince of Condé, invaded Piedmont, they forced the narrow pass of the Barricades, descended the valley of the Stura, and took the fort of Demont by the use of red-hot shot. Afterwards they besieged Coni, and fought a battle which they won from Charles Emmanuel III., who succeeded, however, in throwing supplies into the city, which was gallantly defended. After a long and tedious investment, the storms of autumn and the want of supplies—which were cut off by the Piedmontese peasantry—compelled the allies to raise the siege and recross the Alps towards the latter end of November, when they suffered the severest privations from cold, hunger, and fatigue. Though pursued by the troops, assailed by the peasants, and exposed to storms, yet they returned to France, over frozen roads, and through deep snow, with all their artillery, and with a few guns taken from their enemies,—the miserable trophies for which they had sacrificed thousands of lives and millions of treasure: on their way they destroyed the fort of Demont. It was again restored, but finally demolished in 1801; when Piedmont having become a part of France, the forts that

guarded the defiles on the frontiers of Dauphiny were raised. Since the restoration of Piedmont the reconstruction of many has been contemplated, some begun, and this among them. The mound upon which the ruins stand is situated in the middle of the valley,—the river passing on one side and the road on the other. Farther up the valley, and not far from the fort, is the Bourg of Demont, where there is a tolerable inn. From Demont to

Venadio, the scenery is, in many places, highly picturesque,—a charm for which it is much indebted to the magnificent old trees which form foregrounds to beautiful views of the river and the mountains; and these are heightened by the festoons of vines and gourds which decorate the branches. From the town of Venadio the scene down the valley is very fine. Here it is necessary to leave the char; but mules may be hired for continuing the journey up the valley, and across the Argentière into France. About an hour above Venadio, at a place called Plancia, a ravine, with a cascade at its entrance, joins the valley on the left. In this ravine, at an hour's walk from Plancia, are the Baths of Venadio—a very humble and sequestered establishment. The ravine which leads to them is in some places very grand, and abounds in cascades both above and below the baths.

Above Venadio the change is rapid to wild and Alpine scenery, varying from a road by the stream which ripples through quiet meadows, to narrow paths which overhang the course of the torrent—a course too narrow in the ravine for a path by the river, it is therefore carried on ledges of the precipices above, and forms, in some places, fearful mule paths for the traveller's ascent of the valley. Such scenes are observed near Zambucco. Above are the villages of Pied de Port and Pont Bernardo. At a place called the *Barricades*—a narrow de-

Alps, where defences of the valley were formerly erected, and which was often the scene of desperate conflicts—the road is carried along a shelf of rock above the river, and has been cut out of the precipices which darken and overhang the ravine, and offers an almost impregnable barrier to the passage of the valley. Above the Barricades the road, or rather path, lies amidst the débris of the mountains which bound the valley, and offer a scene of wild desolation. Above it lie the villages of Praynard and Bersenio, the latter is the principal place between the Barricades and the Col d'Argentière. Here accommodation may be found, after a long day's journey from Coni, preparatory to another from Bersenio, across the mountain to Barcelonnette.

Bersenio, about 4 hours from Venedico, has a very tolerable mountain inn. Above this village the scenery is wild and rugged, the mountains presenting a thousand pinnacles of rock, blighted and scathed. Still, in the valley, barley is cultivated, and the pastures are rich, and the villages of Argentière and La Madelaine are found. Soon after passing the latter of these, the path leads abruptly to the Col d'Argentière, 7200 feet above the level of the sea. Before arriving at the crest, the path skirts a little lake, the source of the Stura, called La Madelaine: it is about 600 or 700 feet across. This lake is supposed to be the source also of the Ubayette, a stream on the side of France; for, at a short distance from the col on that side, and a little below the level of the lake, a spring—the source of the Ubayette—gushes out: this spring, it is believed, communicates with the lake.

From the summit the view is very extensive, especially towards France, looking down the course of the Ubayette towards L'Arche, the frontier station of the French douane. L'Arche is nearly 3 hours from Bersenio. At L'Arche is a very hum-

ble inn, but kept by civil people. Better accommodation, however, will be found, *chez Ponsant*, at Meyronne, where there is a comfortable country inn; but provisions are, in this neighbourhood, very scarce. From L'Arche to Meyronne is an hour's walk, and thence to Barcelonnette, $3\frac{1}{2}$ hours. At Meyronne there is an excellent guide named Dumas to the neighbouring Alps. Below L'Arche there is little interest in the scenery. The road descends through the villages of Carcassonne and Meyronne to the junction of the Ubayette with the Ubaye, where two roads lead into the Embrunnais, — the principal following the course of the Ubaye to Barcelonnette, the other leading by the camp of Tournoux, the village of St. Paul, and the Col de Vara, to Guillastré and the Valley of the Durance.

The scene is fine from where these roads separate. Châtelard, a well-cultivated little plain, is left on the right, and the road passes on through Jausier. There is not much interest generally in the scenery, except at Pont de Cluse, near Jausier, where the rocky defile through which the Ubaye struggles offers some fine points of view.

Barcelonnette has 2200 inhabitants, and a very good inn, *Hotel du Nord*, *Chez Maurin*. The town is larger and better built than one would expect to find in a valley so sequestered, and having so little communication with the rest of the world.

It is chiefly inhabited by the proprietors of the Alps and pasturages of the valley. More than 100,000 sheep are pastured in its communes, which come, during the summer, from the vast plains of La Crau, in the neighbourhood of Arles; these sheep are driven into the most difficult accessible pasturages of the Alps, often 20 days' journey. From their wool some coarse goods, consumed chiefly by the inhabitants, are made; there is much corn also grown in the valley; but for almost every thing else, they

are indebted to strangers, in other valleys or other countries, it is not long that the cultivation of potatoes has been practised among them.

This valley was known to the Romans, but little of its history is to be relied upon, except in connection with that of Embrun, which has been better preserved. It is known that it was subjected to irruptions by Saxons and by Saracens, who made their way from Marcellus; these were defeated by Charies Martel; under Charlemagne France had the benefit of a protecting government. In the sixth century, a convent of Benedictines established here did much to ameliorate the condition of the inhabitants of the valley; but all the wars in which Provence has been engaged have extended their horrors in this valley, and it was often liable to the irruptions of the Baraceni, particularly in the tenth century. From the fourteenth century, it was alternately subject to Savoy or France; Amadeus conquered it in 1388. It was re-attached to Provence by René of Anjou, in 1447; it was again taken by the duke of Savoy, Charles III., in 1537. In the middle of the sixteenth century, the inhabitants adopted the Reformed doctrines, but they were shortly after either forced to abjure them, or were expelled their country.

Napoleon contemplated the construction of a new road through the valley of Barcelonnette to pass the Col d'Argentière and enter Piedmont, by the Val de Stura. Since his abdication the idea seems to have been abandoned; but its benefits to 20,000 inhabitants of the valley, by the greater development of their energies and the increased prosperity of Barcelonnette, ought to have some weight with the government of France.

There are many communications with the neighbouring valleys, by passes in the mountains; as with Embrun by the Col de la Vacherie, and with Colmar and Ales by the valleys

of the Tignes and the Varo, which discharge their streams near Nice.

Soon after leaving Barcelonnette, near the village of St. Pons, the ruins of an old castle are seen in a fine situation. The roads down the valley of Barcelonnette are in so wretched a state, that the want of embankments exposes the inhabitants of the valley to the frequent loss of communication, from the destructive effects of the torrents. Not far below Barcelonnette, it is necessary to ford the beds of the Bachelar, the Rio Bardon, and other torrents, for want of bridges.

The first large village below Barcelonnette is La Thuille, and the next, after crossing the Ubaye by a wooden bridge, Méolans, thence down the valley there is a tolerable char-road. Amidst dreary and wild scenes, the general character of the valley of Barcelonnette, there is, however, a striking exception in a village, beautifully situated, called

La Lauvette, the Goshen of the valley. It is agreeably wooded; near it is a little lake which abounds in fine trout, and in the immediate neighbourhood are fruit-trees and a fertile soil. A little way, however, below the village the scene changes again to sterility. After crossing a ridge, a series of tourniquets leads down the pass of La Tour, or, as it is called, the *Chemin Royal*, a part of the road in the valley admirably made; but, unconnected as it is with the country above or below by any road so good, it is worthless.

Below these tourniquets the valley offers some of its most wild and grand scenes. On looking back from the path carried along the brink of the precipices high above the torrent, the Ubaye is seen in its deep course issuing from the defile of La Tour, and beyond, the grand forms of the mountain of *Cugnon des Trois Evêques*, which divides the valley of Barcelonnette from that of the Var, the scene is one of savage dreariness.

The road continues on the left bank of the river high above its bed; until, leaving the side of the hill upon which the fort of St. Vincent is placed, a very difficult path leads down to the river, which is crossed to arrive at the little village of Ubaye.

From this place, one road passes down by the river to its confluence with the Durance at La Brionne; and another, up the side of the mountain to the Col de Pontis, which leads to Savines on the Durance, in the high-road from Gap to Embrun, which is distant from Savines 8 miles.

From the ascent to the Col de Pontis, on looking back towards the valley of the Ubaye, the hull of St. Vincent is a strikingly fine object, surmounted by forts which formerly guarded the entrance to the valley of Barcelonnette, when it was under the dominion of Sardinia. By a wise arrangement it was ceded to France, in exchange for the valleys of Pragelas and Exilles, when the states of France and Sardinia prudently agreed upon the chain of the high Alps as their line of demarcation.

ROUTE 135.*

BARCELONNETTE TO BRIANÇON BY THE VALLEY OF THE UBAYE AND ST. VERAN.

Besides the routes from Barcelonnette to Embrun by the valley of the Ubaye, the Col de Vacherie, and also by the Col de Vars and Guillestre, all mentioned in Route 134, there is another, by which the traveller may reach the valley of the Guil, and visit wild and sequestered scenes in the neighbourhood of the Monte

Viso; but the Cuina, though not impracticable for mules, is only fit for a pedestrian; at least, this is the case with the pass of the Col de Longet.

About 2½ hours above Barcelonnette lies the confluence of the Ubayette and the Ubaye; the former leading to the Col d'Argentière, the latter to the Embrunnais by the valley of Maurin.

The ascent of the Ubaye leads by a deep ravine below the camp of Tournoux, where the remains of redoubts and intrenchments still mark the importance of this frontier passage: when the valley of Barcelonnette belonged to Sardinia, this spot was the scene of many struggles in the early part of the 18th century. A mule path, which leads high above the right bank of the river, leads above the ravine and into the basin-shaped valley of St. Paul. Before reaching the village of St. Paul, the path which leads by the Col de Vars to Guillestre and Embrun winds up by the deep ravines of the Riomonaa, a torrent which descends from the Col de Vars, and the villages of Le Serrel and L'Entraye; this pass is an easy one, and by it the distance from St. Paul to Guillestre is little more than 5 hours.

Above St. Paul the valley narrows again, and continues like a ravine until it expands into the communes of Maurin, a common name given to the three villages of Majasset, la Barge, and Combremont. The village of Majasset is about 4 hours' walk from the confluence of the Ubaye and the Ubayette, and 6½ hours from Barcelonnette. At Majasset, as it is possible, it will be wise to sleep, and a trusty guide should be engaged (the services of the innkeeper Cressy may be obtained in this capacity) to cross the Col to St. Veran. Near Maurin they have begun to work serpentine as ornamental stone, and between this valley and that of the Guil serpentine and diallage constantly occur. Three

* The routes from Turin to Nice, by the *Col de Tende*, and from Nice to Genoa by the *Riviera*, formerly included in this volume, are now transferred to the *HANDBOOK FOR NORTH ITALY*, where they are fully described.

or four passes across the great chain of the Alps lead on the right from this valley into Piedmont. 1, by the Col de Roux and the Col de Maira into the valley of the Maira to Drunero; 2, by the Col de Lautaret and the Col de Malecoste to Château Dauphin in the Val de Vraita; and 3, by the eastern Col de Longet from the head of the valley of the Ubaye to La Chonol, at the head of the valley of the Vraita, and thence to Château Dauphin. Majaset is the station of the French douaniers, who have in this valley to guard an extensive frontier by these passes. A little above the last village the traveller arrives at the small Lac de Parol, a piece of water which evidently owes its origin to a stupendous landslide from the western side of the valley called the Costabella, which, it is said, descended in the 13th century. On the margin of this lake rye is cultivated, though it has a very great elevation. Soon after passing the lake and a series of cascades, the valley is ascended steeply for several miles by a wild and dreary path, bounded by very lofty peaks, and terminates in the path that leads by the eastern Col de Longet, which extends over fine pastures, at a great elevation, to a very abrupt and magnificent descent into Piedmont. The path by the western Col de Longet, called sometimes the Col de Cula, is that which leads to St. Veran; it ascends to the left, and divides the valleys of Maurin and St. Veran. The ascent is quite pathless and often over patches of snow; the crest has a great elevation—10,345 English feet, it is nearly 300 feet higher than the Col de Viso. It is attained in 4 hours from Majaset, the view from it is stupendous; on one hand, towards Monte Viso, which appears quite close, and on the other to the Dauphiny Alps, which are nowhere so finely seen as from this point. Scarcely a trace of vegetation is to

be seen on the summit. A very steep descent leads, in 2½ hours, to St. Veran, a very populous village, placed at the great elevation of 6693 English feet above the level of the sea, being probably the highest village, with the same amount of population, in Europe. Around it barley and rye are cultivated, the former to the elevation of nearly 7000 feet.

St. Veran is situated in a remarkably verdant and well-watered valley of the same name. Its appearance, when seen for the first time, is extraordinary; for, instead of houses, it seems to be a mass of space and scaffolding, the houses are built entirely of wood, except that sometimes they rest on a basement of stone, which incloses the stable, a common but dirty practice in the domestic structures of the high villages of these Alps. Around the houses they invariably construct a sort of veranda or gallery, with a roof projecting 6 or 8 feet, and fitted up with the sort of scaffolding which gives so odd an appearance, at first sight, to the village, the purpose of this scaffolding is to enable the inhabitants to dry their ill-ripened corn under the shelter of the projecting roofs: their harvests generally take place early in the autumn, before the frosts set in, the seed having been sown in the July of the preceding year. St. Veran offers no accommodation whatever to travellers, unless the curé can be induced to afford hospitality. The filthy habits of the people is most offensive, arising chiefly from their custom of living with the cattle in the stables, and this even among persons of property.

The Protestants are very numerous at St. Veran, consisting of twenty-four families; a Protestant church has lately been erected there; but as the pastor M. Ermann, who succeeded Felix Neff, resides at La Chalp, the service is neither frequent nor regular.

Here were occasionally exercised the devoted services of Neff, "the

modern Apostle of the Alps." The Protestant communities of St. Veran, Fouasillarde, Frassynière, Dormeril-lunse, &c., some of these places being above 40 miles apart from others, formed the extensive district where he laboured in his ministry with a devotion and energy to which his health and life were at last sacrificed.

The Roman Catholic church of St. Veran is situated near the highest part of the long straggling village. On its wall is cut, "1041 toises sur la mer."

The house of the curé adjoining is the only stone dwelling in the place.

From St. Veran an agreeable road leads down the valley to Queyras, a village which gives its name to the district in the valley of the Guil, and thence to Briançon (Route 132). But if the object of the traveller be to visit Abries and the upper valley of the Guil, he may attain them through scenes of grander character than those presented by the route through Queyras, and by a path four hours shorter than that through the valley of the Guil. In either case he should not fail to notice a singular geological fact near Pra, on the opposite side of the torrent descending from St. Veran. The slopes have been covered with extremely hard blocks of the diallage rock of the neighbourhood. In one place these have rested on a friable slaty limestone; the weather and melting snow have gradually washed the soil from around these blocks, which have served as a protection to that immediately below them, and thus pillars, not unlike Gothic pinnacles, which, in some cases, have an elevation of 100 feet, have been left, with these boulders for their capitals, presenting an extraordinary appearance, with an obvious origin. A similar geological phenomenon is presented in the Tyrol at Ober-Botsen, not far from Botsen, in the valley of the Adige.—F.

ROUTE 136.

FROM DIGNE, IN THE VALLEY OF THE Durance, TO BARCELONETTE BY COLMAR AND ALOS.

Instead of following the high road to Gap, the route of the diligences, the traveller, who, from Marseilles and Digne, would approach the Alps sooner, may reach them by an interesting line of route either on horseback or on foot, and pass through scenes little known to English rambler. From Digne a valley of rather Alpine character, and therefore most welcome to the traveller, who is glad to escape from the parched plains of France, leads by the village of Drays to the Col du Tour, where there are fine pasturages, and which is reached in $4\frac{1}{2}$ hours from Digne, thence a path leads down through parched valleys, rather resembling those of the north of Spain than of France, to the village Château Garnier, 7 hours from Digne, where there is a poor inn, the only resting place. From Château Garnier, the traveller soon reaches the valley of the Verdon, and, in its ascent, the interest increases to Colmar, a very small fortified town, which commands the entrance to a gorge, and was, with Barcelonette, formerly in possession of the Piedmontese government. It is still garrisoned, and its gates are shut at 9 P.M. with as much regularity as when it was a more important station. From Château Garnier to Colmar is $8\frac{1}{2}$ hours. A little above the town, in the valley there, is a small intermittent spring. Still higher up the valley of the Verdon, $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour above Colmar, is the little town of Alos, situate nearly 5000 feet above the level of the sea, in a high Alpine valley, surrounded by lofty mountains, the accommodation for travellers are poor, but the people very obliging. The neighbourhood of Alos is scarcely known to English

travellers, but it well deserves their examination, and an excursion should be made to the lake of Alos, a distance of about 4 hours. The route to it lies by the village of Champ Richard. The lake is one of the largest and most profound in the French Alps, though it is situated at the height of 7500 English feet. Its form is almost circular, and its circumference is nearly 4 miles. The Mont Pela, which rises from the side of the lake, has an elevation of 10,500 feet, above 3000 above the lake. There is, perhaps, no spot in the Alps so sublimely wild and sequestered as the valley of this lake. The surrounding mountains are covered with snow and a few stunted pines, amidst vast precipices and deep ravines. Surrounding this retired lake are some of the grand materials of this most picturesque solitude. The lake is remarkable for its outlet, which, after a course under ground for 1500 feet, bursts into the valley, and after foaming through a succession of cascades meanders in gentleness and beauty through pastures rich in their floral display.

From Alos to Barcelonette the route lies up the valley of the Verdon, and after passing the village of La Foax, and crossing a stone bridge, the path to the Col de Peire, which divides the valley of Verdon from that of Barcelonette, this col is soon gained. It is a fine pasturage to the summit; and from it a charming view is suddenly presented on looking up the valley of the Ubaye. The descent to Barcelonette from the col is exceedingly romantic, leading down through a valley of great boldness richly wooded. There is an excellent path down to the valley of the Ubaye, but the descent is steep and fatiguing. Barcelonette may be reached on foot in 7 hours from Alos. The Hôtel du Nord affords good accommodation. In descending from the col, the valley of the torrent Bachelard opens on the right, flanked by grand precipices; it leads to St. Dalmas le Sauvage, and thence by St. Etienne, in the valley of the Var, thence across the Col de Mont Penche, to the Baths of Venadio, in the valley of the Stura, in Piedmont, p. 400.

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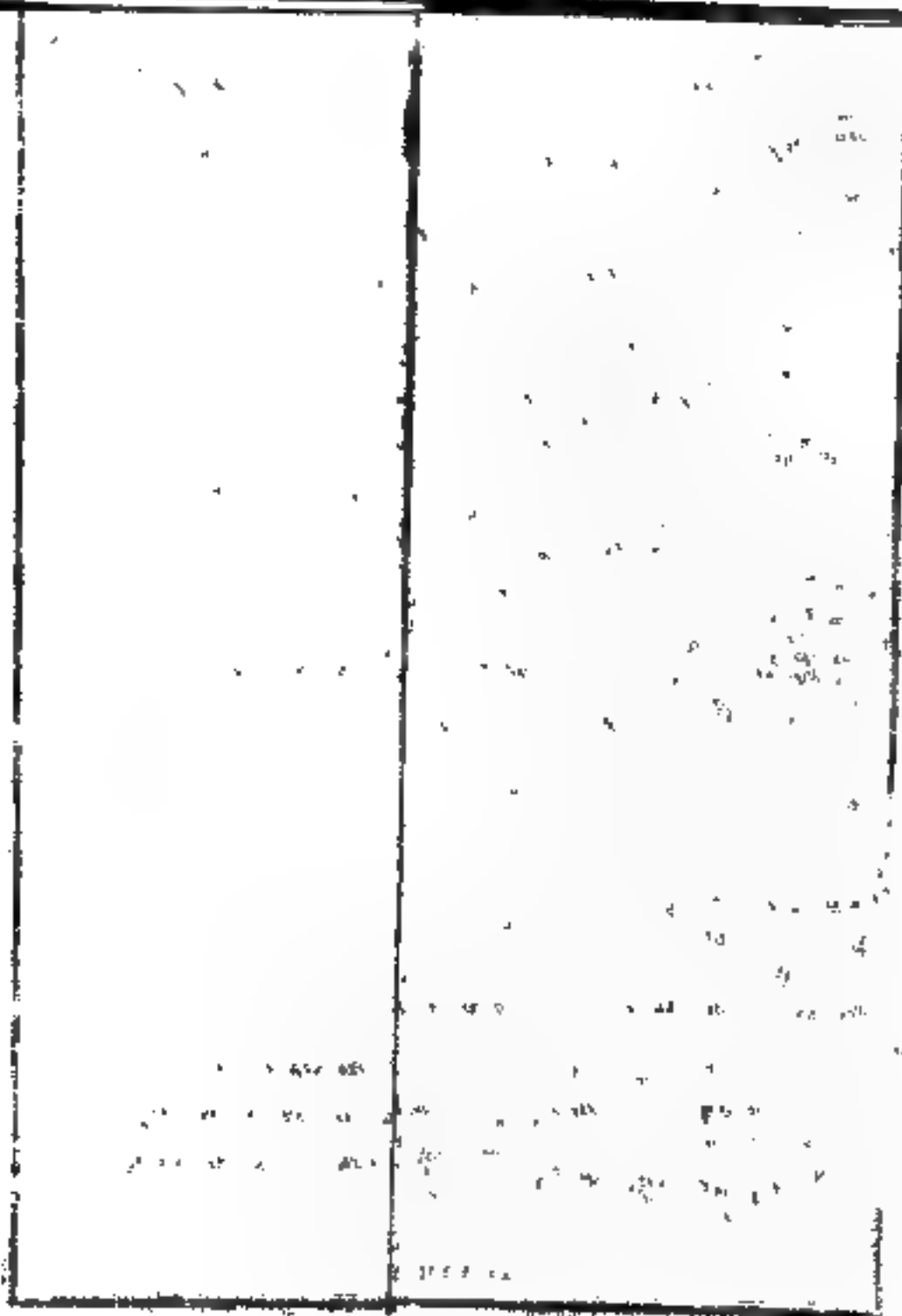
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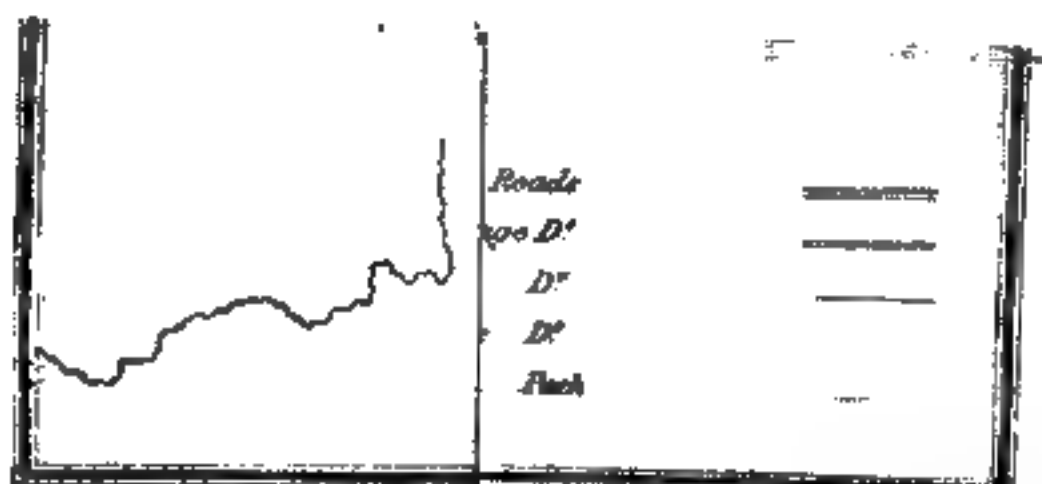
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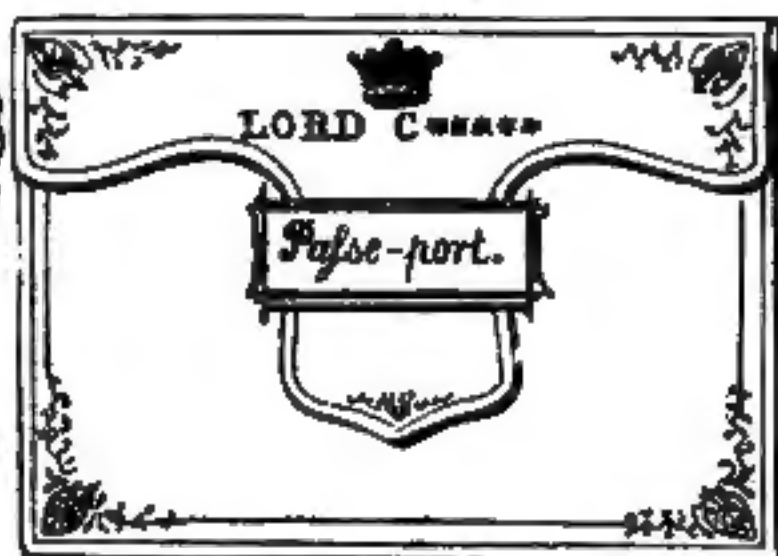
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